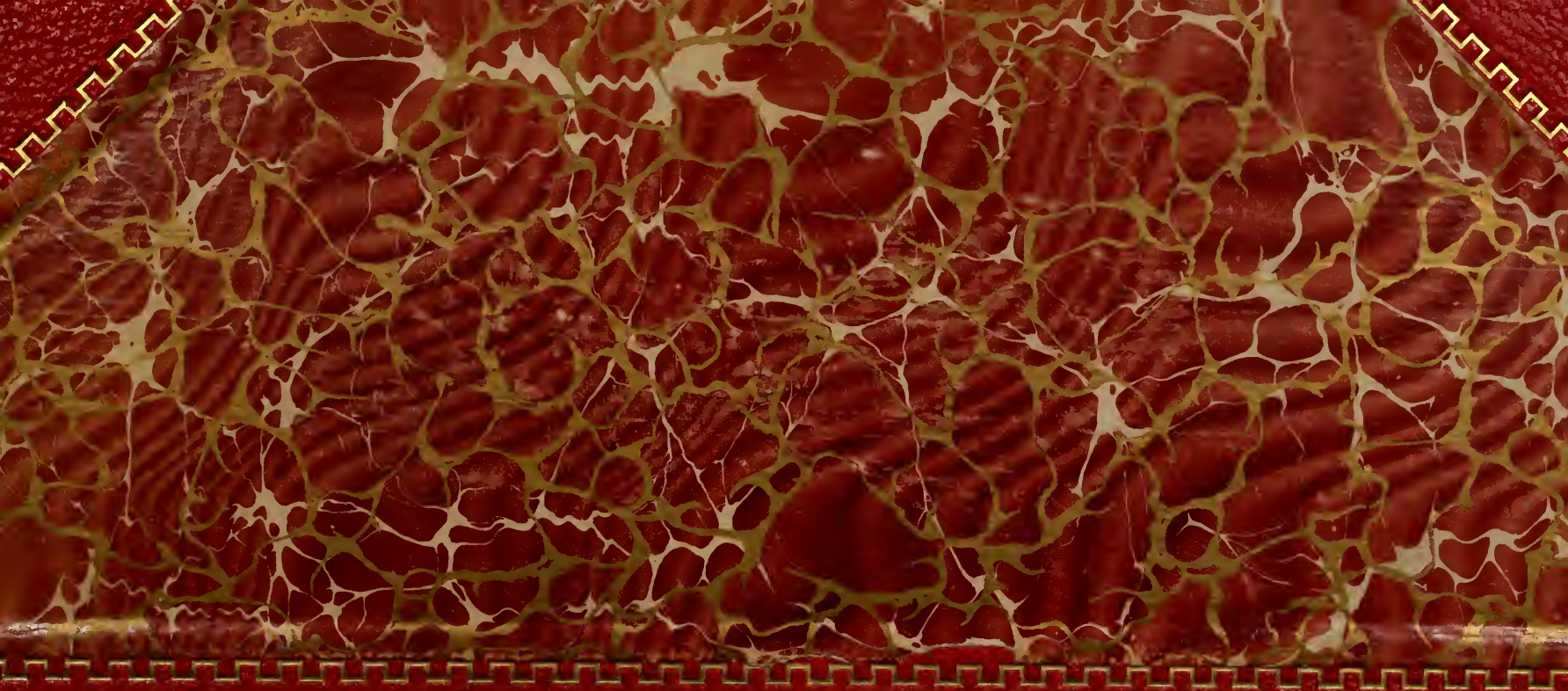

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PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

Volume Thirty-two

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON

MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS

BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

PN6013
G37
v.32

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

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Paris, 1899

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PAOLO AND GIOVANNA.

By M. A. GOLDSCHMIDT.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[Meir Aaron Goldschmidt, the most prominent modern Danish Jew, was born at Vordingborg in 1819; educated in Copenhagen, but, deprived of success in the academy, by refusal of his religious instructor to admit him to the catechism class, he embarked in journalism at eighteen, on a provincial paper, which brought him a libel suit and a year's prohibition by the censor. He then sold it and started the weekly *Corsair* in Copenhagen, which justified its name by assaults on official and other persons, that brought down a swarm of libel suits, and caused frequent suppressions, imprisonments by the censorship, and changes of nominal ownership. Of course it gained a large circulation; and its leaders were on poetical and æsthetic questions. But its reprobation by men he really respected, galled him into selling it out and going on travels with the money. In 1847, he returned to Copenhagen and became editor of the important political and literary weekly *North and South*. He had meanwhile written the novel "The Jew" (1845), which was an immediate success, though Jews and outsiders both thought it impolitic to emphasize the aloofness of the Jew in social life; this was his perpetual note, and Brandes blames him for continually "serving up his grandmother with sharp sauce." "Homeless" is another volume which increased his reputation. His short stories, however, are rated his best; they include "Love Stories from Many Countries," "Maser," and "Avromche Nightingale." He passed his later years in investigating the state of public education in Europe. He died at Copenhagen in 1887.]

In the old city of Padua there lived a young man who loved a girl; but he was obliged to go away on a journey without having had a chance of telling her this, and when he returned to town, she was married.

He was consumed by sorrow and by the longing to merely look upon her; but this longing it was difficult or impossible to satisfy, for she never went out, except to church, and even then she was veiled, and her husband, who was exceedingly jealous, always accompanied her. Paolo knew at last that he could not

live without seeing her face, and when he felt his life ebb away, he went to her husband, and whether in weakness or in the greatness of soul, he asked a strange favor of him. He told him of his love: that he had loved Giovanna first, and asked his successful rival for the permission to look upon her for one single moment once a week. He added: "You, and as many of your relatives as you wish, may of course be present. You may all watch me, that I do not say a word or do a thing which may attack your honor; and besides, I give you my word, and I will affirm it with whatever oath you please, that I will do nothing, openly or secretly, against the peace and happiness of your home, nor do I believe that I could do this successfully; for your wife is virtuous, and knows, moreover, nothing of my love. But I feel that I must die, or I would not have been able to humble myself so deeply as to beg of you this, which now I pray and beseech you to grant me."

Stefano Matteï was not only jealous, but also very proud and vain. It was therefore not in generosity, but in satisfied pride, that he answered Paolo, almost laughingly: "Upon my faith, this I will not deny you; on which day in the week will you come?"

Paolo chose Friday, which was the following day, and Stefano parted from him with the words, "Very well, Friday; but you may only take one look at the room, whereupon I will follow you out, as if you had an errand with me."

The next day Stefano Matteï had all his relatives at his house. He had not told them all of Paolo's visit and the meaning of it, but had merely confided it to his brother-in-law, who in turn had spoken of it to his wife, and she may not have kept it entirely secret, as she came to the house in company with several others. There was consequently among those assembled a good deal of confidential if not very loud talk of Paolo's strange or ridiculous request, and they enjoyed in advance the curious part he would play; for it is after all a fact that women especially, although they have a deep sympathy for love, are perfectly able at the same time to laugh at the lover, and even to speak ill of love.

But when the door was opened, and Paolo came in, very pale, and gave Giovanna one look, a short look, but one so strange that it was as if his soul went with it, and remained lying at her feet, then no one could laugh. Some felt pity, others anger, and others again said that they had felt at that

moment as if one dying had received the last sacrament. Stefano could hardly breathe. He knew at once that he had committed a great indiscretion, and had let into his house something which would never leave it; and that if he were to go through a scene like this every week, his own soul would be a hell to him, and he would become the laughing stock of the entire town. He therefore rose hastily, and in following Paolo out, as was the agreement, he said to him, "If ever you cross my threshold again, or knock at my door, or only as much as pass by my house, I will have you horsewhipped by my servant, or I will kill you like a dog."

Still trembling, and blinded, Paolo exclaimed: "Do you break your promise? Do you take back the word of life you gave me? Take care! Then the sight of her will not be granted you, but I shall see her!"

Stefano drew his dagger, and threw it after Paolo, but without hitting him. When Stefano returned to the room, the women had left, and he did not see his wife until she came out, veiled, to go to church with him to the vesper service, it being the night before St. Cecilia's day. She lay kneeling for a long time, so that most of the people had left the church before she had finished her worship. Then she went quickly up to the high altar, and said to the priest that she wished to give herself to be the bride of Christ.

Stefano could do nothing against this, but was obliged to go home alone.

This event was much discussed in Padua. Some said that Giovanna had taken this step in anger with Stefano, because in allowing a stranger to enter his house on such conditions, he had proved that he did not love her enough, or in the right way. Others were of the opinion that Giovanna had always loved Paolo, and that now, when she saw that he also loved her, she did not think it right to remain the wife of another man.

At the time when this happened, Giovanna was eighteen years old. In her twenty-eighth year, when by her gentleness and piety she had won such a reputation that she was looked upon as little short of a saint, she grew weaker and weaker in body, and in expectation of the coming of death she went to confession for the last time.

Through the little grating of the confession box, she said to the monk, who sat in there leaning his ear against the grating:

"Holy father, for more than ten years I have had only one thought, night and day, and even at this moment I am thinking only of one, a man by the name of Paolo. Can this ever be forgiven me? Will the Lord have mercy and pity on me?"

The monk answered: "There is greater mercy in Heaven than this world can even dream of. The armies of Heaven, led by the mother of God, intercede for those who have felt a great and complete love, and who have not for the sake of this love done any evil nor have forgotten God."

Giovanna said: "But my sin is great, holy father. I have, for the sake of my love, almost forgotten my Lord and Saviour; for even at this moment, when I feel death approaching, I have one great longing: this, that in recompense for the ten years I have lived, my eyes might look upon him in my hour of death; yes, and it even seems to me that only by means of this sight, which would be a miracle, can my soul attain its freedom and go to God. Holy father, how can a sin like this be forgiven, and how can my poor soul get peace to die?"

The monk answered, "My daughter, turn your eyes toward the little grating through which you have spoken to me."

The other nuns heard a faint cry from the confession box; then all was still, and finally, when they noticed how strangely still it was, and went over, they found the monk and the nun dead, with the grating between them.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

By CARL LARSEN.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[Larsen is about 45, and lives in Copenhagen. He and Bang are the chief of the younger school of Danish story-writers.]

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen was very much upset.

"Of course, one ought not to feel that way, just coming out of God's house. But I can't help it. It gets to be too provoking after a while.

"Why, yes, I understand that perfectly," said his little wife. "You ought to put on your other house coat, Peter — I think this is the one that is too tight in the sleeve; I really must get at that sleeve some day."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen continued to pace the floor: —

"Oh, I don't care what I have on," — then he stopped for a moment by the window, after all.

"Where did you hang up the other one?"

The little wife fetched it from the wardrobe.

"These alpaca coats are so nice and light. They must be comfortable after that heavy gown of yours."

"There were nine people in church to-day, Mariane — "

"Well, yes, there were not very many, Peter."

"And you and the children were three of the number."

Mrs. Fredriksen thought perhaps she had better say something.

"It is just in the midst of the hay-harvest now, you know," she suggested.

"Yes, and in the spring it was sowing-time, and after a while it will be the rye-harvest. There is never a lack of excuses, when it comes to God's work. Not even the Hansens from Bas farm were there. And the wife pretends to be a friend of yours."

"Yes, I know, but I thought I could not very well speak to her about it."

Fredriksen stopped: —

"No, that was all it lacked, that you should go about begging people to come and hear me preach. I hope it has not gone quite so far yet, that we are to go begging people to come to God's house."

The slippers of his Reverence kept up a monotonous scuffling round over the floor. Mrs. Fredriksen did not know just what to do.

"The schoolmaster's old mother is a very faithful churchgoer," she attempted.

"Yes, — that old, deaf body. She and weed-Grete are two of a kind. Did you see old Grete to-day?"

"Yes, she was there, as usual."

"Yes, but did you really notice her?"

"I don't know — "

"She was fast asleep."

Mrs. Fredriksen wished she were well out in the kitchen looking after her soup, but she did not quite dare to go.

"I dare say Jensen made her fall asleep," she said mildly.

"She slept during the entire sermon."

"Yes, but — the two long hymns before that."

"She woke up the very minute Jensen began to sing again."

His Reverence grew more and more eager both in voice and steps.

"I must say it is too much — it is not the first time, I notice it — she has been asleep these last six times, that is the way she listens to God's words. It amounts to being merely an eye-servant to the Lord.

"All that is needed is to have the Bishop — which would be quite like him — come some day unannounced. We would never hear the last of it. The Bishop enjoys his own clever remarks occasionally. Why do you trot about so, Mariane?"

"Well, you see, it is rather late; and I ought to go out and look after the dinner, Peter." His Reverence sat down in the wicker chair.

"What are you going to give us for dinner?"

The little wife said it was an herb soup, and spring lamb, with spinach.

"And then you ought to read a little before dinner," she said, pulled out the table by him, and brought him the library bag.

"Well, I will try."

When Mrs. Fredriksen reached the door, it came suddenly.

"I think I will say a few words to Grete. There are people enough who are anxious to do our garden weeding."

"No, Mariane, not in that way. I will speak to her myself — I made up my mind to that."

"Well, of course you would do it a great deal better."

And she went out, while his Reverence made himself comfortable with a pipe and the library-bag.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen had a good and sensible wife. She had understood how to smooth out the dark creases in his mind, and they had dined quietly and peacefully together. The boys were at storekeeper Ramussen's. The soup had been very good indeed; a little suspicion of garlic gives a most delicate flavor — his wife had always known how to find out his tastes and opinions and carry them out. When he had finished his coffee he would not think of that church matter any more — it was like a knife in his heart. His wife had gone to her work in the kitchen; when the dishes were done she would come back — he would just take a little rest for a few minutes, and have a cigar, because it was Sunday; and

when his wife came in with her sewing he would read the last book from the bag. And if there were anything in the book he wanted her to know, he would speak to her about it. She had a good, sound mind, Mariane — he had really helped to develop her wonderfully.

The house was perfectly still — one of the windows was opened on the garden, and the cigar smoke went out on the light draft and mingled its faint blue clouds with the sunshine. Far away he could hear the song of a scythe that was being sharpened out in the cottagers' fields, and there was a distinct grating sound of the wheels of a perambulator on the gravel in the churchyard. It was the five months old baby, his little Clara, who was being wheeled up and down by the nurse ; and while she pushed the perambulator she hummed a little song — a simple little song of only two monotonous notes. It was generally rather a restless baby ; but now, since they had the nurse, it was easy to take her up to the churchyard — it lay high up on the hill good and fresh up there. Another gift of God, this little baby, for him to protect.

He looked out over the tree tops — what a number of little birds, — whatever their names might be, — all living and singing out there. Each in his own little way sang his own little song for the pleasure of man. They had fortunately got rid of the starlings at last — Jens had been busy with his gun ; they had been a nuisance in the cherries. He would make the schoolmaster a present of two of these. Jens had stuffed them very nicely in his spare time. And now the branches were heavy with cherries; both the sweet Danish cherries, and the large soft Spanish ones, and the little fresh yellow ones. They would all ripen in time. Yes, indeed, he had much to be grateful for. It can come over one with such clear conviction when one sits alone in a quiet, peaceful moment like this.

He was reminded of a day when they were over at the dean's in Maglebo. It was a Sunday like this. And the room was about like this one, with windows to the garden, and it was just after dinner, too ; there had been the old dean and his wife, and himself and Mariane. It all came back to him so distinctly, to the smallest, most insignificant details, as, for instance ; the wild strawberries, mixed with the garden berries, which they had for dessert. It was after the coffee, and they were sitting over their cigars, with their wives beside them. And for a long while no one spoke.

Then the old dean had spoken of the peace of God that sinks quietly down over our souls; the peace of God that passes all understanding.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen nodded, with his eyes half closed — once — twice: the peace of God.

He had better get up after all. It gave one such a queer feeling in one's legs to sit still so long.

He would take a walk through the garden for a quarter of an hour or so; Mariane might wait for him, if she came in before he got back.

Along the fence was the shadiest walk in the garden; hazelnut trees, thick, gnarled, and close together, from the times of his old predecessors. No mosquitoes there. And Jens had cut out branches in the right places to afford good views of the hills and fields as far down as the blue fjord.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen walked up and down the path. The road ran along the fence outside, so that he could see when any one came to and from the village. He had nodded to a couple of townspeople who walked out — then old weed-Grete came walking along the fence.

She held her folded handkerchief in her hands and looked straight ahead. Should he speak to her?

It was like a sharp little pain in his heart — the moment he saw her; perhaps he had better postpone it — at least until this holy day had passed. But he *had* to speak to her — he ought to do it now and not postpone it, now when he felt rested, and — so to speak — strong.

He called her.

The old woman stopped, rather taken aback, made a courtesy, and came back a couple of steps to the space among the trees.

"Good evening, your Reverence."

"Good evening, Grete. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I was going over to my son's for a bit, your Reverence."

His Reverence had not quite found his preface yet.

"Oh, you are going over to your son's," he repeated.

"Yes, that is the one place where I do go, your Reverence," said the old woman, "and then to church."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen thought he ought to go straight at it.

"I saw that you were fast asleep in church to-day, Grete."

A pair of pale blue little eyes glanced up at his Reverence, for all the world like a frightened hen's eyes.

"Yes, it sort of takes hold of one like that when one gets to sitting down, your Reverence."

His Reverence had to look at the old, worn face, and the thin little woman who held the handkerchief tight in her wrinkled hands — there might be something in that, when one gets to sitting down.

"And now that we have got those fine, new seats, your Reverence; and it is so cool in there."

"Yes, you do have rather a long way to walk in the sun, Grete."

"Oh, yes, so I have, your Reverence; and then when a body is so much on her feet all day — "

His Reverence gave her a long look — it might be hard enough for an old woman like that; he looked at Grete without speaking.

"For it is the only rest that one gets," she said.

Something began to dawn on his Reverence in a strange way.

The little hen-eyes did not look so shyly at him now; she began to talk on in her old way, of all the many years she had been walking to church every Sunday, ever since old pastor Olesen's time — now she was seventy-eight, and over. And her son was the only one left her now; they had all been confirmed in the church up there, the one who was over in America, too. Oh, yes, there were many things that came into her mind when she went into that church, and it was so still in there, and his Reverence began to speak so very slowly and quietly. Then it was just as if she saw it all happen before her very eyes again. And then her eyes sort of fell to.

She lifted the handkerchief to her old, tired eyes.

"It is like, it may be, the very peace of God, your Reverence."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen wondered what was it this reminded him of; it would not come to him. He merely stood and looked at the woman, who was silent now.

And while he stood so, it suddenly came to him, a relief to his mind, one of the good old Bible texts: —

"But the Lord thy God has many ways."

GREATNESS.

By HERMAN BANG.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[Bang is a middle-aged Danish playright and litterateur, director of a theater in Copenhagen.]

We had been silent for a long while, Paul and I, and lay stretched out in the grass looking up through the scentless air into the transparent sky.

Without changing his position, with his hands crossed under his head, Paul said, in the low voice with which one speaks of far-away memories: —

"Hm, I wonder how I happened to think of that just now — of her — she has not been in my mind for many years — no, not for many years. And yet she was perhaps the only woman who has really loved me."

Yes; and as if in his thoughts he had looked at a long row of faces, all the features that held the secrets of his life, he said: —

"Probably the only one. She gave herself to me without a moment's hesitation, because we loved each other, and she left without a moment's hesitation, for there was one thing for which she was too good, — to remain even for a moment with one who had ceased to love. She left without a single reproach."

Paul had raised himself partly, and with his head leaning in his hand, he told me: —

"Oh, no, it is not a story, and it can hardly be told; to make you understand it, I should have to paint her, you would have to see her — her eyes, as shining as the eyes of a young deer that had never been frightened by or run away from the hunter, and her body, slim and tender, and her forehead, white and pure, even when she sinned.

"She was a daughter of the people, and my eyes found her amid the white and gold of the royal theater at the Bath. There she sat, high up against the golden roof, alone in the crowd — alone, as the strongly individual always is, with her hair laid like a wreath around her head, as quiet as if she were in church. . . .

"Then our eyes met. Oh, no — don't smile — two human beings knew then that they loved one another, and were ready to give their souls to one another.

"On the stage they sang and talked, but we did not hear it — we spoke to one another without words — and we gave ourselves thought after thought.

"Yes, where does love come from, and can it be born thus of nothing? but as truly as I live, I loved her. And how modest she was, but without a cloud, as one who does not know that love can be a sin.

"When the curtain fell, I arose like a sleep-walker who has only one thought, took hat and cane, and went where I knew she would be, to the lights by the entrance door.

"There she stood waiting. She did not draw back, nor did she smile; she had come — just as I had.

"And she remained standing there, with almost unnaturally large, widely opened eyes, until I said — and my voice trembled: —

"'Shall we go?'

"I don't know if she heard it, but she began to walk carefully, as if fearfully, I tell you — and never have I approached a woman as respectfully as this one, who followed me mentally and of her own free will, when I stretched out my hand for hers, and she let her hand remain in mine — as in the one place where it belonged. And we walked on, hand in hand, silently still, as if a mere sigh would frighten away a dream.

"Then she spoke, and for the first time I heard her voice — she did not look at me while she asked me this, she only smiled: —

"'What is your name?'

"'Paul.'

"She repeated my name, and while she continued smiling, she said: —

"'And mine is Mary.'

"And with a silence after each answer, as if she wished to keep it in her soul or live it over again in a dream, she asked: —

"'And where do you come from?'

"'Far from here.'

"'From the North?'

"'From the North.'

"'I thought so.'

"She nodded at my answers and smiled.

"We went in on the piazza of the 'Roi de Prusse,' and then an experienced waiter showed us to a corner, where we could be undisturbed, and walked about with a discreet smile, as if he took particular care of this rendezvous — I could have struck his yellow-white face.

"But she did not notice this. She only enjoyed everything in a strangely careful way, as if it were all a fairy meal that might vanish as it had come.

"She lifted her glass so gently, so happy, and so afraid of making any noise — and I never have been as moved as I was during this strange, silent, bridal supper with a child.

"We went out again, and all at once she began to speak — of her whole short life, of her home in the Bohemian town, a little country town, of her parents and her brothers, who were mechanics in a factory — and suddenly she stopped, and shaking her head, looking upward, she said : —

"'Oh, are we not — are we not happy?' and leaned her head against my shoulder.

"We went through the arcades; the garden was still and full of shadows, the hall still and dark, the night was ours.

"So does the flower bend itself to the sun, as she bent herself to love."

Paul stopped a moment, and lay down again in the grass, and looked up to the sky.

"And then two or three days passed, and I have never felt so desperately lonely as when she left. And one day when I awoke, my longing for her was pity.

"Yes," — Paul shook his head impatiently, — "nothing more.

"But then one day she came. I knew she would come, dreaded it, and put off the thought.

"She had not knocked, she just opened the door, wide, so that she stood there like a picture in its frame — a picture of happiness.

"'It is I — and I can stay three days,' she burst out joyfully.

"How happy she was — and how beautiful — and I did not love her — not at all.

"I swore that I would go away, far away, that I would never see her again — but *to-day* she should know nothing, and be happy.

"And we began to talk, and I kissed her hands, and took off her coat, joking all the time. But how did she feel it? — by the sound of my voice? — by my look? — how did she know it was all over?

"It was as if she grew smaller, thinner, under her dress — as if she grew whiter, so that even her stiffening hands grew pale; it was as if nothing lived now but her eyes.

"When one has caught and holds a little bird in one's closed hand, it has that look in its eyes.

"She did not say much, but it was as if the tone of her voice had died.

"We went out, and I went on talking — a forced talk, in which pauses came and grew.

"Then suddenly she said — and she did not lift her eyes to mine, she never looked at me again: —

"'You know I can go away again to-morrow,' — quietly as if she asked my pardon, full of sadness as one whose heart is dying.

"The tears strangled me, but — I did not ask her to stay. I asked if we should eat. She shook her head — how small she looked!

"'I will take a cup of coffee,' she said, and was silent again.

"She got this and drank it. She sat quite still and silent. There were no tears in her eyes. Then she said, always in that same still voice, of which the tone was dead: —

"'Now I will go.'

"I did not hold her back. We went together and waited at the station for a long time. She spoke every once in a while, in the same voice. Finally the train came; she went aboard quietly and sat down.

"I was not willing to insult her with a caress.

"When she was seated, she looked at me once, — a dying child may have that look, — and she said, as if she were ashamed of this last tenderness in her voice: —

"'Now, please, good-bye,' — and touched the very tip of my fingers. Then the train went.

"No, I tell you, all my life long I have never felt as sad as at that moment.

"And yet," Paul went on, "I did not call her back, and I felt as if I had committed murder."

He sat up and swayed to and fro for a moment as if a great sorrow shook him.

"But," he continued, "perhaps I shall think of her when I die."

We spoke no more. We lay there silent again, looking up into the clear September sky.

LETTERS OF XAVIER DOUDAN.

(Translated for this work.)

[Xavier Doudan was born in 1800 at Douai, of a straitened family of traders and magistrates. He studied at Paris, and took up the profession of tutor; he lacked will or force to push his own fortunes, but his fine taste and remarkable judgment in criticism, as well as his lovable character, strongly impressed a brilliant group of rising youths, one of whom in 1826 procured him the place of tutor to Mme. De Staël's son by M. Rocca, in the Broglie family, where as tutor and confidential friend he spent the rest of his life. After the Revolution of 1830, the Duke was made minister of public instruction by Louis Philippe, and appointed Doudan his head clerk; and kept him in the same situation when later he became minister of foreign affairs and president of the Cabinet. Doudan remained such till the retirement of the Duke in 1836. He then entered the service of the Council of State; but declined various offers of promotion, and after the Duchess' death in 1838, lived in the Duke's household, its brightest ornament, a literary dictator and adviser to a Parisian group of wonderful diversity and brilliancy, a wise, mild, but unflinchingly truthful and exacting censor. His creative force was not equal to his critical discernment, and he has left no large work that represents him; but his collected volumes of correspondence are full of charm and keen humorous observation.]

To M. Raulin.

Coppet, June 10, 1839.

My dear Friend, — It is a month or nearly a month since I ought to have written you. I have besides received from you a friendly and thoughtful letter of four pages, to which an answer was fairly due, even had I not owed it to you first to give you news of the journey. But what would you have? I have lost the faculty even of writing ten rational lines. When you advise me to vegetate, you must know that I am vegetating quite enough. I do not think, I write nothing, and I read very little except a small Kantian treatise on metaphysics which I am deciphering in common with Albert. This metaphysics wearies me. All metaphysics wearies me. My intelligence must be heavily stricken, for I have never had taste and capacity except for philosophy. I am beginning to discover that the abstractions are abstractions. The pretended solutions of the philosophic sciences are new names given to the insurmountable difficulties raised by the mind. For a century, more or less, we fancy that these new words conceal a satisfying sense; and then we perceive that we are still on the brink of the void. These black waters that encircle us on all

sides have not lowered by a hair since the eyes of the first men contemplated them with fear and with sinking hearts. People have come who gravely dip out an oyster-shell-ful of these waters and flatter themselves they have drained the gulf dry. This is pitiful. . . .

Sojourn in Paris for the past dozen years has not been without danger, truly, but a bullet more or less in the streets does not add much to the terrible fragility of life. My poor friend Grouchy has suddenly died at Turin. I am dismayed at that death. It seems there is a point of life when the road descends all at once and engulfs itself in the shadow. There are only sad things to await. I hardly await anything else. The spirit is extinguished little by little, the strength declines, and the aspect of the world takes on something leaden and vacillating.

I fully perceive that I am tiring you, my poor Raulin. You see that when you advise me to vegetate, it is fruitless: even to vegetate requires some energy. I feel myself far below the tiniest shrub. Bob is much my superior in all ways, but he is nevertheless the only society that agrees with me. The poor animal is not exacting, and so long as I give him from time to time a pat of amity on the head, I am held sufficiently spirited and intellectual. You men always insist on more, even the best and most indulgent among you.

To-morrow perhaps I shall write something less gloomy. I see that in these mountains before me, little glades appear now and then through the rain. But I have no right to compare myself to a mountain. Good-bye.

To M. Poirson.

August 6, 1839.

I am sometimes afraid, my dear friend, that we are aging a little, when I see how much distaste we feel for our own time. I make an effort occasionally to rise above my own impression, and see if all this disgust I experience is not due to my habits of thought having grown too tyrannical with time to understand the habits of this new spirit, if spirit there is. Inspecting it carefully, I cannot disown that I am irritated with good right at this empty and declamatory tone, these noisy parades of ideas which recoil before nothing, this scorn of all distinction between good and evil, all these impossible feelings which

a semblance is made of having experienced, all these contradictory passions that are supposed in the same being, this pedantic and forcible-feeble language, these colors and these images so vivid to reproduce thoughts so cold, this lack of measure, of harmony, of good sense, of fitness in every class, that radiates forth in literature. All these accusations are founded on irresistible evidence; and if one were to be hanged for all these crimes, many writers would have to make ready. Only one thing remains: that perhaps in this infernal kettle, where the sorcerers are brewing their frightful broth, there is a blade of grass that is not wholly maleficent.

A solitary point of view that one glimpses in this labyrinth deserves to arrest the attention: all the literatures we admire are simple and harmonious; all the features are distinct, sharp-cut, and brilliant: but those literatures are romanesque, in the sense that they isolate in an ideal and luminous region the object they wish to paint, and that in this excessive scrutiny they forget all the relations the object bears to what remains outside the frame. To-day men seem possessed with the rage of showing that everything acts on everything; that a continuous chain unites all beings and all things; not a line is written without the attempt to include the history of the world. Have you ever seen the sea in anger? Every wave on that tossing plain takes its form of movement from all the waves that environ it, from the beaches of Brittany to the ice of the Pole. It is an effort to express this rebound of all on all that makes the grimaces of the literature of the present. Thence these tense forms where every word is playing a part, thence all these prismatic colors lavished on every occasion, thence this pretension of every phrase to be a sort of echo of all the sounds of the world. In actual conditions, all these unlucky attempts at enlarging the angle under which we view the world have an air profoundly absurd. I think even that one must be absurd not to discourage these first ebullitions of a confused thought; but it is possible that one day, after the agitation of chaos at which we are assisting, when the waters have grown clear and calm, they will become like a vaster mirror, where the reality will have come to reflect itself in grander proportions.

This is very disinterested on my part, for I cordially hate the rudiments of this new art; but I say it to acquit our own consciences. You must try to be just toward your own time, even if you don't like it.

To M. Raulin.

Broglie, Friday, July 16, 1841.

First, my dear friend, it is you who are stupid to believe that your letter is stupid; but it is a very embarrassing case in metaphysics, because no effect superior to the cause has yet been met with. You are quite right on the degree of importance to be attached to everything, and you say truth in saying that it ought not to be necessary to bring to the reading of a consular report the degree of attention we should pay to a dialogue of Plato. It is attention wasted, because the texture of a consular report is not so close as the tissue of a dialogue of Plato. But if you need to look at all these things close to, nothing will cure you. I am attacked with the same mania: I need to contemplate all the details. You must follow your slope, there is no force but that. One would spend his life bootlessly in trying to remake the laws of his mind. He must resolve to do the smallest things well, when he is invincibly urged toward them; only Plato must be reread a little oftener, in order not to engulf yourself without much fruit in too minute a study of the delicacies of language of M. ——.

But we ought to recognize that men of affairs and men of good sense have not that mania that pesters us. They operate *grosso modo*. *Grosso modo* is the secret of success in this world. It is needful to speak, to comprehend, to act *grosso modo*. Coarse fibre in the intellect is in harmony with the general movements of the world; I mean the world of men. Thence the success of M. Scribe; thence the depth, the height, and the amplitude of the mind of M. ——; thence the grace, the elegance, and the vital imagination of M. Horace Vernet; thence the success of M. Roger and the Academy the other day. While you regard with emotion and quiverings a butterfly's wing, all these cyclopes have swallowed ten wings of roast fowl for you. It is the world. Your part is not with them. Do well and finely what they do quickly and coarsely, and to reward your zeal it will be said, "That poor Raulin has a deucedly subtle mind," and they will be right. The world moves fast, and looks at nothing very close. When its great wheels, lubricated with whale oil, meet the light and delicate wheels cut from diamond, which turn rapidly and noiselessly on polished axles, there is a shock, but the small wheels are of diamond nevertheless and do not break. Their movement is regulated by another law.

You will retrieve yourself in eternity, where a butterfly's wing will be held vastly superior to a Mayence ham ; but here it is the reign of the Mayence hams. It is useless, you will never eat as fast as others. The ham will set you thinking of the boar, the boar of the forests, the forests of the mountains, the eternal snows, the rivers which course in silence over the earth ; and during this time there will be nothing left but the bone of the Mayence ham, and you will remain pale and rather dreamy in the midst of this robust and well-fed band, who will laugh at you on the first occasion. Let them eat till they die of it.

You are too exclusive also. What the devil has Mozart to do with the devil ? And in what is his music terrestrial ? But take care lest by dint of volatilizing everything, you may find yourself all dazed out in the void. There is a good sense and measure in the superior order too, which is not the good sense of men, but that of God himself. If you attack that, you will have not the respectable madness of the elect spirits, but a true madness that corresponds to nothing : *inania regna.*

M. Orsel is very good to have thought of me apropos of M. Ingres' last picture. M. Orsel too courses through life on a little chariot with diamond wheels, but there is no other vehicle to go far into the future. All these gentlemen who gallop along in their carriages, in a sort to make one believe they are escaping from the tide, — all these gentlemen halt in the court of the Minister of the Interior. Posterity for them ends there. All their maidens, who are the girls of the streets, will die of consumption, while here and there in the silence a few other figures mount smiling on their great wings into the heaven of the arts, where there is neither Minister of the Interior, nor Director of the Arts, etc., etc.

To Madame D'Haussonville.

Coppet, October 8, 1841.

I have read the first chapter of the "Life of an Artist." It is all charming and brilliant and intellectual, and I say it so sincerely that I add a few criticisms : —

1. M. P—— has decidedly too artistic an air, and also feels himself the artist too much. The play of talent, its action, is much more hidden and secret, to my belief. It reveals itself in a thousand circumstances foreign to the direct application of the talent ; but as to M. P——, I recognize him for an artist

a gunshot off, and he knows he is such with too much intensity. A poetic spirit, whatever be the manner in which it reveals itself to the public, — with a violin, a chisel, or the pencil, — a poetic spirit forgets its art three quarters of the time; it gazes at the flying bird, the smoke that rises over the village roofs, it hears the sough of the wind; a thousand pictures pass and repass in its own depths, and with a brilliancy that rather discourages it from the practice of its art. M. P—— has had "artist" inscribed on his passport, and if you didn't assure me that he must have talent, I should have no faith in it. You must not take this criticism as anything very serious; it is enough to obliterate some features a little too pronounced.

2. The descriptions of nature are always a little too vivid in color. You cannot look at his world without green spectacles, everything is so dazzling. That world is of too material a splendor. Trust to your imagination to search behind these flaming purple curtains that are a kind of primary veil to the spectacle of nature; seek for less vivid but still more beautiful colors, so as not to fatigue your eyes. I will take the sun for an example. If you contemplate its setting, you will see in the lower story a blast-furnace red; even that is of great magnificence, but a little farther toward the zenith, in the second story, you will see a tapestry of colors much softer and of a charming harmony. One would say that a great silence, as it were, reigns at the depths of that horizon, and that beneficent spirits converse there in low tones on the destinies of the world. It is always, so it seems to me, at the second story that one should rest his gaze, and it is there that he discovers charming pictures without cessation. The eye of the vulgar does not reach there. To any one else, what I have said to you here will be indistinct; but you will certainly understand what I have tried to say in its generality. If you conclude from these two poor observations that I do not find these twenty pages charming, you are unworthy of all counsel; and you have only, wrapping yourself in your self-esteem, to seek the successes of MM. de Lamartine, Victor Hugo, etc., etc.

I return to my criticisms, and I harp on the fact that it follows: When one depicts a person, the soul must radiate over the body. The impressions, the thoughts, of the said person, must give me a notion of his exterior form. Whatever may be said, I do not believe that Galatea made her entrance into this world by a body.

To M. Poirson.

Coppet, December 4, 1844.

I have never seen the spring have birth in the country, and I regret it, although I suspect there is no spring in the fashion the poets understand it; but I can assure you there is a winter, and it doesn't begin badly. At the end of a month I expect to take the road back to Paris, where one does not see so much snow; there is already infinitely more than the prefect of police can get swept off, even though he should convoke all the ban and arrière-ban of the French writers who make verses and would do better to sweep the street. Perhaps you will think, to hear me speak so ill of the successors of Bernardin de St. Pierre and J. J. Rousseau, that I am reading the "Wandering Jew." Oh dear, not at all. I have left him, months ago, to his phantasmagoria of Jesuits. It seemed to me it was spoiling the evil to depict it thus: black men in a black house, solely occupied in blacknesses — that is not common sense; it is not so that one paints living beings. Has not the author of the "Wandering Jew" read "Machiavel," then? When you wish to injure people, the first thing to do is to put on a grand air of impartiality in regard to them. You must give them some virtues, if necessary; you must remain on this side of the truth, in depicting evil, so that the reader may say, indignantly, "But that is not all; these people are a hundred times worse!" It is, I believe, the grand artifice of polemics to awaken anger and not satisfy it completely. Men who have much authority naturally speak in a low voice; that is an image of the manner in which it is necessary to set about acting on others by literature. If you show me, in place of a Jesuit, the devil in person, the first time I see a Jesuit I shall say, "But M. E. Sue has not good sense: this good ecclesiastic is not so black as he makes the Jesuits." The truth is that M. E. Sue cares very little for getting that race hated; he gives the public what he supposes it likes, and that is his entire policy.

We ought not to attach too much importance to important things, or we never accomplish them. It is well to know how to do things roughly; all who have done a great amount have done it in wretched shape; to be a good architect it is not needful to have the subtleties of Benvenuto Cellini. With

these subtleties one makes a half-dozen dagger-hilts, and life passes. Moreover, it is useless to give ourselves the trouble: the defects we expunge in our work are almost always not those the public sees. La Bruyère, it is true, had this mania for polishing; I am not sure his defects do not arise from that. For the rest, I am like M. de Lamartine, I have many contrary opinions on the subject. So long as one has not succeeded in faithfully reproducing the image he sees within himself, it is not worth the trouble of giving its portrayal to the public; but, on the other hand, if we wait for that perfect reproduction, we risk waiting forever. Thence the necessity of doing nothing in order to do it well. Fortunately, there is a solution to this difficulty: the public is a fool and a sot, as Lemierre says, and does not look very closely. When it is in a moment of good humor, it takes people favorably, and that engages it somewhat for the future, because it does not like to judge the same person twice.

To M. Raulin.

My dear Friend, — Who would believe that you have written me two letters against one? That is not in the natural course of things. It is an interruption of the laws of nature, and a new proof that miracles are possible. As I am not a rationalist, I will not seek to reduce this event to the shabby proportions of a natural fact.

We have seen your Orientals. They are truly lovable. The Orient is a great element of civilization, it would seem; for the people who come from Boreas or the Occident have not a quarter of their fascinations. They talk familiarly to you of Mycenæ, Corinth, or Epidaurus, of the Seven Towers, of the Mosque of the Sultana Validé, of the Halcyon Sea, of the Black Sea, and all with touches that show clearly they have seen all this with their own eyes. For example, they will tell you (I mean M. de Sahune and M. d'Haussonville), they will tell you, "I was eaten up by lice in the valley of Lacedæmon." From this touch do you not see more vividly the Babyx bridge by moonlight? Do you not hear the rustling of the reeds in the bed of the Eurotas? Do you not scent the delicate perfume that floats from the clumps of almonds, of citrons, of laurels, that flourish in abundance everywhere, while meantime potatoes are regularly planted

with the progress of civilization? How much better I love these lice than the vague pomp of Racine's verses: —

"Elis I saw; and Tænarus left behind,
Won to the sea that viewed Icarus fall."

There is a little of this charm in the "Itinerary" of M. de Chateaubriand. He catches fever near the ruins of Laurium, not far from Cape Sunium; he is laid on a mat in the kitchen, which is to say also in the parlor and the dining-room, for it is all one in these poetic countries. While he half sleeps, he looks at a Greek girl of seventeen or eighteen, who has remained at home while the rest of the family is in the field. She goes and comes; she sings in a low voice, like the birds at sunset; she comes to get a small kettle hung above the mat where the sick man is sleeping; she makes the fire, prepares the dinner, breaks off to readjust something in her garments or headgear. Do you not see better, through the half-opened window of this little kitchen, the sea and the columns of Sunium, than when Delille tells you: —

"Toward the cape where Plato," etc.

I am for lice in literature. You don't like them. You love the immortelles. The immortelles have not the fragile grace of the flowers that fade. We must inform the ideal by the reality. Reality is the wild stock on which you graft the ideal; alone by itself, the ideal quickly corrupts; it becomes deadly tedious, and ends by no longer resembling anything.

M. de Sahune will tell you more about it, as he has been directly pricked by the reality. He will tell you that whoever reads the "Itinerary" sees Greece. This is something to make you ashamed, you that speak of M. de Châteaubriand as a declaimer. Without him, without that imagination it pleases you to think factitious, the world would still have that fine gray color which the Abbé Barthèlemy and all the abbés of the world employed to depict nature and the old civilizations; that washed-out, dun, pallid, uncertain color, like the verses of P. Porée or P. Jouveney. It is not of them one can say: —

"He spreads before the eyes, with lavish dower,
The glittering robe of every season's flower.
Azure and emerald, purple, ruby, teem
To weave the glittering web with which his garments gleam."

But this said, each to his taste ; and since you like the gray better, let us say no more, and maintain that M. de Châteaubriand is a declaimer. You will say to me, "But I have been on that side more strongly than you, and you are preaching to an old convert;" that is true, but you have settled into the gray. To be a poet seems to you equivalent to being sober. If nature were to remake, you would only put swans and geese in it, all white birds, but no pink flamingoes, no humming-birds, no glistening flies, and the sun would go to rest in a great bed with white bedclothes and white curtains, and in a white cotton nightcap. A fine king of nature, i'faith ! You must know that at the bottom of this theory of sobriety, there hides a cold poison which slowly kills imaginations. Sobriety is a limit, and not a motive power. You make a motive power of it. You don't drink, for the pleasure of saying, "I haven't drunk !" When you haven't drunk for ten thousand years, what will that regimen have done for the progress of intelligence ? The apostle said we should not *get drunk on sobriety*, *sapere ad sobrietatem*. That also is a rule of æsthetics. If you torment me, I will illuminate the churches with colored glass, Sundays and holidays. You enjoy so keenly the pleasure of not seeing color, of not hearing too loud a noise, of not encountering too abrupt a movement, that the essence of your system is : —

"I see only the night, I hear naught but silence."

Isn't that a fine spectacle, and one that elevates our souls with pride ? But we shall never be in accord in the matter of colors ; the white are white, the blue are blue.

To the Princess de Broglie.

Paris, August 15, 1846.

How does M. Henri de Béarn take to the enchantments of Rome ? I hope he has not brought thither any melancholy from those depths of the North whence he comes, and that without thinking any longer of Germany, he is all given up to the pleasure of seeing Italy in her fine summer wear. If Werther himself had been named secretary to Italy, he would be living yet; he would have forgotten Charlotte. As for M. Raulin, I have some trouble in imagining him at Rome. I picture vaguely that there will be days when he will come

home to you reeling like a drunken man, but drunk with the beauty of some old Byzantine picture, lost in a corner of some old unknown chapel. I count on his good natural mind, and the profound good sense that slumbers under these systems of his, forcing him to admire even what the world admires. I am afraid lest what M. de Châteaubriand, for instance, and his school have praised with so much uproar, may displease him on that ground. I have often represented to him that it was just and in the providential order to have the impressions of his time ; I showed him, before he went away, that it was needful not merely to see Italy with his own eyes, but also with the eyes of Virgil, of Dante, of Petrarch, of Madame de Staël, of Lord Byron, of M. de Châteaubriand. It is clear that great minds and great talents make their time see what it would not have seen without them. That is civilization itself. In every age, there are two or three magicians who awaken in all men, save the ultras, a world of impressions which had slept since the creation, like the Sleeping Beauty. I hold that there lies in the depth of the soul an endless suite of palaces like that of the Sleeping Beauty, whose riches will open on the day appointed and discover admirable views which we do not suspect ; but it needs the stroke of the wand of talent to awaken the slumbering damsel. It is thus that the ideas of the choice minds of one age become the excellent commonplaces of the one that follows. Thus you climb by degrees and degrees, and from generation to generation, the great marble tower that ascends toward the infinite.

To the Duke de Broglie.

Paris, Tuesday, August 9, 1847.

You are going to Scotland, and upon the scene of Walter Scott's romances ; but that scene extends to the Shetland Isles, and I hope you will not go so far as that to search for the elements or the pretenses of the ideal. Evreux waits you too soon to undertake such a pilgrimage. As for Evreux, if one finds anything there to make an ideal of, it will be a proof that we do not need even a pretext to raise ourselves to the beautiful when we have the instinct of it. I thought long ago, as to the ideal, that the real world was like a book whose characters wake ideas in a certain sequence according to the arrangement of the letters, although that arrangement has no resemblance to

the images or the thoughts it provokes in my mind. I took the expression "the book of nature" literally; but I catch a glimpse of many objections to-day to this fashion of making God a sort of printer. In any case, it will be a large folio, and with fine margins to it.

What a sad picture of England! It is quite possible that the double effort of industry and equality is flattening out the nations a little. You cannot have a fine copsewood and a fine timber forest in the same place, at the same time. The old world, the world of abuses as it was organized everywhere some century ago, was after the law of nature: the great trees grew there freely, killing everything that was under their shade. The water came to the river then, and you had splendid masses of water before handsome, battlemented castles, with a great solitude around. Is it not the principle at present that the water should only get to the river the latest possible? In old times they gave a dozen ducks to the twelfth to eat, and you had a magnificent duck, full of strength, and with the most gorgeous plumage. Nowadays they take care of the whole dozen ducks, or rather the dozen ducks take care of themselves. The strongest have no more to eat than the weakest. That makes an average of ducks busied with a thousand cares, without superfluity, without the spirit of enterprise, rather lean, rather doleful, rearing ducklings that inherit the weakness of their fathers, and propagate it; ducks who love to be well placed and well lodged, to attend a sermon that is moral and not dogmatic, who work the day through in order to sleep in a good bed; the wind carries away their feathers, they die, and they have said and done nothing of any worth. Lucan says, "Humanum paucis vivit genus" [The human race lives in small things]. It is very possible that the apparent disorder of ancient societies was a secret law of nature to rid itself of the weak and keep the finest patterns.

To M. Raulin.

Broglie, Saturday, July 22, 1848.

I do not see how you manage to know so much news, and tell it with so many interesting details. We live on your letters, which are worth more even for the news than the newspapers. The papers do not know that M. Proudhon was reared by the charity of a philanthropic capitalist. What a serpent

that capitalist sent to school! I am confident that in the discussion, the head of the said reptile will be crushed. It is not that I like discussions in form against absurd principles. The bad doctrines to-day have a great air of simplicity and homely evidence in their theoretic state; they fit like a glove on narrow minds; good sense is more complicated, and does not go half so well on the hand of a fool. Thence the necessity of hooting the bad doctrines; the hoots capture men through their feelings; they are more efficacious than set discussions. We must not let dangerous foolishnesses take on the air of principles. We must turn them out-doors, not with flowers and crowns like Plato's poets, but with a few kicks.

You also tell the story well of the magnificence of General Cavaignac's first reception. He is right to surround himself with some military pomp. Man is an insolent animal, who does not like extreme simplicity except to climb up on its shoulders. An insolent person who demands an audience abates half the chatter he was proposing to exhibit, when he passes through the courts where the grave soldiers form a regular guard; through the antechambers where the grave ushers tell him in a subdued voice to sit down and wait; through the waiting-rooms where he meets a crowd of officers in grand uniform by whom he has not the honor to be known, and who regard him coldly. All this gives him a salutary idea of the small place he naturally occupies in this world, and makes him usefully feel his nothingness. The heads of societies ought to be environed with all the marks which say at every moment that they represent the entire society. If I were by accident chief of the peoples, I think I would live in the midst of thunder and lightnings, especially in times when the ideas of absolute equality had undermined the world. Even if I were altogether a great man, — which perhaps I am not, — when I had won a hundred battles, I would only have very rare moments of simplicity, being quite sure that if that simplicity lasted long, you would begin to look me over from head to foot and find resemblances to other men in me, in place of remaining under the impression of my differences. Sylla said he could dispense with lictors, since he had his Athens buckler and his Orchomenus javelin. I am sure that at the end of a fortnight his valet's boy drummed on his Athens buckler, and rode cock-horse on his Orchomenus javelin like a broom handle. The prince in every country should call himself Legion. I have taken a much greater taste than ever for

etiquette since I have seen so many pipes blackened by the ephemeral shepherds of the people. This granted, each time demands a different pomp. That of to-day should be a rather terrifying image of regular force, to answer to the extreme elevation of intelligences and imaginations. A cloud of incense sufficed as barrier in the old Orient; at present we have to prepare fine squadrons, which at need launch iron and fire with a skilled fury, cold and silent cannon which the least noise can rouse from their slumber, in a word, all the splendors of a citadel where the regular steps of the sentinels are silent neither day nor night. It is the Versailles of the new days that —— has spun us with his long lean fingers. Go then with all the council in grand uniform to present your respects to General Cavaignac. Tell him I desire he may be king of terrors as long as possible, through this age of iron.

To M. D'Haussonville.

Broglie, October 22, 1867.

I fully understand the tedium your work causes you in whatever is not pure narrative. One can hardly give advice to his friends, even those he knows best, on the manner of directing the mind and the economy of intellectual labor. Each is obliged to make treaty with his peculiarities, which relate to all sorts of moral things, and physical as well; none the less you can give others for trial the recipes which have succeeded with you in analogous cases, if there are analogous cases. When I have happened to have something difficult to write, I have begun to write all at a heat and without erasures, entirely resolved to consider it only as the first draft. Returning to it on the morrow for a new fashioning, when transcribing I have been astonished at the progress my mind has made since that first essay. The rough canvas had served to fix the points of scrutiny, and had hindered my mind from vagabonding. By a dull instinctive labor, I had found the true order and the appropriate expressions, which I should not have attained in that rapid and negligent sketch that showed me at the same time what it was necessary to avoid and what it was necessary to do. When one tries line by line, in a rather long writing, to arrive on the first effort at a definitive editing, he has not the whole before his eyes, and while he heaps the objects in one corner of his trunk, the other side rises up and prevents

his closing it. So try to attack it by ten pages at a time, making erasures at the junctures of the ideas and natural divisions of the ideas, and perhaps you will tear up less paper. My practice is based on the remark that if one did not talk he would never say foolish things, but would keep them all to himself. No sooner have you spoken badly than you are notified of it by the interior voice, but that voice will not make itself heard if one has not said the foolish thing. The first blunder is destined to excite that voice, which suggests the answer to you at the foot of the stairway, when there is no more time, if it relates to conversation; but in the business of writing the inconvenience is not the same, and the blunder does you no wrong in anybody's eyes.

To Madame Donné.

March 15, 1870.

... M. de Montalembert is dead, and his end, which might have been looked for years ago, has painfully surprised every one. At midnight on the day of his death he held the lamp his nurse wished to extinguish, to finish the reading of a political article of the day. For years he upheld, against the cruelty of nature, the liberty and serenity of his thought, and he remained the master in this difficult combat. On a bark assailed by the four winds of heaven he conversed, labored, meditated peacefully, contemplated without agitation the waters that were to engulf him. It is like a military virtue, so much coolness and interior discipline kept in the midst of such pressing dangers. What a singular nature! A soul violent and yet held in subjection, capable of proceeding to all contradictions of thought, yet not without a strong unity of which the mark is on all his life. For forty years he filled the world with his contradictory invectives and his eloquent inquietude; and to-day, now that he is dead, there are very few, even of his enemies, who do not find themselves regretting a spirit so alive, so rich, and so courageous.

MERLIN AND HIS FATHER: THE OVERTHROW OF HELL.

By EDGAR QUINET.

(Translated for this work.)

[Edgar Quinet, republican and mystic, a believer in progress and a lover of the things progress abolishes, — a common enough combination, but which confused his logic and made much of his writing incoherent dreams, — was born at Bourg-en-Bresse, France, a little west of Geneva, in 1803. His father was a republican scientist and mathematician who resigned an army post on Napoleon's usurpation; his mother a cultivated unorthodox Protestant. His first publication was characteristic, being on the Wandering Jew. Then, struck by Herder's "Philosophy of History," he learned German in order to translate it, and at once rose to high repute. After a post on a mission to Greece and a work entitled "Modern Greece," he joined the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and wrote for it for some years, including an article on the old French poetic legends he afterwards wove into so many forms. In 1833 appeared his first considerable work, "Ahasverus," a philosophical rhapsody; also two poems, "Napoleon" and "Prometheus," not highly reputed. In 1838 he published a reply to Strauss' "Life of Jesus." In 1839 he was made professor of foreign literature at Lyons; his lectures there were embodied in "The Genius of Religions" in 1842, when also he was called to the Collège de France in Paris, as professor of Southern Literature. Instead of this he lectured on the Jesuits and Ultramontanism, collecting the lectures into volumes in 1843 and 1844; the resultant hostility was so great that in 1846 the government stopped the course. In 1848 he published "The Revolutions of Italy," one of his most noted works; took up arms in the revolution of that year, and after Louis Philippe's fall, was elected Radical deputy to the Assembly. He was a vigorous opponent of Louis Napoleon, and was banished after the *coup d'état*. For seven years he lived in Brussels, publishing "The Slaves," a dramatic poem (1853), and "Marnix de Saint Aldegonde" (1854), an enthusiastic glorification of the noted Belgian's literary work; then removing to Veytaux on the Lake of Geneva, he issued, in 1860, the work from which this extract is taken, — a not very definite or coherent allegory, but with many vicious hits at French politics and society, especially Napoleon III.'s rule; "History of the Campaign of 1815" (1862), and "The French Revolution" (1865), censuring heavily the acts of the Jacobins. In these years, as all through his life, he wrote swarms of pamphlets. "The Creation" (1870) was a misty rhapsody on evolution. Returning to France after Sedan, he obstinately assailed the measures of peace with the Germans. "The Siege of Paris" (1871), "The Republic" (1872), "The Book of Exile" (1875), besides posthumous collections and a partial autobiography, in 1858, are the chief of his other work. He died March 27, 1875.]

I. Why Merlin was Created.

Aid me in transporting yourself to the threshold of Hell, wherewith I assume you familiar, and even to the very midst of the abode of eternal suffering. Not that I belong to the Satanic school, but because truth exacts this opening scene from me. History spoke; tradition commanded; she must be followed. I begin, and do you hearken.

Have you ever seen a deliberating assembly divided between a host of factions, whereof each endeavors to undo all the others? If you have assisted a day, a moment, at such a scene, you have not forgotten it. You know then how each conceals a snare beneath every word. There, nothing is more perilous than the smile; for it is the messenger of fraud, and fraud drags death in its train. Silence too is a trickster, but it endures only a moment; it soon gives place to monster jeering, the echo of all the unclean subterranean spirits which moral darkness attracts as the funeral lamp attracts a swarm of night-moths. If you have viewed this sight, you are picturing to yourself already the aspect of Hell, at the hour when this tale begins. You fancy the foolish daze of the crowd, proud of being blackguarded with majesty; the oratorical precautions, soft doves which on a sudden transform into serpents; the word at every sentence stifling the thought; the mind serving only to excavate, from spiral to spiral, the new creation of Falsehood.

Each was busy at this work. All mouths were generating lies, and in the midst of an inextricable argument, interrupted by the hissing of reptiles, the voice of Hell was consummated. Each word of fraud, in proportion as it issued full of venom from the mouth of a devil, called up a diabolic being which rose as if to an appeal from the gulf.

All the petty powers contended greedily for the floor, at every moment, without remembering that they had all eternity before them; it seemed to them that if they lost for a single instant the chance of making their strident tones resound, the empire of evil was ended forever.

In this chaos of voices, a solitary voice was silent: it was that of the most powerful; it was hidden there, like a python under swarms of booming bees. Coiled back on itself, mute, it had almost been forgotten. More than one yelping mouth, forgetting itself, began to insult the taciturn king, when with a prodigious bound he sprung forward from his lair; encircling with his folds the vast confines of the Abyss, he reared one of his heads above every group. Silence descended suddenly, and this is what he said: —

"Your discussions charm me, for they come to nothing. You are the true monarchs of sophistry. I hear with delight your speeches, which dry up thought in the soul.

"Be sure that I should never have dreamed of interrupting you, had not necessity (the only God we recognize) extorted

it from me. Up to now you have counterfeited in a masterly manner the Creation from on high. Beneath every heaven you have placed an abyss; beneath every joy, a grief; and I congratulate you on it. But is the imitation complete? Have you shown that Hell is as erudite, as profound as Paradise? Have you copied the heavenly classics, without omitting anything of what they inclose? To say all, in proportion as the skies unfold have you unfolded Hell?"

"Yes, certainly we have done so," responded the throng of subterranean worlds.

"Dear friends," replied the King of Hell, "conceit blinds you. The fairest work of what is termed Providence, you have not even tried to imitate."

"What is this work?" cried the Damned.

"What!" responded their chief, "do you not even suspect it? The immaculate angel of the Annunciation descended from Heaven to announce to the Virgin of Judea that the Christ would be born from her loins. Have you attempted nothing like it? You have not even dreamed of it; your imitative minds have not dared hazard this model. I assure you, you are degenerating."

"What can I do, to prove that I have remained worthy of you?" bellowed the ancient Abyss.

"An easy thing, if one dares undertake it. Nothing simpler; you need here an infernal Christ, born of a virgin."

All cried out at once in a thousand divers tones: —

"That is true! Shriveled brains that we have! Why did we not think of that? Yes, we need, like the Heavens, a Christ born of a virgin."

Then the King of Hell resumed: —

"Who is there among you that will go upon the earth to play the part of the angel at the door of Mary?"

A universal roar gave answer; an inextinguishable desire of love rose even in the hearts of those who had never loved!

At this he went on: —

"You put too much passion into my cause. Truly you are stirred up. That resembles life too much. It is good taste here not to acclaim too noisily. Lukewarm, languid, evasive words, — those are what I prefer. One can be hellish without ceasing to preserve good form. I alone will go. I alone am enough to the fore in Hell to counterfeit the angels' power."

[Merlin, born of the unsuspected (by her) commerce of Satan with a holy woman, and drawn between his mother's wish to make him a priest and his father's to make him a tool of Hell, as well as his own leanings to both sides, seeks to become an enchanter; but succeeds only by virtue of love for Viviane, who endows him with magic power and rescues him from yielding to his father. He explores all lands and sciences; at last Viviane, jealous of the knowledge that is making a gulf between them, and of other female essences, works the spell that seals them both in a magic sepulchre underground. Here Merlin finds pure happiness in love, in the baby boy who is born to them, and in separation from the base world which can no longer harm or pain him where he is (a plain enough allegory of Quinet's exile, in which too he married — for the second time); his retreat is discovered, however, the world comes clamoring to its walls, and finally his father penetrates to it.]

II. The Conversion of Satan.

"I am thirsty," said the father of the damned. "No one till now has been willing to give me a glass of water."

Straightway Viviane went to draw fresh water from the brink of the torrent, and presented it in a brazen urn to her guest, who drained it with a feverish ardor. After that she prepared a repast, such as one is used to prepare for a funeral banquet. Merlin and his father remained alone.

"Then it is true, my son, that one can be happy?" asked the master of Hell.

"You see it, father."

"Oh, yes! But assuredly, thou art the only happy being in creation. I have gone through it all. I have found only thee who boast of thy lot!"

"Mine is happiness itself."

"Thou wilt render me jealous of thee, my son. How then dost thou preserve this unalterable repose? Without doubt, my friend, thou owest it, in great part, to being cut off from the number of the living. It is so long since I have slept, my poor Merlin! — To sleep, ah, what happiness! An hour of sleep, and I will pay an empire. It is these insomnias of Hell that have hollowed my cheeks, dost thou see? Give me an herb for sleep. I, I alone in the whole universe am forever awake. The gods sleep often."

While uttering these words, he wiped off the burning sweat that trickled down his forehead. During this time the little Formosa, who had at first been frightened at him, approached him bit by bit. He bore in his hands a small nest of birds-of-paradise; he put them in the Ancestor's hands. The Ancestor

received them; he thought for a moment of strangling them; but, singular thing! he dared not; he gave them back to the child with a smile like that of a Cyclops who has just discovered a nest of warblers in the depths of the wood.

"Is it thy son?" said he.

"Yes," responded Merlin.

"He will resemble his grandfather. Certainly these family joys are not to be scorned. When I was very small, I had, like him, hair of that beautiful golden blond, bordering on red. Does he already love to poke the fire, and to ride cock-horse on a conjurer's broom?"

"He would do nothing else if I left him free."

"Good! I recognize my blood there. Why thwart him?"

"Oh, why do you not come, father, to share this family life with us? If you wish, we will live together."

Thereupon the good Merlin, with an expansion which did more honor to his heart than his perspicacity, dilated on family happiness. That alone mitigated every ill; it tamed even the monsters. Cacus, Polyphemus, Caliban had yielded to its sweetness. And what hindered the Devil from imitating them in this? Far from men, his hates would grow calm. By forgetting the wickedness of creatures, he would forget his angers; for doubtless the evil he had done, or wished to do, was nothing but an exaggeration of good.

There was in Merlin so great a desire to be reconciled with his father that he permitted himself that sophism.

"Well," continued he, "why do you not try, O my father, some little of our mode of life? You will not lack for a place here. You should have all to yourself, if you wished, this great fig forest to meditate in in secret. A family, your own, which would be devoted to you at every moment — would not that soften your griefs?"

"Since thou takest that tone with me, I will speak to thee as my very son. Be assured, then, that the life I have freely embraced begins to weigh on me. But keep my secret. Tell naught of it, even to the grave; it is too full of echoes. Who knows it better than thou?"

"That is the truth, father. Go on."

The chief of the Shades resumed, lowering his voice: —

"Is it certain that no one is listening to us? Death is curious. Where is she?"

"Far from here."

"I was afraid she might hear us; for no being, neither great nor small, neither celestial nor infernal, may boast of having surprised my secret on my lips. Not one so much as suspects what I shall tell thee. All believe me triumphant; all swear that I am indurated as the rock, and certainly I have done nothing to dissuade them. Before everything, let us save honor. But do thou, my son, learn that the rock has been worn by the drop of water that falls eternally from the vault of the Heavens; learn that under this tawny mask there is a — what shall I say? — a soul — yes, on my faith! a pitiable soul that cries and laments. Lastly, to tell it all, I am sick of things, my son. I no longer feel in myself those evil resolves, those rigid intensities of will that of old formed a sort of internal happiness for me. Something has collapsed in me. I doubt, I stagger, O my son! A little more, and I succumb."

"I have always thought it would end so."

"Even in Hell, my child, I have more than one disgust to swallow. Beneath this kingship that seems so absolute, there are miseries of which I alone am conscious."

"What ones?" interrupted Merlin, timidly. "I thought that in the Abyss at least all was to your satisfaction."

"Not at all, not at all. Undeceive thyself, my son. If thou art one day to succeed me, I owe thee the truth in its nakedness. Of old I reigned in the midst of fallen archangels; their misdeeds had some grandeur; pride at least was satisfied. Energetic, haughty souls, who had refused to bend — I could reign over them without misallying myself. To-day they have exhumed, I know not whence, vices so crawling, crimes so petty, so scurvy, that they disgust even me. No more trace of the ancient pride that made Hell a worthy rival of Heaven. No! not one among them dares any longer rear his head. No one has any longer the courage to wear his crimes. The paltry wretches! they deny them! they have become hypocrites, they preach, my dear boy! I cannot take more than one step in that grimacing, degenerate Hell, without hearing their *oremus* — for they speak Latin too. They have learned to beat the breast, to kneel, to sing psalms; they force the serpent to intone the *Gloria*. What can I say? they have become a hundred times more pious, more canting, than they are in Heaven. Ugh! that hypocrite Hell is more hateful to me than Eden. I was not made to reign over cowards."

"Father, your words fill me with joy. Your crown has

become too burdensome; perhaps it would be wise to abdicate your reign."

"Hah!" cried the King of Hell, "thou anticipatest my thought exactly. For a long time, my dearest boy, I have contemplated abdication, but to thy profit. I am tired and old. Thou, O Merlin, thou art still fresh, — enough so to rehabilitate and repair Hell. If I have clung to this royalty, it has been, upon my honor, to leave it to thee. Dost thou believe that I have wrought for myself? Pshaw! On my word, I have done nothing save for thee. 'He will succeed me,' I said to myself. 'He will do honor to his old father. I will give him good advice from the depths of my retreat.' There thou seest, my son, with what projects I have sustained myself under ennui. Come, Merlin, I leave thee the empire! Thou shalt assure me only of an honorable retreat, such as becomes him who has borne the scepter of the Abyss."

"I thank you. My tastes are too different."

"Thou wilt let thyself be guided by my counsels. Thou needst no longer picture to thyself the government as too difficult. They are so narrow, so stupid in their vile trickeries! they are caught so easily in their cowardly snares! If you trample on them, they will think you a genius. Lie, lie, that is the whole secret. My long career has taught me that the crudest and grossest lie is ever what carries best in their coarse natures. It seems to be the element most appropriate to their organs. They smack it with delight; it is their nectar and their ambrosia."

"One thing disquiets me in what you say, father."

"What, my son?"

"Can souls of mud be immortal?"

"Why not? We have mud in Hell too, and it is indelible. There, child, be calm! thou wilt thrive in it to a marvel. Succeed me."

"No, father! It is not my vocation. I cannot accept this crown, I should lose it."

"Ah, well, my dear boy, this is what deprives me of all courage. So long as I saw before me the future of my son, of my race, of my dynasty, I could swallow all difficulties. But if I am not to have an heir of my blood, what is the use of so many everlasting toils in the Gulf? I too should not be sorry to breathe a moment beside the springs. I am sick of this eternal exile. Yes, if I could hide in oblivion this hoary head! Ignoring

devils and men, (the difference is slight!) if I could be ignorant of them!"

"It would be more dignified, it seems to me, my dear father, to publish in the face of the world your change of life."

These imprudent words reawakened with a leap the nature of Satan. His eyes shot flames. He answered, reddening with anger: —

"Gently! You go too fast, Merlin. Is that what you think? *I* give myself the lie? *I* confess that I have been mistaken? What remains to us devils is character. Take that away, and we are no longer anything. Between us, I can perfectly well recognize some errors. But to deny myself, to break openly with my past, to bury myself foolishly in a ridiculous contrition, — do not ask that of me."

Have you ever happened, in climbing the Bernese Alps, to clear the dry stone wall of a little barley field that smiles at you in harvest time? It bounds a meadow of three acres, dotted with primroses, gentians, scabious, anemones, and where a milch cow is chewing the cud, hidden up to the belly in flowers. Thence, a gladsome footpath entices you windingly on, beneath groves of maple, dwarf oak, and sorb, with a carpet of whortleberries, whose small fruit, sharp but refreshing, peep out like black eyes above the silvered emerald of the mosses. Stop! If you take one step more, the Abyss is before you! It opens. The yawning earth fails under your feet. Vertical galleries of gulf slope down, tier on tier; and the pale rock walls plunge sharply into the edifice of emptiness. To the cavernous murmur of the bubbling Aar, which trickles invisibly forth, your view loses itself in a bluish crevasse, without finding a place to halt. For you have had a sight of the infernal regions. If only you do not hold on by your clenched hands to that lopped young larch that is lying on the ground! Why, it is torn up by the roots. You recoil with horror, creeping along the humid crest of the precipice.

Thus, under the complaisant smile of his father, Merlin discovered the genius of Hell. He saw that by too much zeal he had failed of prudence; and recurring to what had escaped him, he resumed in these terms: —

"After all, father, there is no need of indiscreetly publishing your change of life, if it suits you, for instance, to copy ours. Here in this walled inclosure, far from the gaze of the

curious, you can make a hermitage, and the universe will know nothing of it."

"Pshaw! thou art mistaken, O wisest of enchanters. I am too important a piece of machinery in the arrangement of things to disappear without the peoples knowing and telling it to each other. Learn a little better then, fine dreamer, the peoples thou dost profess to enchant. They curse me because of my misdeeds, they say. At bottom every one of those misdeeds impresses them. They see in them a proof of ability. If I mended my ways, these very men who stone me to-day with their maledictions would accuse me of weakness. Let me persist, they execrate me; let me change, they despise me. There, my dear boy, is the difficulty. Lay aside the crown of fire, sayest thou? I would like it well. That is easy; but there are consequences that must be faced. Let us reason it out! If I return, a simple homunculus, into the crowd of beings, thinkest thou there is one who would not come to reproach me with his fall or his crime? Yes; there would not be a man, a reptile, who, seeing me disarmed, would not assassinate me with his bravados. They are such cowards! Certainly, I have pride enough to scorn their insults. Perhaps it would be worthy of my character to present myself disarmed to their bawling. It would not be without grandeur to tell them: 'Here is the King of Hell. He has stripped himself of his crown from ennui. Come, to your cost! hasten, race of perverse beings, he was sick of your fawning! So much slavishness wearied him; he wished to make trial of your anger. Once again, come! He is here, without his mask, his bosom naked, exposed to your vengeance!' Oh, that, Merlin! what thinkest thou of a discourse like that, addressed to creation? Is not there a brilliant theatrical scene? Would it not be beautiful thus to resign a royalty from which I have worn, believe me, all the tinsel? Come, quick! thy advice?"

"Without doubt! That would be true grandeur."

"And I should find thus a glory I have too far missed?"

"Precisely, father; profit by this happy moment when the pure light shines in your nature. Let us make an end."

"Make an end, my dear Merlin! that is the insupportable thing to me. Thou art too pressing to-day, as always. And then, my dear boy, there is another difficulty. If I reconcile myself with this universe, if I take this great step,— humiliating enough even so,— who, pray, will believe my word?

Dost thou not hear in advance the chuckling of all the beings who will pursue me,— me, poor night-bird, hooted by the birds of day? Who would believe in my sincerity? 'It is a new hypocrisy! there he is grown old, he has become a hermit.' Thou knowest their language. In this immensity of worlds of beings, of created things, of angels, of men, of devils, or of fairies, find me one single being who is willing to trust me for one moment. Thou thyself, Merlin; with all thy simplicity with which I have bantered thee so many times, look now! wilt thou trust me but one single instant with the little Formosa there? Wilt thou confide his education to me for one eye-blink?"

For all answer, Merlin called his child; he raised him from the earth and put him into Satan's arms.

"It is thy grandfather," he said. "Be not afraid."

The child knew not whether he ought to laugh or weep; and it was a terrible thing to see that innocent child in the arms of the King of Hell. I myself accuse Merlin of having given too precious a pledge; but his fault was ever too much trust. At least it was not deceived this time.

"Good!" went on Satan, setting down the child, who had no longer any fear. "That is what I never should have deemed possible either on thy part or mine. The temptation was great, the proof was strong. This day, perhaps, may not be lost. It was thy Abraham's sacrifice: here! take back thy Isaac."

And thereon he departed, deep in thought. Seated on the crest of a rock that dominated the country, he lost himself in meditation over what he had just seen and heard.

"Abdicate!" said the King of Hell to himself, shaking his head. "Certainly, I am capable of it, were none other than I to replace me. And who would dare? I may be tranquil. Poor pygmies, I know their measure. Not one of them would retain for more than an hour that empire of evil which I have curbed, conserved, enlarged, to this day. I alone, I can rule them. Let me disappear but one moment! I should bequeath them a fine chaos, the chaos of Hell. — To defy creation, when the smallest, the least of insects, can raise itself against me without danger, — that would be to my pride! I would seat myself on this very rock. I would convoke all beings around me, ready to render my accounts to each of them. Sylla, Diocletian, there are the examples I can cite as my authority. I too would cultivate in peace my Salona garden; I would live here on

my lettuces.—Have I not like them, more than they, a hundred times drained the cup? Does one illusion remain to me? Do I not know that the Shades have limits, and that one tires of everything, even of Hell? It is certain that I no longer feel that confidence in myself which sustained me in my youth. Shall I wait till I am vanquished? or shall I rob defeat of the chance of striking me? Which is the cleverer?"

As he spoke thus to himself, his foot detached a block of stone, which rolled into the gulf. The Abyss responded with a roaring. At the same time Merlin appeared at his side.

"Take care of falling, father. This is one of the most ruinous of places. Rather let us go and sit under a clump of trees."

"Listen. Thou art a great enchanter," replied the Ancestor, leaning on his son's arm. "I believe, upon my word, that thou hast bewitched me."

Soon they found themselves far from the edge of the precipice, in a wildly rural spot. Troops of dark-hued animals were passing quietly. The centaur, their keeper, watched them, lying on the grass, whence he raised his venerable head.

"Once again," said Satan, "I am not insensible to this rustic life. How to come back to it, after such consuming days, is the question. Come! what is thy doctrine, thy church, thy *Credo?* Speak frankly. To what church dost thou make claim to convert me?"

Merlin was not expecting this question. He had only prepared a certain number of scenes, of meetings, of pictures of life in the fields, on which he counted to bring back peace to the burning soul of Satan. He hoped that the holy freshness of his sepulchre would of itself glide into the heart of the chief of wretched ones. When he heard so direct a question asked him, his embarrassment was visible. Without giving himself time to reflect, he answered rather inconsiderately: —

"The surest means would be to make your peace with Heaven."

"Softly! That is very vague. Of what Heaven speakest thou? There are so many sorts!"

"Why," replied Merlin, more and more disturbed, "the Heaven from which you fell!"

"Then say Paradise, if thou durst!" replied his father, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, Paradise."

At these words, Satan rose with a look where the pride of ancient days reappeared without admixture.

"Well and good, wise Merlin! Is that all thy knowledge? I suspected as much, my dear boy. The catechism, is it not? Life has taught thee nothing, nor has the grave! always entangled and infatuated with dreams. Well! so be it! Remain forever buried alive in thy patched-up mummeries."

He started to go.

"Be assured, then," he added, turning around, "that ages upon ages may accumulate upon the head of thy father, but never will he be reconciled with the angels; they have been too haughty. I will tell thee even that I breathe here a vague odor of fig-tree which recalls to me Adam and Eve in Eden; and that resemblance alone, were it not all fancy, would make me fly to the other extremity of the world. Wouldst thou perchance be their imitator? Adieu, Merlin. If that is what thou hast to say to me, all is ended."

Often, upon a fine April day, the joy of those who have hoped for a balmier season is suddenly belied. Beneath a blue transparent sky is first discerned a grayish mist extending. Slowly, without sound, the snow covers the balmy earth. All which had prematurely blossomed feels itself compressed in an icy hand. The rosy buds of the wild plum are crowned with plumelets of hoar-frost. The anemone cups are filled to the brim with snowflakes and sleet, in place of the dew they were awaiting. The astonished birds, come back from yesterday, who had felt the breath of spring, attempt caroling to disarm the aged winter. But in vain! After a few broken notes, they are constrained to keep silence. How much they then regret to have quitted too soon their leafy dwellings under a more indulgent sky!

It is thus that Merlin repented, for the second time, of having hoped too soon the conversion of his father. He regretted his premature joy, and felt himself conquered by one more powerful than he. Nevertheless, before renouncing his greatest hope, he made one supreme effort.

"Wait, father! there has been some misunderstanding here, I assure you. You know that in youth one puts too absolute a judgment on everything. Let us re-read the Bible together with a calmer mind. I promise you in advance you will appreciate its beauties. A mind so great and so just as yours cannot let itself be governed by an unreflecting hate."

"Unreflecting! Do not ask me anything which is incompatible with my dignity. Once for all, I will never consent to

that. Since thou recallest accursed days to me, all the ancient evil reawakes in me."

Seeing the hardening of his father, who was already closing his ears, Merlin hazarded the remark to him: —

"You may at least be converted to philosophy."

At this speech, Satan softened a little, and growled between his teeth: —

"I have always thought it would be possible to come to an understanding on that ground. Come, speak, then! Explain thyself."

"Have you read, dear father, the 'Natural Philosophy' of the celebrated doctor and enchanter Benedict?"

"Yes, I glanced over it, one evening, by the light of one of my furnaces. I am speaking of the first edition, for they tell me the second is entirely changed since the author has become a Councillor."

"And how does it seem to you? He proves that God began by being the Devil."

"Just so, I relished that passage. There is good in it. On that basis I can without dishonor reconcile myself with philosophy; I could not, without being wanting to myself, with the Church." . . .

Merlin, with a foresight which indicates his wisdom better than his words could do, had composed an extract of the principal philosophies of nature. He had written the book on a fine fresh parchment, embellished with designs representing flowers intertwined, and birds in almost infinite number. Drawing the volume from under his cloak, he offered it to his father. The latter received it graciously; and from that moment there was not a day that you could not meet him on the edge of precipices, his eyes fixed on one of the pages of the volume. He only closed them to meditate; when by chance he opened his mouth, it was always to exclaim, "No, no, no!" until his breath failed him.

Then Hell shivered, and many devils said: —

"What is our chief thinking of? Truly, he is doing too much reading. You will see that he will betray us too."

Nevertheless, the shadows enveloped him, and kept by his side. Like an immense, confused, nameless crowd, which presses around a traveler at the gate of a town, they embarrassed him at every step. From this multitude came a formless murmur: —

"Where is he going? — What does he want? — He is stopping! — Is he deaf? — Will he deny us? — He is going off. — He is coming back. — Let us crawl before him. — Let us enshadow his heart. — This way! — No, farther on! — Here he is!"

"Leave me alone," said their King.

"What! leave you?" responded the Shades in chorus. "Are we not your counsellors? Your soul, you know, is made in our image, your thoughts are full of us. O King! you borrow them almost all from us. We dwell in a body in the very depths of your heart. Then how can you separate yourself from us? Thanks to our faithful troop that surrounds you, you have never seen the horror of this Abyss. Ah! if you had seen it face to face, like us, could you have lived there?"

"Leave me alone," again replied the sovereign of the Shades. "Withdraw! that I may look once, all by myself, at the depths of the Gulf."

At these words the troop of shadows withdrew. They fled heavily, confusedly, crawling and turning back on themselves, for they still hoped that their master would recall them. But he did nothing of the kind.

For the first time he saw, unveiled, face to face, the Abyss where he dwelt. He was afraid of it.

"Come back, Merlin, come back! I am afraid," howled the King of Hell.

Merlin hastened to his father; he found him foaming at the mouth, his jaws agape, trembling in every limb.

"The Shades know where I am, my son. They will denounce me. Knowest thou a place more deserted than this? I will retire to it."

"There is none, outside the abbey of Father John."

"Precisely. I have had the wish a hundred times to enter the cloister, — even I, for a season. Prejudice alone stopped me."

The conclusion was that Satan went to make his retreat far from calumniators, in the abbey which he persisted in calling a Pantheon. During this time, the crowds lost trace of him. He could realize at last the project of solitude which every day became dearer to him. . . .

He was astonished to live at his will in the abbey, without any one ever seeking information as to what he thought, still

less as to what he believed. It was argument especially that had exasperated him. The old discussions with the angels and the seraphim had irritated him to that degree that he was thrown into the most extreme opposite opinions. In proportion as Heaven had thundered, he had roared in his Hell. And this eternal dispute had had for result the sharpening of his acerbity till it had changed his very nature. Left to himself, far from the world, where he lived unknown in that solitude where no one thwarted him, he could not help reflecting; and as he had a powerful mind, this first reflection had an immense influence on the projects he formed. Each day he felt his hate decrease, in proportion as the occasion for exercising it grew less.

Certainly he did not become an ideal of virtue, of abnegation, of holiness. I should be wrong to assert it. But his temper insensibly grew gentle; that cannot be denied. "Anyway," he thought, "they set me one side here. They concern themselves little with my existence, it is true. But at least they do not fight me. Have I ever asked anything else?"

Sometimes, it must be confessed, at the close of day, above all during the night, the taste for the Shades returned upon him with inexpressible violence. He tossed furiously upon his bed. This solitude he had so much desired weighed upon him now. He could have wished to fill the universe anew. He was afraid of being forgotten, and he already accused the world of ingratitude. Then he called the Shades. At once they presented themselves around him, and conversations were heard between them and him which awakened the brothers of the abbey with a start.

"What ails you, brother?" they said, flocking to the door. "Have you not had a bad dream? We will watch by you, if you ask it."

"It is for me to watch," said Father John.

He then seated himself in silence at the pilgrim's bedside, and waited with him till the dawn appeared.

As soon as the bells made themselves heard, a tremor seized the new brother. He was near yielding to the desire of plunging again into Hell: "I should have only to wish it! I should find myself on the throne of the Shades! I should reign again. — But over whom?"

This last thought calmed him. The assurance of again seizing the world whenever he wished took away the desire.

Certainly it was a terrible thing, too, for him to hear, every morning, the prayers of the monks. All his being shivered; but in proportion as in their anthems mingled verses of the Koran, of the Zend-Avesta, of the Vedas, he breathed more at ease. The Mohammedans consoled him for the Christians, the Parsees for the Mohammedans, the Brahmins for the Parsees. One worship reposed on the others. At bottom, his old personal hate against Jehovah was satisfied. He intensely enjoyed seeing so many rivals to him. "So long as he does not reign alone, without sharing and without trouble, I am satisfied," he murmured.

This sentiment was not the best. It was the weariness of evil more than the love of good.

More than once they saw him fishing in the torrent with the sweep net, or the hoop net, or the line, along with the other brothers, his peace had day by day become so much more sweet. He also cultivated a little garden hedged with thorn-trees, and which he filled with lettuces. Usually his hood was drawn over his face. He spoke little, with discretion, and only when questioned, which almost never happened.

One day he took the fancy to have his obsequies celebrated. He laid himself on the bier. The dwellers in the abbey defiled in procession around him, chanting the office for the dead; after which he rose and said: —

"Happy those who can die!"

III. The Overthrow of Hell.

But what became of Hell, deprived of its chief?

Hell, become free, without teacher and without master, devoured itself.

Until then, Merlin's father had preserved an order in the Abyss which rendered it habitable to the Damned. No one had dared infringe a single one of his commandments. His will ruled; it was the law of all. Each one knew what was his legitimate torture, and remained fixed to it. Each one rendered exactly to sorrow what he owed to sorrow. No usurpation in the eternal fall. There was a rule in despair.

When the chief of the Abyss had disappeared, at first all the Damned searched for him for a long time; for they were accustomed to his authority, and they believed they could not live a moment without him who filled the vast Hell with his thought.

"Where is he? When will he return?" said the Damned to the Shades.

And the Shades responded: —

"We know not where he is."

"Search again," responded the devils: "you are his counsellors."

"We have searched," rejoined the Shades; "we cannot find him."

Then a flash of joy traversed Hell; for each of the Damned began to hope that he should replace the chief of the Abyss. All at the same time looked askant at the funeral throne, and seeing it empty for the first time, each assured himself of sitting there, in the place of him who had disappeared.

Instantly he who was nearest the infernal throne mounted the steps and cried: —

"Console yourselves! I will replace him you have lost, and will be a true father to you, which he has never been. Only obey me, as you obeyed him. All will go well. I am a partisan of progress. I will make reforms."

Thus did he speak. But I assure you that there was not a solitary power in the Abyss, however petty it might be, who did not burst into fury at these words. Smallest as greatest, all equally wished, with the same frenzy, to be King of Hell. And each one roared, "Take care! there are disguised angels here."

Then there was an uninterrupted succession of tyrants of the Abyss, who came to the throne, where no one could maintain himself for more than a moment. Hardly had one of them shown himself, when he was overthrown and torn to pieces by the mob. But though it were but for an instant, he profited by it to change the old order established in tortures, so that the evil revivified hour by hour; it changed and renewed itself, like a chariot wheel drawn by winged horses. Tortures succeeded each other with prodigious rapidity, or rather they were inflicted all at once, at the same moment, on each of the Damned. A long cry arose. All the wretched ones said: "Where is the old King of Sorrows? His reign was more just."

And nothing in the world could give an idea of the force of Hell turned against Hell; it put into destroying itself a hundred times more fury than ever it had put into destroying the work above, for it was the dupe of all its own snares; the grossest were those which pleased it most. It fell infallibly into all its own ambushes.

Then the most paltry, the most powerless of the devils, always crawling, always sneering, — Malacoda, — cried out in his hissing voice: —

"It is my turn to reign."

"No," replied Taillecosse, "it is mine!"

"Rather than he should reign," howled a third voice, "let Hell perish!"

This voice was that of Merlin's father, who had heard resound in his heart the mad cries of the Damned. He arrived; he wore in his iron belt the rusty keys of the Abyss. He alone knew on what sort of broken column was propped all that edifice, so terrible and so frail, which he was charged with repairing and upholding as time undermined it. He approached.

"I will perish, but they shall perish with me!"

As he uttered these words, he overthrew the column of his temple, already worn at the base. The prodigious vaults that formed the basilica of Hell crumbled all at once. Immense plateaus of mountain slid into the valleys. They left behind them naked eroded slopes, which the accursed peoples who dwelt at their feet could climb no more.

All the shepherds of Goldau were surprised in the night by the landslide of their natal mountain. They were sleeping in their châlets, stretched on their beds of dead leaves, after having branded the cattle they were to conduct on the morrow into the pasturage of the Alps, now growing green; for the season was come. The Alps crashed from the summits with monstrous moraines; they whelmed themselves on the shepherds before they could unfasten the heifers and the bull. The flayed rock keeps on its front the immense wound which no century can heal. Zug, thou hast shrieked with sorrow; and thou, Uri, thou hast sent up bellowings once more!

Thus were surprised the shepherds of souls, who lived on tortures. The dismal sun which half lighted them veiled itself and went out. The sea of fire departed and drained dry. Afar, a last red wave lost itself in the sands.

The ramparts of fire are fallen, and the chains are broken. But the prisoner souls, accustomed to torture, dare not seize their liberty. The immense servile people remains stretched out, crawling, in the ditches of sorrow. Its heart fails it to escape the coward torments which have become its very life. Fed on serpents, the greater number have contracted a relish for Hell. How could they think of rising from the depths of

their extinct sepulchres? Seeing that it is devouring itself, they wait stupidly till a new Hell issues from new shades.

In this sea of men, some souls alone dared to raise themselves upright in the face of the eternal sorrow, and they saw it disappear. These appeared from far like the white veil of a vessel on the limitless Ocean. Among them rose the one most anciently damned, that which had preceded all the others in evil and in chastisement. Ages of torture did not seem to have worn upon it.

"Rise, brothers!" said Cain to the band of men. "Out of here! — Hell is past."

These words were repeated by those who had dared to raise their heads. Then the trembling souls one after the other left their rocks of torture, and seeing that in truth Hell had crumbled, they began to fly as those who go out into the night, in haste, from a town which shakes with the trembling of the earth.

They fled, and none of the devils dreamed of pursuing them, they were so wild to destroy each other. In the anarchy of Hell, they had even forgotten to close the gates of the city of mourning. The souls exempted from torture hastened toward this gate; they cleared it, they saw the light once more; thus was realized that day the prophecy of Merlin: —

"The dust of the ancestors shall have new life!"

In the crash of the crumbling Hell, Merlin felt his sepulchre totter. His father, deprived of shelter, astonished at surviving, disinherited, proscribed, wished to remain in the ruins of the empire of sorrows. Both met in the vast Abyss. They were both seeking the effaced frontiers of the accursed kingdoms.

He who has climbed at midnight the summit of Vesuvius or Etna, in the warm ashes, upon a trembling soil, cut with rivers of fire, whence exhales a panting breath as of giants, — he may represent to himself the calcined road where walked the two last pilgrims of Hell. As they advanced, Satan recognized the places that had been most familiar to him.

"What a strange thing," said he, "is memory! I love to see again these places where all the wrath of Heaven has spent itself on my head."

And he showed his companion the wreckage of his throne. The two seated themselves on the dead cinders; they listened long. In place of the gnashing of teeth which had filled these

places, no further sound was heard. Only now and then a breath passed over the ashes, and raised them in whirling puffs. Otherwise, not a living being remained in this shadowy immensity.

"We are alone," said Satan. "All passes. Even Hell has passed. Will it be the same with Heaven?"

This speech threw a shadow over the spirit of Merlin, who at first did not care to sound its depth. But he secretly thought of his guest, and found peace again.

"At least it is I who wished it," resumed his father. "If I had consented, Hell would triumph still. Now where is it? I only find it in myself."

"Glory to you!"

"O most wise of the wise! tell me where the numberless multitudes of melancholy souls who formerly filled these valleys have been able to find shelter?"

"In pity from on high."

These words said, they rose and approached the gates; these had remained open. At sight of the inscription in letters of fire: —

"Ye who enter, leave all hope behind!"

the enchanter halted; he would have effaced that device, written by eternal despair. But he knew not if it were within his power, and he hesitated. "Let me do it, child, these gates know me." And the Damned raised them on his shoulders. After tearing them from their hinges, he cast them into the depths of the lake of tears. A little farther on, he perceived brands which had flamed up again; he extinguished them under his club foot. They heard a vast sigh at the bottom of the gulfs.

"That is the last gasp of Hell; listen."

Then, after a pause: —

"Once more, Merlin, I, I alone, have destroyed Hell. It is I who have inflicted my own punishment."

"I am witness of it."

"I alone have delivered the world from what held it in terror; and the world will laugh at me. I already repent it, like a suicide; but the evil I have destroyed I can create again."

"Do not repent it, father. By all that I see, the time of reconciliation has come. The first day of my life will be that when I can proclaim it to the world."

"Very fine, my son. That is precisely what costs me most. I could overturn Hell easily enough, but to make the confession to the world is really beyond my strength."

"It will be the simplest of ceremonies."

"At least do not convoke, as thou art too much in the habit of doing, the worlds, the spheres, the comets, and (how do I know?) the Milky Way, for witnesses. If the thing must be done, let it at least be without commotion. I have contracted a taste for simplicity. Let it all be in the family. Two or three witnesses, for Creation, — that is enough, I think. It would be physically impossible for me to support, as of old, the mocking gaze of all the assembled planets."

"Choose your witnesses yourself."

"Well! See here, thy most intimate friends, Jacques, Archbishop Turpin, and Father John."

"Be it so!" replied Merlin, whose heart was overflowing with joy.

He was very careful not to oppose his father in a matter of detail, when by force of precautions he had conquered him on almost the rest.

"You, you alone, you shall be my tutelary devil!" he went on.

While this was passing, the smallest of the evil spirits, Farfarel, thanks to his very smallness, had succeeded in escaping from the wreck of Hell. He meditated one side on this great ruin, and said to himself: —

"This is what it costs to counterfeit Heaven! We wanted to be too fine, too clever! It is we who have created Merlin; it is Merlin who has ruined us. Hell has been the dupe of Hell; it always will be!"

He was silent, hoping that no eye would perceive him in the ruins. A voice was heard from far, clear, winged, silver. Farfarel was afraid of having been caught; he hid his head under his wing and covered his ears with both hands; for this voice said in the depth of Heaven: —

"Come back, Merlin, Merlin! There is no other enchanter but God."

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

(Translated for this work.)

[Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant, nephew and pupil of Flaubert, was born in 1850 at the château of Miromesnil. He studied at the Lycée of Rouen, then entered public service as clerk in the navy department, which he has so savagely portrayed below. He became insane in 1892, as a brother had before him (his famous uncle was epileptic), and died in 1892. He had realized his coming misfortune, and carefully portrayed its development in one of his works. He perfected his style with intense labor and study for years before he gave the public any examples of it, and is regarded as the master among modern French short-story writers, our own Bunner modeling his form upon him; unfortunately, he has few equals also in consistent and radical foulness of thought and material, and cannot be read at random, though some of his work is unobjectionable. His love for the distressing and hopeless in human fortunes is an almost equal blot, even upon his realism. Besides verses, he published several volumes of short stories, some of them so bad they were interdicted from some circulations even in France; the first being "La Maison Tellier," and others "Mademoiselle Fifi," "A Life," "The Rondoli Sisters," "The Little Rogue," "The Left Hand," etc.; of long novels, "Pierre and Jean" (1888), "Strong as Death" (1889), and "Our Heart" (1890); and books of travel, as "In the Sunshine" (1884), "On the Water" (1888), and "The Wandering Life" (1890).]

The Neuilly tram had just cleared the Maillot gate, and was now gliding along the great avenue that leads to the Seine. The little engine, coupled to the carriage, was tooting to clear the way, spitting out steam, puffing like a runner out of breath; and its pistons were making the hurried clatter of iron legs in motion. The dull heat of a dying summer day fell on the road, where rose, though not a breath of wind was blowing, a white, chalky, opaque dust, suffocating and hot, which stuck to the moist skin, filled the eyes, and entered the lungs.

The people were coming to their doors in quest of air.

The windows of the car were let down, and all the curtains were waving, set astir by the rapid movement. Only a few persons occupied the interior — for on hot days the roof or the platforms were preferred. There were fat ladies in absurd costumes; suburban bourgeois who supplied the distinction they lacked by a misplaced dignity; clerks tired of the office, with sallow faces, stooping figures, and one shoulder somewhat raised from long labors hunched over desks. Their anxious and gloomy faces told still further of domestic cares, perpetual need of money, and former hopes decisively blasted; for they all belonged to that army of poor threadbare fellows who

Abu-deli, a Conic Village near Homs, and near the Ancient Emesa

vegetate economically in a shabby plaster house, with a fringe for a garden, in the midst of those night-soil dumping grounds that border Paris.

Close to the door of the car, a little fat man, with bloated cheeks, and paunch dropping between his opened legs, dressed entirely in black, and decorated, was talking with a tall, thin-faced, bare-chested man, clad in very dirty white drilling, and his head covered with an old panama. The first was talking slowly, with hesitations that sometimes made him seem to stutter; this was M. Caravan, head clerk of the Minister of Marine. The other, a former health officer at the end of a commercial building, had finished by establishing himself at Courbevoie Square, where he applied to the wretched population of the quarter such vague medical knowledge as remained to him after an adventurous life. He styled himself Chenet, and had himself called doctor. Rumors were current as to his morality.

M. Caravan had always led the normal existence of bureaucrats. For thirty years he had invariably come to his office every morning, by the same route, meeting at the same hour at the same places the same countenances of men going to their business; and he returned from it every evening by the same road, where he found again the same faces he had seen grow old.

Each day, after having bought his paper for a sou at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré, he went to get his two small loaves, then entered the ministry building after the fashion of a culprit who surrenders himself prisoner; and he gained his office with alacrity, his heart full of uneasiness, in eternal expectation of a reprimand for some neglect he might have been guilty of.

Nothing had ever come to modify the monotonous tenor of his existence; for no event affected him outside the affairs of the bureau, promotions, and gratuities. Whether he was at the ministry or in his family (for he had married without dowry the daughter of a colleague), he spoke of nothing but the service. His mind, atrophied by the stupefying and day-long task, had never now any other thoughts, other hopes, other dreams, than those relative to his ministry. But one bitterness always spoiled his content as an employee: the admission of the naval commissaries — the tinmen, as they were called by reason of their silver badges — to the situations of sub-chief and chief;

and every evening, at dinner, he argued vehemently before his wife, who shared his dislikes, to prove that it was unrighteous in all respects to give place in Paris to a class destined for navigation.

He was old now without having realized the passage of life; for the college, without transition, had been continued by the office; and the ushers, before whom he formerly trembled, were to-day replaced by the chiefs, whom he feared appallingly. The threshold of these chambered autocrats made him tremble from head to foot; and under this continual fear he retained an awkward manner of presenting himself, a humble attitude, and a sort of nervous stammer.

He knew no more of Paris than would be known to a blind man led every day by his dog beneath the same doorway; and if he read in his one-cent paper the happenings and the scandals, he looked upon them as fantastic stories invented at random to entertain the under-clerks. A man of order, a reactionary without specific party, but an enemy of "*novelties*," he ignored political facts, which for that matter his paper always disfigured in the paid interest of a cause; and when he wended his way every evening up the avenue of the Champs Élysées, he gazed at the surging crowd of promenaders and the moving sea of equipages with the air of a foreign tourist who was traversing far-off countries.

Having completed, this very year, his thirty years of obligatory service, they had accorded him on the first of January the cross of the Legion of Honor; which recompenses, in these militarized administrations, the long and miserable servitude (called "loyal services") of these sad convicts riveted to the green portfolio. This unexpected dignity, giving him a high and novel idea of his capacities, had changed his habits all through. He had from that time suppressed the colored pantaloons and the fancy waistcoats, and worn black breeches and long redingotes where his very broad ribbon would show better; and, shaved every morning, scouring his nails with more care, changing his linen every other day from a legitimate feeling for social laws and respect for the national *Order* of which he made a part, he had become within twenty-four hours another Caravan, cleansed, majestic, and condescending.

At his home he said "my cross" on every occasion. Such arrogance had come over him that he could no longer endure in another's buttonhole any ribbon of any sort. He was exas-

perated above all at the sight of foreign orders — "the wearing of them ought not to be allowed in France"; and he held a particular grudge against Doctor Chenet, because he was found every evening on the tram adorned with some kind of decoration: white, blue, orange, or green.

The conversation of the two men, however, from the Arch of Triumph to Neuilly, was always the same; and this day, like the ones before, they concerned themselves at first with different local abuses which shocked them both, the mayor of Neuilly taking them with great calm. Then, as infallibly happens in a doctor's company, Caravan started on the chapter of ailments, hoping in this way to glean some little gratuitous advice, or even a consultation, by going about it in the right way, without letting the dodge be seen. Besides, his mother had given him uneasiness for some time. She had frequent and prolonged syncopes; and though an old woman of ninety, she would not consent to take care of herself.

Her great age melted the heart of Caravan, who repeated incessantly to *Doctor* Chenet, "Do you often see that happen?" And he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, not perhaps because he cared much to see the good woman become eternal on the earth, but because the long duration of the maternal life was like a promise for himself.

He continued, "Oh, in my family we are long-lived; so I am sure that except for accident I shall die very old." The health officer cast a look of pity on him; he regarded for a second the florid face of his neighbor, his tallowy neck, his paunch falling between two fat and flabby legs, all the apoplectic bloat of an old employee gone soft; and raising with a touch of his hand the grayish panama that covered his head, he responded, chuckling: "Don't be so sure as that, my dear fellow, your mother is a spindle and you are a bladder." Caravan, disturbed, kept silence.

But the tram arrived at the station. The two companions got down, and M. Chenet offered the vermouth at the Globe café opposite to which both were wonted. The keeper, a friend, thrust them out two fingers, which they squeezed above the bottles on the counter; and they went to hail three devotees of dominoes planted over a table there since noon. Cordial words were exchanged, with the inevitable "What's new?" After this the players resumed their game; then the pair wished them good evening. They held out their hands

without raising their heads; and everybody went in to dinner.

Caravan dwelt near Courbevoie Square, in a little two-story house whose ground floor was occupied by a hairdresser.

Two living rooms, a dining room, and a kitchen, where the mended chairs wandered from room to room according to need, formed the entire apartment which Mme. Caravan passed her time in cleaning; while her daughter Marie Louise, aged twelve, and her son Philippe Auguste, aged nine, romped through the gutters of the avenue, with all the little imps of the quarter.

Above him, Caravan had installed his mother, whose avarice was famous in the neighborhood, and whose leanness caused it to be said that the *Good God* had applied to herself her own principles of parsimony. Always in a bad temper, she never passed a day without quarrels and furious rages. She apostrophized from her window the neighbors at their doors, the tradeswomen of the four seasons, the sweepers, and the street arabs, who to avenge themselves tagged her from afar when she went out, yelling, "See the old guy!"

A little Norman maid, incredibly deaf, did the housework, and slept on the third floor next the old woman, for fear of accident.

When Caravan came home, his wife, stricken with the chronic disease of house-cleaning, was shining up with a flannel rag the mahogany of the chairs dispersed through the solitude of the rooms. She always wore thread gloves, decked her head with a cap beribboned like a rainbow and forever set over on one ear, and repeated, every time she was surprised waxing, rubbing, polishing, or washing, "I am not rich, everything is simple with me, but cleanliness is my luxury, and it is worth more than any other."

Endowed with a stubborn practical sense, she was her husband's mentor in all things. Every evening at table, and afterwards in bed, they talked over for a long time the affairs of the office; and although she was twenty years younger than he, he confided in her as in a spiritual guide, and followed her counsels in everything.

She had never been pretty; she was now ugly, short, and scrawny. Her unskillful garmenture had always buried the scanty feminine attributes that ought to have stood out in artful relief under the usual fashion of dressing. Her petticoats

invariably seemed lop-sided; and she kept scratching herself, no matter where, with indifference to the public, by a sort of habit which amounted to a monomania. The sole ornament she permitted herself consisted in a profusion of silk ribbons intertwined in the pretentious caps she was wont to wear at home.

As soon as she perceived her husband, she rose, and kissing him on his whiskers, said, "Did you think of Potin, dear?" (This was about an errand he had promised to do.) But he fell on a chair overwhelmed: he had just forgotten it again for the fourth time. "It is a fatality," he said, "it is a fatality; it does no good to think of it all day, when night comes I always forget it again." But as he seemed crushed, she consoled him: "You'll think of it to-morrow, that's all. Nothing new at the ministry?"

"Yes, great news: another tinman appointed sub-chief."

She grew very sober: —

"In which bureau?"

"The bureau of outside purchases."

She was angry: —

"In Ramon's place, then, the very one I wanted for you; and he, Ramon — on the retired list?"

He faltered, "On the retired list."

She became furious, and her cap dropped off on her shoulder.

"That's done with, evidently, that box — nothing to do in there now. And what is your commissary called?"

"Bonassot."

She took up the *Naval Annual*, which she always had at hand, and searched: "Bonassot. — Toulon. — Born in 1851. — Commissary in 1871, sub-commissary in 1875."

"Has he ever been at sea?"

At this question Caravan calmed down. A merriment seized him that shook his abdomen, "Like Balin, just like Balin, his chief." And he added, in a stronger fit of laughter, an old joke which the entire ministry thought delicious, "It wouldn't do to send them by water to inspect the naval station at Point-du-Jour, for they'd all be sick on the fly-boats."

But she remained grave, as if she had not heard, then she murmured, slowly scratching her chin, "If one only had a deputy up their sleeve. When the Chamber knows all that goes on inside, the ministry will skip — "

Cries burst out on the stairway, cutting the words short. Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste, who were returning from the gutter, were exchanging kicks and cuffs at every step. Their mother darted out at them in a rage; and, seizing each by an arm, pitched them into the room, shaking them vigorously.

As soon as they saw their father, they flung themselves on him, and he kissed them long and tenderly; then, seating himself, took them on his knees and chatted with them.

Philippe Auguste was an ugly brat, unkempt, dirty from head to foot, with the face of a *crétin*. Marie Louise already resembled her mother, talked like her, repeated her words, and imitated her even in gestures. She too said, "What is the news at the ministry?" He answered her gayly: "Your friend Ramon, who comes to dine here every month, is going to leave us, girlie. There is a new sub-chief in his place." She raised her eyes to her father, and with the commiseration of a precocious child — "Another one who has passed over your head, then."

He closed by laughing, and did not answer; then, to make a diversion, addressed himself to his wife, who was now cleaning the window-panes, "Is the mamma all right, up there?"

Mme. Caravan ceased rubbing, turned round, pulled up her cap, which had dropped completely over on her back, and said, with quivering lips: "Oh yes, talk about your mother! She leads me a pretty dance of it! Imagine that a little while ago Mme. Lebaudin, the hairdresser's wife, came up to borrow a paper of starch of me; and as I had gone out, your mother drove her away, calling her a 'beggar.' So I gave her a setting out, that old woman. She made believe not to hear, as she always does when you tell her the truth, but she is no more deaf than I am, mind you; all that is just put on: and the proof of it is that she went right up into her room and never said a word."

Caravan, in confusion, was holding his tongue, when the little maid hurried in to announce dinner. On this, to notify his mother, he took a broom handle always concealed in a corner, and gave three knocks on the ceiling. Then they passed into the dining-room, and Mme. Caravan the younger served the soup, while waiting for the old woman. She did not come, and the soup was getting cold. Then they began to eat very gently; but when the plates were empty, they were still waiting. Mme.

Caravan, furious, began to lay it all on her husband. "She does it on purpose, and you know it, and you always stand up for her." He, in great perplexity, cornered between the two, sent Marie Louise to look for her grandma, and himself remained motionless, his eyes cast down, while his consort passionately rapped the foot of her glass with the end of her knife.

Suddenly the door opened, and the child reappeared alone, all out of breath and very pale; she said in extreme haste, "Grandma has fallen on the floor."

Caravan was upon his feet at a bound, and throwing his napkin on the table, dashed into the stairway, where his heavy and hurried step resounded; while his wife, thinking it a spiteful stratagem of her mother-in-law, left more quietly, shrugging her shoulders with scorn.

The old woman lay at full length on her face in the middle of the chamber; and when her son turned her over, she appeared moveless and dried up, her skin yellow, furrowed, and tanned, her eyes closed, her teeth clenched, and all her skinny person rigid.

Caravan, upon his knees beside her, was wailing, "My poor mother, my poor mother!" But the other Mme. Caravan, after considering an instant, declared, "Pshaw! she's in another faint, that's all; it's to break up our dinner, you may be sure."

The body was laid on the bed, and entirely undressed; and all of them, Caravan, his wife, and the maid, set at work rubbing her. In spite of their efforts, she did not return to consciousness. Then Rosalie was sent for *Doctor* Chenet. He lived on the quay, toward Suresnes. It was far, and the wait was long. At last he arrived, and after having inspected, felt, and auscultated the old woman, he declared, "It is the end."

Caravan sank down on the body, shaken with rapid sobs; and he kissed convulsively the stony face of his mother, weeping so copiously that the great tears fell like drops of water on the visage of the dead.

Mme. Caravan the younger had the proper attack of grief, and, erect behind her husband, set up weak little moans, while obstinately rubbing her eyes.

Caravan, his face swollen, his thin hair in disorder, excessively ugly in his genuine grief, suddenly raised himself: "But —are you sure, doctor—are you quite sure?" The health officer stepped forward briskly, and handling the corpse with

professional dexterity, like a merchant extolling his wares, "Here, my dear fellow, look at her eye." He lifted up the lid, and the old woman's gaze reappeared under his finger, nowise changed, with the pupil maybe a little larger. Caravan felt a stab in his heart, and a spasm of dread passed through his bones. M. Chenet took the shriveled arm, wrenched the fingers to open them, and said with an incensed air, as if in face of a contradiction, "Just look at that hand; I am never mistaken, so don't worry."

Caravan fell back on the bed and rolled there, almost bawling; while his wife, still sniveling, did the necessary things. She went up to the night table, on which she spread a napkin, placed on it four candles which she lit, took a sprig of box fastened behind the chimney mirror and put it between the candles, in a plate which she filled with plain water, having no holy water. But after rapid reflection, she threw into the water a pinch of salt, fancying doubtless that she was thus performing a sort of consecration.

When she had ended the symbolism that must accompany the dead, she remained erect and motionless. Then the health officer, who had aided in arranging the objects, said to her in a low voice: "Caravan must be removed." She made a sign of assent, and approaching her husband, who was sobbing, still on his knees, she lifted him by one arm, while M. Chenet took him by the other.

They first seated him on a chair, and his wife, kissing him on the forehead, lectured him. The health officer bolstered up her reasoning, counseling firmness, courage, resignation, all that cannot be kept in these crushing misfortunes. Then both of them once more took him by the arms and led him away.

He blubbered like a great child, with convulsive hiccups, all out of shape, with arms hanging and legs limp; and he descended the stairway without knowing what he was doing, moving his feet mechanically.

They set him in the easy-chair which he always occupied at table, before his nearly empty plate, where his spoon still bathed in a remnant of soup. And he stayed there without a motion, his eye fixed on his glass, so stupefied that he remained even without thought.

Mme. Caravan, in a corner, talked with the doctor, informed herself of the formalities, and asked for all the practical instructions. At the close, M. Chenet, who seemed to be waiting for

something, took his hat, and announcing that he had not dined, made a salute as to go. She cried: —

"What, you have not dined? Why, stay here, doctor, stay here! You shall be served with what we have; for you understand that our meals here are nothing very great."

He refused, excusing himself; she insisted: —

"Oh, why? but do stay. At moments like these people are happy to have friends near them; and then, perhaps you can get my husband to be comforted again — he needs so much to regain his strength."

The doctor bowed, and laying his hat on a stand, said, "In that case, I accept, madame."

She gave orders to the doting Rosalie, then placed herself at the table "to make believe eat," she said, "and keep the *doctor* company."

They resumed the cold soup. M. Chenet asked for more. Then a plate of lyonnaise tripe appeared which exhaled perfume of onion, and of which Mme. Caravan decided to taste. "It is excellent," said the doctor. She smiled, "Isn't it?" Then turning toward her husband, "Come, take a little, my poor Alfred, just to put something in your stomach: remember you have the night to go through!"

He held out his plate with docility, as he would have put himself to bed if he had been ordered to, obeying in everything without resistance and without reflection. And he ate.

The doctor, waiting on himself, filled his plate three times: while Mme. Caravan from time to time picked up a large morsel on the end of her fork and swallowed it with a sort of studied inattention.

When a salad full of macaroni appeared, the doctor murmured: "George! but there's something good." And Mme. Caravan this time served every one. She filled even the saucers in which the children were pawing — who, left free, were drinking clear wine, and already kicking each other under the table.

M. Chenet recalled Rossini's love for the Italian dishes; then suddenly — "Why see, that rhymes; you could begin a piece of poetry —

"'The maestro Rossini
Loved the macaroni —'"

They were not listening. Mme. Caravan, suddenly grown thoughtful, was imagining all the probable consequences of the

event; while her husband was rolling up little balls of bread, which he then deposited on the tablecloth, and regarded fixedly with an idiotic air. As a fiery thirst was parching his throat, he constantly put to his mouth his wine glass full to the brim; and his reason, already overset by the shock and by grief, wavered to and fro, and seemed to him dancing with the sudden dizziness of digestion painfully under way.

The doctor, moreover, was drinking like a fish and growing visibly drunk; and Mme. Caravan herself, undergoing the reaction that follows all nervous shake-ups, was also agitated and disturbed (though she took nothing but water), and felt her head a little muzzy.

M. Chenet started telling stories of deaths which seemed comical to him. For in this Parisian suburb, filled with a provincial population, you find that indifference of the peasant to death, be it of father or mother, that irreverence, that unwitting ferocity, so common in country districts and so rare in Paris. He said: "Why, here last week, Rue Puteaux, I am called and I hurry there; I find the patient no longer living, and beside the bed the family calmly finishing a bottle of anisette bought in town to satisfy the dying man's whim."

But Mme. Caravan was not listening, her thoughts ever on the inheritance; and Caravan, his brain empty, understood nothing.

Coffee was served, made very strong to keep up their spirits. Each cup, dashed with cognac, made a sudden flush mount to their faces, and muddled up the last ideas of their already tottering minds.

Then the *doctor*, suddenly seizing the bottle of brandy, poured out the *rincette* [stirrup-cup] for everybody. And without speaking, torpid with the soft warmth of digestion, seized in spite of themselves by the animal content that is given by alcohol after dinner, they slowly gargled their throats with the sugared cognac, which formed a yellowish syrup at the bottom of the glasses.

The children were asleep, and Rosalie put them to bed.

Then Caravan, mechanically obeying the need of dulling his faculties that besets all the unhappy, returned many times to the brandy; and his sodden eyes were agleam.

The *doctor* finally rose to depart; and taking the arm of his friend: —

"Here, come with me," he said, "a little air will do you

good; when you have the blues, you must limber yourself up."

The other obeyed with docility, took his hat, took his cane, and departed; and the two, arm in arm, sauntered toward the Seine under the clear stars.

Balmy breezes were astir in the hot night, for at this season all the gardens round about were full of flowers, whose perfumes, slumbering in daytime, seemed to waken at the approach of evening, and exhale even to the light zephyrs that passed in the shade.

The broad avenue was deserted and silent, with the two rows of gas-lights strung along as far as the Arch of Triumph. But Paris out beyond was roaring in a red haze. It was a sort of continual roll, to which seemed now and then to respond, in the plain, the whistle of a train rushing in under full steam, or else flying across the province toward the ocean.

The air outside, striking the two men in the face, took them by surprise at first, unsettled the doctor's equilibrium, and intensified in Caravan the giddiness that had overcome him since dinner. He went on as in a dream, his mind benumbed, paralyzed, without vibrant grief, seized by a sort of moral torpidity that checked his power to suffer, undergoing even a lightenment enhanced by the mild warm exhalations borne abroad in the night.

When they came to the bridge, they turned to the right, and the river sent a cool breath into their faces. It was gliding, melancholy and tranquil, before a curtain of high poplars; and the stars seemed to swim on the water, stirred by the current. A fine whitish mist that floated over the opposite bank bore a humid scent to their lungs; and Caravan stopped abruptly, struck by that river odor which aroused in his heart the memories of long ago.

And suddenly he saw again his mother of old, of his childhood, on her knees, stooping in front of their door off there in Picardy, washing in the slender rivulet which traversed the garden her clothes in a heap beside her. He heard her beater in the peaceful silence of the country, her voice crying, "Alfred, bring me the soap." And he smelt that same odor of running water, that same fog rising from the seeping earth, that marshy haze whose savor had remained in him, unforgettable, and which he was finding again just this very evening, when his mother had but now departed.

He halted, stiffened by a return of headlong despair. It was like a burst of light illuminating by a single stroke the whole extent of his sorrow; and the meeting with this errant breeze had cast him into the black gulf of irremediable woe. He felt his heart lacerated by this endless separation. His life was cut in two; and his entire youth disappeared, swallowed up in this death. All the "of old" was ended; all the memories of youth were vanishing; no one could talk to him any more of ancient matters, of the people he had once known, of his country, of himself, of the intimate things of his past life; there was a part of his being which had ceased to exist; it was for the other to die now.

And the unrolling of evoked memories began. He saw again "the mamma" younger, dressed in garments worn out upon her — worn so long that they seemed inseparable from her person. He recalled her in a thousand forgotten circumstances: with her now obliterated features, her gestures, her intonations, her habits, her crotchets, her rages, her wrinkles, her movements of her lean fingers, all her familiar attitudes that she would have no more.

And clinging to the doctor, he set up loud groans. His flabby legs trembled, all his corpulent body was shaken by sobs, and he faltered, "My mother, my poor mother, my poor mother!"

But his companion, still tipsy, and who was longing to finish the evening in the places he secretly frequented, impatient of this acute spasm of grief, made him sit down on the grass of the river bank, and almost immediately quitted him, under pretext of seeing a patient.

Caravan wept a long time; then, when he was at the end of his tears, when all his suffering had, so to speak, flowed by, he experienced anew a solace, a repose, a sudden tranquillity.

The moon had arisen; she was bathing the horizon in her placid light. The tall poplars rose with silver reflections, and the fog above the plain seemed like floating snow; the river, where no more stars were swimming, but which seemed covered with mother-of-pearl, still glided along, furrowed with glittering shivers. The air was soft, the breeze odorous, a balminess was passing by in the sleep of the earth, and Caravan drank in that softness of the night: he drank in long breaths, and seemed to feel a freshness, a calm, a super-

natural consolation, steal through him to the extremity of his members.

Nevertheless, he resisted this flooding-in of comfortable sensations, and repeated to himself, "My mother, my poor mother," exciting himself to weep from a sort of honest man's conscience; but he could not do so more; and no sadness, even, linked him to the thoughts which immediately before had made him sob so violently.

Then he rose to go back, retracing his path with short steps, enveloped in the calm indifference of serene nature, and his heart soothed in spite of himself.

When he had reached the bridge, he saw the signal light of the last tram ready to leave, and in the rear the lighted windows of the Globe café.

Then he was taken with the need of recounting the catastrophe to some one, of exciting commiseration, of making himself interesting. He assumed a woful countenance, pushed open the door of the establishment, and advanced toward the counter, where the keeper still presided. He counted on an effect. Everybody was to rise and come over to him with extended hand — "Well, what ails you?" But no one noticed the affliction upon his visage. Then he leaned his elbows on the counter, and pressing his forehead between his hands, he murmured, "Oh dear, oh dear!"

The keeper looked at him. "Are you sick, M. Caravan?" He answered, "No, my poor friend; but my mother has just died." The other uttered a vague "Ah!" and as a customer at the rear of the restaurant cried, "One bock, please!" he promptly answered in a terrible voice, "All right, boom! right on hand!" and darted off to serve him, leaving Caravan stupefied.

At the same table as before dinner, absorbed and unmoving, the three enthusiasts of dominoes were still playing. Caravan approached them in quest of commiseration. As no one seemed to see him, he decided to speak. "Since lately," he said to them, "a great misfortune has happened to me."

All three raised their heads a little at the same time, but keeping their eyes fixed on the pieces they held in their hands. "That so? what is it?" — "My mother has just died." One of them murmured, "Huh! well, well," with that false air of concern that indifferent people take on. Another, finding nothing to say, wagged his head and let forth a kind of mel-

ancholy sigh. The third returned to his play as if he had thought, "Is that all?"

Caravan waited for one of those words which are said to "come from the heart." Seeing himself received thus, he took himself off, indignant at their placidity in face of a friend's grief, although that grief at this moment was so numbed that he scarcely felt it any further himself.

And he went out.

His wife was waiting in her nightgown, seated on a low chair near the open window, and still thinking of the inheritance.

"Get undressed," she said; "we'll talk when we are in bed."

He lifted his head, and indicating the ceiling with his eyes, said, "But — up above — there's nobody — "

"Pardon me, Rosalie is with her; you will spell her at three in the morning, when you have had a nap."

Nevertheless, he kept his drawers on, to be ready for any happening, knotted a bandanna around his head, and then rejoined his wife, who had just slipped under the bedclothes.

They remained for some time seated side by side. She was thinking.

Her headgear, even at that hour, was ornamented with a pink bow, and inclined somewhat toward one ear, as if following an invincible habit of all the caps she wore.

Suddenly, turning her head toward him, "Do you know whether your mother made a will?" said she. He hesitated. "I — I — don't think so — No, pretty certainly she didn't make one." Mme. Caravan looked her husband in the eyes, and said, in a low and passionate voice: "It is an insult, so now; for here it is ten years that we have worked ourselves to skin and bone to take care of her, that we have lodged her, that we have fed her! It isn't your sister that would have done as much for her, and no more would I if I had known how I was to be rewarded! Yes, it is a shame to her memory! You'll tell me that she paid her board. That is true; but to be cared for by children — it isn't with money that you pay that; you recognize that by will after death. That's how honorable people behave. So, as for me, I have had my work and worry for my pains! Oh! it serves me right! it serves me right!"

Caravan in distraction repeated, "My dear, my dear, I beg of you, I pray —"

At length she grew calm, and resuming her everyday tone, went on, "To-morrow morning your sister must be notified."

It gave him a start. "That's true; I hadn't thought of that; I'll send a dispatch at daybreak." But she stopped him, like a woman who has taken thought for everything. "No; don't send it till from ten to eleven, so that we can have time to turn around before they get here. From Charenton here it only needs two hours at most. We'll say you lost your head. So long as we give her notice in the morning, we shan't make ourselves liable to forfeiture."

But Caravan struck his forehead, and with the timid intonation he always took on in speaking of his chief, the very thought of whom made him tremble — "The office must be notified too," he said. She answered: "Why notify it? On occasions like this it is always excusable to have forgotten. Don't send any word, take my advice: your chief can't say anything, and you will put him into a cruel embarrassment." — "Oh, yes, much of that," he replied, "and into a famous rage when he doesn't see me come in. Yes, you are right, it's a rich idea. When I tell him my mother is dead, he'll have to keep still."

And the employee, enchanted at the comedy, rubbed his hands at the thought of his chief's head, while above him the old woman's body lay beside the sleeping maid.

Mme. Caravan grew anxiously thoughtful, as if obsessed by a preoccupation difficult to tell. At last she made up her mind: "Your mother surely gave you her clock, didn't she, the girl with the cup and ball?" He searched his memory and answered: "Yes, yes; she told me (but it was a long time ago, it was when we came here), she said to me: 'That clock will be yours if you take good care of me.'"

Mme. Caravan, tranquillized, resumed her serenity. "Then you see we must go and look for it, because if we let your sister come, she will prevent our taking it." He hesitated: "Do you think so?" She grew angry: "Certainly I think so: once here, it is neither seen nor known; it is ours. It is just so with the commode in the chamber, the one with a marble top; she gave it to me, me, one day when she was in good humor. We will bring it down at the same time."

Caravan seemed dubious: "But, my dear, it is a great responsibility!" She turned toward him, furious: "Oh, to be

sure ! Will you never change? You'll let your children die of hunger rather than make a motion. From the moment she gave me that commode it was ours, wasn't it? And if your sister isn't satisfied she can talk to me, to me ! I'll just laugh at your sister. Come, get up, so we can bring in right away what your mother gave us."

Trembling and vanquished, he got out of bed, and as he was putting on his breeches, she stopped him : "It isn't worth the trouble to dress; go ahead ; keep on your drawers, they'll do ; I am going myself just as I am."

And both of them set out in their night clothes, noiselessly climbed the stairs, opened the door with caution, and entered the chamber, where the four lighted candles around the plate with the blessed box-spray seemed to be the sole guardians of the old woman in her rigid repose ; for Rosalie, sprawled in her easy-chair, her legs stretched out, her hands crossed on her petticoat, her head fallen to one side, motionless also, and her mouth open, was asleep and snoring somewhat.

Caravan took the clock. It was one of those grotesque objects that imperial art produced so many of. A girl in gilt bronze, her head ornamented with varied flowers, held in her hand a cup and ball, the latter serving as a balance. "Give me that," said his wife, "and take the marble of the commode."

He obeyed, panting, and perched the marble on his shoulder with a considerable effort.

Then the couple started. Caravan stooped under the door, and, all in a tremble, began to descend the stairs ; while his wife, walking backward, lighted him with one hand, holding the clock under the other arm.

When they were in their own part, she gave vent to a great sigh. "The main thing is done," she said ; "let us try for the rest."

But all the commode drawers were full of the old woman's clothes. Those must be put away somewhere.

Mme. Caravan had an idea : "Go and get the fir-wood box in the hall ; it isn't worth forty sous ; it will do quite well here." And when the box was brought in they began the transfer.

They lifted, one after the other, ruffles, collarettes, chemises, caps, all the poor outfit of the good woman stretched out there behind them, and arranged them methodically in the wooden

box in a way to deceive Mme. Braux, the other child of the deceased, who was to come on the morrow.

When it was ended, they first carried down the drawers, then the body of the piece of furniture, each supporting one end ; and both looked around for a long time to see what place it would do best in. They decided on the chamber, facing the bed, between the two windows.

Once the commode was in place, Mme. Caravan filled it with her own wear. The timepiece occupied the mantel in the dining room ; and the couple surveyed the effect obtained. They were at once enchanted : " That goes first-rate," she observed ; he responded, " Yes, first-rate." They then went to bed. She blew out the candle, and every one was soon asleep in both stories.

It was already broad day when Caravan reopened his eyes. His mind was confused on waking, and he did not recall what had happened for several moments. That memory pricked his bosom sharply, and he jumped out of bed, greatly moved once more, and ready to weep.

He quickly ascended to the chamber above, where Rosalie was still asleep, in the same posture as the night before, having made but one nap of the whole night. He sent her back to her work, replaced the burnt-out candles, and then gazed at his mother, revolving in his head those seemingly profound thoughts, those religious and philosophical banalities which haunt average intellects in the presence of death.

But as his wife was calling him, he went down. She had drawn up a list of things to do in the morning, and gave him these titles, with which he was terrified.

He read : —

1. Make the declaration at the *mairie ;*
2. Call in the certifying physician ;
3. Order the coffin ;
4. Go to the church ;
5. To the undertaking corporation ;
6. To the printing-office for the letters ;
7. To the notary ;
8. To the telegraph office to notify the family.

And a multitude of other little commissions. Then he took his hat and set forth.

Now the news having spread, the neighbor women began to arrive and ask to see the dead.

At the hairdresser's, on the ground floor, a scene had even occurred on this subject between the wife and husband while he was shaving a client.

The wife, while knitting a stocking, murmured: "There's another one less, and a skinflint, that woman, such as there aren't many like. I didn't care much for her, it's true; but all the same I must go and see her."

The husband growled, while soaping the patient's chin: "There you have it, such nonsense! Let women alone for that. It isn't enough to plague you while you are alive, they can't even leave you in peace after you are dead." But his spouse, not at all disconcerted, replied: "I can't help myself; I've got to go. It has been borne in on me all this morning. If I didn't see her, it seems to me I should be thinking of it all my life. But when I have had a good look at her to get her face in mind, I shall be satisfied afterwards."

The man with the razor shrugged his shoulders, and confided to the gentleman whose cheek he was scraping: "I ask you just what that makes you think of,—those cursed women! I wouldn't amuse myself going to see a corpse!" But his wife had heard him, and responded without troubling herself, "That's the way of it, that's the way of it." Then, laying her knitting on the counter, she mounted to the floor above.

Two neighbors had already come in, and were talking over the accident with Mme. Caravan, who was recounting the details.

They directed their steps toward the chamber of death. The four women entered softly, sprinkled the clothes of each in turn with the salted water, knelt, made the sign of the cross, and mumbled a prayer, then, rising, with eyes stretched wide and mouths half opened, regarded the corpse for a long time, while the dead woman's step-daughter, a handkerchief over her face, simulated a gulp of despair.

When she turned to go out, she perceived, standing near the door, Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste, both in their shirts, looking curiously on. Then, forgetting her fabricated grief, she rushed toward them with uplifted hand, crying in a wrathful voice, "Will you get out of here, you dirty little imps!"

Coming up ten minutes later with a crowd of other neighbors, after having once more shaken the box over her mother-in-law, prayed, wept, fulfilled all her duties, she found again her

two children, returned in her wake. She cuffed them as before, out of duty: but the next time she took no further pains about it; and at every new batch of visitors the two brats always followed, kneeling also in a corner and repeating without variation everything they saw their mother do.

At the beginning of afternoon the crowd of curiosity seekers diminished. Soon nobody came any more. Mme. Caravan, in her own apartments again, busied herself in preparing everything for the funeral ceremony; and the dead remained alone.

The chamber window was open. A torrid heat was entering with puffs of dust; the flames of the four candles were flickering beside the moveless corpse; and on the shroud, on the face with its closed eyes, on the two arms laid along, little flies crawled, came and went, walked incessantly back and forth, and inspected the old woman, awaiting their own hour close at hand.

But Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste had gone off to ramble on the avenue. They were soon surrounded by comrades, especially little girls, more alert and scenting more quickly the mysteries of life. And they asked questions like grown persons. — "Did your grandma die?" — "Yes, last evening." — "What is a dead person like?" And Marie Louise explained, told all about the candles, the sprig of box, the face. Then a great curiosity awoke in all the children; and they asked to visit the deceased person's chamber also.

Marie Louise at once organized a first expedition, five girls and two boys, the largest and the boldest. She made them pull off their shoes so as not to be discovered; the file slipped into the house and softly ascended like an army of mice.

Once in the chamber, the little girl, mimicking her mother, directed the ceremonial. She solemnly led her companions up, knelt, made the sign of the cross, moved her lips, rose, sprinkled the bed; and while the children approached in a huddled mass, terrified, curious, and enraptured at viewing the features and the hands, she suddenly began to counterfeit sobs, hiding her eyes in her small handkerchief. Then, abruptly consoled by the thought of those who were waiting outside the door, she drew them all away in haste to bring in another group, then a third; for all the urchins of the district, even to the little beggars in rags, were scouring after this new diversion; and each time she recommenced the maternal mummeries with an absolute perfection.

At length she tired of it. Another play enticed the children farther off; and the old grandmother remained alone, altogether forgotten by everybody.

The shadows filled the chamber, and over the dried-up and wrinkled face the wavering flame of the candles made bright spots dance.

Toward eight o'clock Caravan came up, closed the window, and renewed the candles. He entered now in tranquil fashion, accustomed already to view the corpse as if it had been there a month. He ascertained even that no decomposition had yet appeared, and remarked upon it to his wife at the moment she was setting the table for dinner. She answered, "Oh, well, she is made of wood; she'll keep for a year."

They ate the soup without saying a word. The children, left free all day and exhausted with fatigue, went to sleep in their chairs; and everybody remained silent.

Suddenly the brightness of the lamp grew dim.

Mme. Caravan at once turned up the ratchet; but the apparatus gave back a hollow sound, a prolonged throaty croak, and the light went out. They had forgotten to buy any oil! To go to the grocer's would make dinner late, and they hunted around for candles; but there were no others than the ones lighted above on the night table.

Mme. Caravan, prompt in her decisions, sent Marie Louise in great haste for two of those; and they waited in the darkness.

They distinctly heard the little girl's steps as she climbed the staircase. Then there was a silence of a few seconds; then the child descended again precipitately. She opened the door, awe-stricken, still more agitated than the night before in announcing the catastrophe, and murmured chokingly, "Oh, papa, grandma's dressing herself!"

Caravan rose with such a bound that his chair went spinning against the wall. He stammered, "You say — what are you talking about?"

But Marie Louise, stifled with emotion, repeated, "Grand — grand — grandma's dressing herself — she's going to come down."

He dashed madly into the stairway, followed by his dazed wife; but before the door on the upper flight they halted, shaking with terror, not daring to enter. What should they

see? — Mme. Caravan, more bold, turned the handle and went into the chamber.

The room seemed to have become gloomier; and in the center a tall gaunt form was moving about. The old woman was on her feet; and on waking from her lethargic slumber, even before consciousness had returned to her in full, turning on her side and rising on one elbow, she had blown out three of the candles that were burning near the mortuary bed. Then, regaining her strength, she had risen to look for her clothes. Her vanished commode had put her out at first, but little by little she had found all her things again, at the bottom of the wooden chest, and had tranquilly dressed herself. Then, after emptying the plateful of water, replacing the sprig of box behind the mirror, and restoring the chairs to their places, she was ready to go down, when her son and her daughter-in-law appeared before her.

Caravan rushed forward, seized her in his arms, and kissed her, with tears in his eyes; while his wife, behind him, repeated with hypocritical air, "What happiness! oh, what happiness!"

But the old woman, without softening, without even seeming to understand, stiff as a statue, and with glazed eye, demanded only, "Will dinner be ready soon?" He stammered, losing his wits, "Why, yes, mamma, we were waiting for you." And with unwonted eagerness he took her arm, while the junior Mme. Caravan seized the candles and lighted them, descending the stairway before them backward and step by step, as she had done the previous night before her husband as he was carrying the marble.

Arriving at the floor below, she nearly bruised herself against the people coming up. It was the Charenton family, Mme. Braux followed by her husband.

The woman, tall, corpulent, with a dropsical abdomen that threw her bust into the rear, opened her eyes in affright, ready to flee. The husband, a socialistic shoemaker, a little man hairy to the nose, exactly like a monkey, murmured without the least emotion: "Heh, what? She's come to life again!"

As soon as Mme. Caravan recognized them, she made them despairing signs; then aloud: "Why, how is this! You here! What a pleasant surprise!"

But Mme. Braux, in a daze, did not understand; she

answered in a low voice, "It was your dispatch that made us come; we thought it was all over."

Her husband, behind her, pinched her to make her keep still. He added, with a malicious laugh hidden by his thick beard: "It is very kind of you to have invited us. We came at once,"—thus making allusion to the hostility which had long reigned between the two households. Then, as the old woman was reaching the bottom stairs, he advanced briskly, and rubbing against her cheeks the hair that covered his face, he said, shouting in her ear on account of his deafness, "You are well, mamma, all solid, heh?"

Mme. Braux, in her stupor at seeing quite alive her whom she had expected to find dead, did not dare even to kiss her; and her enormous paunch blocked up the whole stairhead, hindering the others from advancing.

The old woman, uneasy and suspicious, but without ever speaking, looked at everybody around her; and her little gray eye, hard and scrutinizing, was fixed now on one, now on another, full of obvious thoughts that embarrassed her children.

Caravan said, to explain, "She has been under the weather, but she is all right now, entirely right; aren't you, mamma?"

Then the good woman, resuming her march, answered in her broken, seemingly far-off voice, "It was a fainting fit; I heard you all the time."

An embarrassed silence followed. They entered the dining room; then they sat down to a dinner improvised in a few minutes.

M. Braux alone had kept his balance. His spiteful gorilla face contorted itself; and he uttered words with double meanings, which visibly embarrassed every one.

But at every instant the hall bell rang; and Rosalie in distraction came to find Caravan, who darted out, throwing down his napkin. His brother-in-law even asked him if it was his reception day. He faltered, "No, errands, nothing of any account."

Then, as they brought him a parcel, he opened it stupidly, and notification letters with a black border appeared. And blushing up to the eyes, he reclosed the envelope and buried himself in his waistcoat.

His mother had not seen it; she was looking stonily at her clock, whose gilt cup and ball was balancing itself on the

mantel. And the embarrassment increased, in the midst of a glacial silence.

Then the old woman, turning toward the daughter her hag-wrinkled face, proclaimed with a quiver of malignity in her eyes, "Monday you send me your little girl, I want to see her." Mme. Braux, her face lit up, exclaimed, "Yes, mamma," while the younger Mme. Caravan, grown pale, was swooning with anguish.

Nevertheless, the two men, little by little, began to talk; and apropos of nothing, they entered upon a political discussion. Braux, upholding revolutionary and communistic doctrines, tossed around, his eyes alight in his hairy visage, crying out: "Property, sir, is a robbery on the worker; the earth belongs to everybody; — inheritance is an infamy and a shame!" But he stopped abruptly, confused like a man who has just said a silly thing; then, in a milder tone, he added, "But this is not the moment to discuss these things."

The door opened; *Doctor* Chenet appeared. He had a second of affright, then he took new countenance, and said, approaching the old woman: — "Ah! ah! the mamma! You are looking well to-day. Hah! I suspected it, don't you see; and I said to myself just now, coming upstairs, 'I'll bet that old lady will be up.'" — And tapping her softly on the back: "She's as solid as the ark; she'll bury us all, you'll see."

He sat down, accepting the coffee they offered him, and soon mixed in the conversation of the two men, taking the side of Braux, for he had himself been compromised in the Commune.

Now the old woman, feeling fatigued, wished to go. Caravan hastened forward. Then she fixed him with her eyes and said, "As for you, you'll fetch up my commode and my clock immediately." Then, as he stammered, "Yes, mamma," she took her daughter's arm and disappeared with her.

The two Caravans remained appalled, mute, overwhelmed in a terrific disaster, while Braux rubbed his hands as he sipped his coffee.

Suddenly Mme. Caravan, daft with rage, rushed at him, screaming: "You are a thief, a blackguard, a guttersnipe — I spit in your face, I — you — I —" She could not speak for suffocation; but he only laughed, drinking away.

Then, as his wife was just returning, she sprang at her sister-in-law; and the two, one enormous with a menacing paunch, the other epileptic and scrawny, with cracking voices and trem-

bling hands, fell to raining insults on each other at the top of their voices.

Chenet and Braux interposed; and the latter, taking his better half by the shoulders, thrust her outside, exclaiming, "Come now, jackass, you are braying too much!"

And they were heard wrangling in the street as they went away.

M. Chenet took leave.

The Caravans remained face to face.

Then the man fell into a chair with a cold sweat on his brow, and murmured: "What am I going to say to my chief?"

THE SERVICE IN THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

By ÉMILE ZOLA.

(Translated for this work.)

[ÉMILE ZOLA was born at Paris in 1840, son of an eminent Italian engineer. He spent his early youth in Provence, but finished his studies in Paris, and was employed in the Hachette publishing house, taking charge of their press department. He soon became an active journalist and story-writer. The first indication of his later method of "naturalism," hard, gross, and pessimistic, was given in "Claude's Confessions" (1865); in the same line followed "Thérèse Raquin" (1867), on the hallucinations of remorse, and "Madeleine Férat" (1868), a study of hereditary influence which preluded the twenty volumes published from 1871 to 1893 under the general title of "The Rougon-Macquart Family,"—all inter-connected, but each a separate story, after the fashion of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine,"—tracing the influences of an invincible hereditary taint through several generations, into classes extending from the highest mansions to the lowest slums. They profess to apply rigorous scientific method and scrupulous realism of detail to social studies, but in fact are entirely unscientific and largely fanciful. The series opened with "The Fortune of the Rougons"; the most famous of the others are "L'Assommoir" (The Bludgeon: 1877), "Nana" (1880), "Germinal" (1885), on the miseries of the proletariat, and "The Downfall" (1892), on the Franco-German War. In 1895 "Doctor Pascal" summed up the series. Among the rest are "Pot-Bouille" (1882), on bourgeois manners; "To Women's Happiness" and "The Joy of Living" (1883); "Work" (1886), a very notable one; "The Earth" (1888), of gross peasant life; "The Dream" (1888), one of his few pleasing ones; "The Human Animal" (1890), of the rottenness of modern society; "Money" (1891), the same on its financial side. A series of three on the social and religious conditions of typical modern communities began with "Lourdes" in 1894, and included "Rome" (1895) and "Paris" (1897). He has also written many short stories, several volumes of collected essays, and much scattered work defending his work and artistic principles, and some not notable plays.]

This last day promised to be a fervent one, from the shuddering thrill of exalted faith that Berthaud already felt rising out of the throng. The requisite enthusiasm was coming to a head: the fever of the journey, the hypnotizing by endless repetition of the same hymns, the haunting possession by the same religious exercises, and ever the conversations on miracles, and ever the ideas fixed on the divine irradiation of the Grotto. Many had not slept for three nights, and so had reached a state of waking sleep filled with hallucinations, walking in a self-enhancing dream. No repose was allowed them; the incessant prayers were like a lash stinging their souls. The appeals to the Blessed Virgin never ceased; priest succeeded priest in the pulpit, voicing the universal cry of grief, guiding the despairing supplications of the crowd, during the whole time the sick remained there in front of the pallid statue of marble, which smiled with clasped hands and eyes towards heaven.

At this moment the pulpit of white stone to the right of the Grotto, against the rock, came to be occupied by a priest of Toulouse, whom Berthaud knew and listened to for a moment with an approving air. He was a stout man of unctuous speech, celebrated for his oratorical successes. However, all eloquence here consisted in powerful lungs, in a stentorian fashion of ejaculating the phrase, the cry, which the entire throng had to repeat — for it was hardly more than vociferation broken by *Ave* and *Pater*.

The priest, who had just finished his rosary, tried to rise taller on his short legs as he shouted the first appeal of the litanies he was improvising, and which he conducted in his own way, according to such inspiration as he possessed: —

"Mary, we love thee!"

And the crowd repeated in a lower tone, confused and broken: —

"Mary, we love thee!"

From this time on there was no further halt. The voice of the priest rang out in full peal, the voice of the gathering took it up in a dolorous quaver: —

"Mary, thou art our only hope!"

"Mary, thou art our only hope!"

"Pure Virgin, make us purest of the pure!"

"Pure Virgin, make us purest of the pure!"

"Mighty Virgin, save our sick ones!"

"Mighty Virgin, save our sick ones!"

Often, when his imagination gave out, or he wished to drive home a cry, he repeated it as many as three times, while the docile crowd repeated it thrice also, tremulous beneath the unnerving effect of this persistent lamentation, which heightened its fever.

The litanies went on and Berthaud returned to the Grotto. Those who defiled through the interior, when they faced toward the sick, saw an extraordinary spectacle. All the vast space between the ropes was filled by the ten or twelve hundred patients whom the national pilgrimage had brought; and there under the great pure sky, in the radiant daylight, was the most harrowing puddle that one could view. The three hospitals had emptied their chambers of dread. Farthest off, to begin with, on benches were just being squeezed the stronger ones, those who could still sit up. Many were nevertheless propped up with cushions ; others leaned shoulder against shoulder, the strong sustaining the weak. Next in front, before the Grotto itself, the desperately sick lay stretched; the pavement was hidden beneath this pitiable flood, a sea of horror, widespread and stagnant. A block of carriages, stretchers, and mattresses beggaring description, had taken place. Some in wagons, in troughs, in a sort of coffins, were elevated, and overlooked the rest ; while the greater number, close to the ground, seemed lying on the earth. Some were dressed, lying merely on the plaid ticking of the mattresses. Others had been brought with their bedding ; only their heads and their colorless hands were seen outside the bedclothes. Few of these pallets were clean. Alone, some pillows of dazzling whiteness, trimmed with embroidery by a last coquettish impulse, shone among the filthy wretchedness of the rest, — a welter of rags, blankets, worn-out body linen, splotched with stains. This mass, shoved, jammed, packed in haphazard as they came, women, men, children, priests, the nightgowned with the dressed, all in the blinding glare of day.

And all the diseases were there : the frightful procession that twice each day left the hospitals to traverse horror-stricken Lourdes. Heads eaten by eczema, foreheads circled with roseola, noses and mouths that elephantiasis had turned into shapeless snouts. Then the dropsied, inflated like water skins ; rheumatics with twisted hands, and feet swollen like sacks crammed with rags ; a hydrocephalic whose enormous skull, top-heavy, pulled him over backwards. Then the con-

sumptives, trembling with fever, exhausted by dysentery, livid of skin, wasted to skeletons. Then the deformities from contractions, the crooked figures, the twisted arms, the necks planted awry — the poor beings broken and crushed, immovable in postures as of tragic marionettes. Then the poor girls with rickets, displaying their waxen hue and their scrawny necks eroded by scrofula ; the yellow stolid women, in that melancholy stupor of the unfortunates devoured by cancer ; others blanching, not daring to move, fearing the shock of tumors whose aching burden stifled them. On the benches, dazed, deaf women heard nothing, but sang on all the same; the blind, with heads raised and rigid, remained for hours turned toward the statue of the Virgin, which they could not see. And there was still the crazy woman, stricken with imbecility, her nose carried away by a chancre, who laughed a terrifying laugh with her mouth empty and black ; and there was the epileptic, whom a recent spasm had left with the paleness of death, the foam on the corners of her lips.

But the sickness, the suffering mattered no longer since they were all there, sitting or lying, their eyes fixed on the Grotto. The poor, skinny, clay-colored faces were transfigured, beginning to glow with hope. Anchylosed hands were clasped, over-heavy eyelids found strength to lift themselves, extinguished voices came to life again, at the appeals of the priest. At first there were only indistinct falterings like little soughs of a breeze, rising here and there above the crowd. Then the cry mounted up, spread, caught the crowd itself, from one end to the other of the huge square.

"Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us!" cried the priest in his thundering voice.

And the patients and pilgrims repeated louder and louder: —

"Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us!"

Then it unreeled, accelerated itself more and more : —

"Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, thy children are at thy feet!"

"Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, thy children are at thy feet!"

"Queen of the Angels, say one word, and our sick shall be healed!"

"Queen of the Angels, say one word, and our sick shall be healed!"

* * * * * * *

A quick breath ran through the gathering, and the Abbé Judaine said once more : —

"Here is Father Massias mounting the pulpit. He is a saint : listen to him."

They knew him : he could not appear without every soul being stirred with a sudden hope, for it was told that his intense fervor helped him to work miracles. He was reputed to have a voice of a tenderness and power that the Virgin loved.

All heads were raised, the emotion still kept increasing, when Father Fourçade appeared, just come to the foot of the pulpit, staying himself on the shoulder of his beloved brother, the preferred of all; and he remained there in order to hear him too. His gouty foot had been giving him acuter pain since the morning ; it needed great courage for him thus to remain standing and smiling. The swelling exaltation of the crowd made him happy : he foresaw prodigies, dazzling cures to the glory of Mary and of Jesus.

In the pulpit, Father Massias did not at once speak. He seemed very tall, spare, and pale, with an ascetic face which his blanched beard still further elongated. His eyes glistened, his grand eloquent mouth distended itself passionately.

" Lord, save us, we perish ! "

And the crowd, swept along, repeated in a fever that augmented moment by moment : —

" Lord, save us, we perish ! "

He opened his arms, he flung forth his burning cry as if he had torn it from his heart of flame.

" Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst heal me ! "

" Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst heal me ! "

" Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst enter my house, but say only one word, and I shall be healed ! "

" Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst enter my house, but say only one word, and I shall be healed ! "

Martha, Brother Isidore's sister, had begun to talk in a low voice with Madame Sabathier, near whom she had finally seated herself. The two had become acquainted at the hospital ; and drawn together by so much suffering, the servant familiarly told the mistress how anxious she felt about her brother, for she saw plainly he was at his last gasp. The Blessed Virgin must hurry up if she wanted to cure him. It was a miracle as it was that he had been brought alive as far as the Grotto.

In her resignation, poor simple creature, she did not cry; but her heart was so big that her infrequent words were stifled. Then a flood of the past came over her; and with a mouth glued by her long silence, she relieved her heart.

"There was fourteen of us at home, at St. Jacut, near Vannes. Big as he was, he was always weaklywise; and that's why he was left with our curé, who ended up by putting him in with the Christian Brothers. The older ones took the property, and as for me I went out to service — I'd rather. Yes, it was a lady that brought me with her to Paris; it's five years ago now. Oh, what lots of trouble there is in life! Everybody has so much trouble!"

"You are right, my dear girl," responded Madame Sabathier, looking at her husband, who was repeating with devotion every phrase of Father Massias.

"And then," continued Martha, "there I learnt last month that Isidore, back from the hot countries where he'd been on a mission, had brought a bad sickness with him from down there. And then when I hurried off to see him, he told me he sh'd die if he didn't leave for Lourdes; but it wa'n't possible for him to take the journey, because there wa'n't anybody to go with him. So I had eighty francs of my savings, and I give up my place, and we left for here together. You see, ma'am, if I'm fond of him, it's because when I was little he brought me gooseberries from the parsonage and my other brothers beat me."

She relapsed into silence, her face swollen with grief; yet the tears could not flow from her sad eyes, dried up by her vigils. And she faltered out only incoherent sentences: —

"Now just look at him, ma'am." — "It's so pitiful." — "Oh! gracious me, his poor cheeks, his poor chin, his poor face — "

It was in truth a lamentable sight. Madame Sabathier was quite upset to see Brother Isidore so yellow, so cadaverous, in an icy sweat of agony. He never showed anything outside the bedclothes except his clasped hands and his face framed with scanty locks; but if the waxen hands looked corpse-like, if the long melancholy face had no longer a feature that moved, the eyes were still alive — eyes of inextinguishable love, whose flame sufficed to irradiate all his dying countenance of a Christ on the cross. And never had the contrast revealed itself so sharply between the low forehead, the ignorant brutish peasant visage, and the divine splendor that streamed from that poor human mask, ravaged and sanctified by suffering, become sublime at

that final hour in the impassioned outglow of faith. The flesh seemed to have melted; he was no longer even a breath, he was only a look, a light.

Since he had been put down there, Brother Isidore had never quitted with his eyes the statue of the Virgin. Nothing else existed around him. He saw not the enormous throng, he heard not the distracted cries of the priests, the incessant cries that shook that quivering multitude. His eyes alone remained to him, his burning eyes of infinite tenderness; and they were fixed on the Virgin, never more to turn from her. They drank her in, even unto death, in a last resolve to disappear, to be quenched in her. For an instant the mouth half opened, an expression of heavenly blessedness relaxed the countenance, then nothing stirred any more; the eyes remained wide open, immovably fixed on the white statue.

Some seconds slipped away. Martha had felt a cold breath that chilled the roots of her hair.

"Say, ma'am, just look!"

Madame Sabathier, in distress, pretended not to understand.

"What is it, my dear girl?"

"My brother — look! He don't stir any more. He's opened his mouth, and he ha'n't stirred since."

Then they both shuddered in the certainty that he was dead. He had just passed away without a rattle, without a gasp, as though life had gone from him in that regard of his, through the great eyes of love, all ravenous with passion. He had expired while gazing at the Virgin, and naught was comparable in sweetness; and he continued to gaze at her out of his dead eyes, with ineffable delight.

"Try to shut his eyes," murmured Madame Sabathier. "We shall know then."

Martha rose; and leaning forward so as not to attract notice, endeavored to close the eyes with a trembling finger. But each time the eyes reopened obstinately, regarding the Virgin anew. He was dead, and she had to leave them wide open, bathed in a boundless ecstasy.

"Oh, it's all over, it's all over, ma'am," she sobbed.

Two tears burst from her heavy lids and flowed down her cheeks, while Madame Sabathier took her hand to keep her silent. Whispers had begun to circulate, and uneasiness was already spreading. But what course to follow? Amid such

a rout, during prayers, the body could not be carried away without running the risk of producing a disastrous effect. It was best to leave it there, pending a favorable moment. He was scandalizing nobody : he seemed no more dead than ten minutes agone, and every one might believe that his eyes of flame were still alive, in their ardent appeal to the divine tenderness of the Blessed Virgin.

Father Massias' cry still arose — burst forth with the power of a terrible desperation, like a heart-rending sob : —

"Jesus, son of David, I am perishing, save me ! "

And the crowd sobbed after him : —

"Jesus, son of David, I am perishing, save me ! "

Then, in rapid succession, the appeals bent themselves to proclaim more and more loudly the embittered wretchedness of the world : —

"Jesus, son of David, have pity on thy sick children ! "

"Jesus, son of David, have pity on thy sick children ! "

"Jesus, son of David, come and heal them, that they may live ! "

"Jesus, son of David, come and heal them, that they may live ! "

It was a delirium. Father Fourçade, at the foot of the pulpit, swept away by the mighty passion that overflowed all hearts, had lifted his arms, himself shouting also in his thunderous voice to take Heaven by storm. And ever the exaltation grew under the fanning of desire, whose blast bowed the throng one by one, even to the merely curious young ladies seated below in the parapet of the Cave, and blanching under their parasols. Woe-stricken humanity clamored from the depths of its gulf of anguish, and the clamor ran in a shudder along every spine ; and there was no longer anything there but an agonizing people, withstanding death, longing to force God to decree them eternal life. Ah, Life, Life ! All these unfortunates, all these dying ones, gathered in all haste from so far away, through so many obstacles, they wished only that, they called back only that, in their inordinate passion to live it again, to live it always ! O Lord, whatever be our misery, whatever be our torment in life, heal us, grant us to begin life anew, that we may suffer anew what we have suffered already. However unhappy we may be, we wish to exist. It is not heaven we ask of thee, it is earth ; it is to leave it at the latest possible moment; it is not to leave it at all if thy power shall

so far deign. And when we no longer implore thee for a physical cure but a moral favor, still it is happiness we ask of thee, happiness for which the sole thirst parches us. Lord, grant that we may be happy and healthy; let us live, let us live!

This mad cry, this cry of the raging lust for life, cast up by Father Massias, was thrown back, poured out in tears, from every breast: —

"O Lord, son of David, heal our sick!"

"O Lord, son of David, heal our sick!"

Twice Berthaud had been compelled to rush forward to prevent the ropes from being broken under the unwitting pressure of the crowd. Desperate, buried up, Baron Suire was making gestures begging for some one to come to his rescue; for the Grotto was invaded, the line of procession was no more than the trampling of a herd rushing at the object of its passion. In vain did Gérard quit Raymonde anew and post himself at the entrance gate of the iron railing, to carry out the orders, — admission by tens. He was hustled, swept aside; the entire multitude, fevered and exalted, rushed in and flowed like a torrent amid the flaring of the candles, threw bouquets and letters to the Blessed Virgin, and kissed the rock that millions of burning lips had worn smooth. It was faith broken loose, the mighty power that nothing could stop henceforth.

And Gérard, crushed against the grating, just then heard two peasant women, whom the stream was bearing along, exclaim over the spectacle of the sick ones lying before them. One of them had just been struck by the face so pale of Brother Isidore, with his great eyes, unnaturally open, fixed on the statue of the Virgin. She crossed herself, and murmured, with an access of devout admiration: —

"Oh, see that one, how he is praying with all his heart, and how he is looking at Our Lady of Lourdes!"

The other peasant woman replied:

"She will most certainly cure him, he is so handsome!"

In the act of love and faith which he continued from the depth of his nothingness, the dead man, with the infinite fixity of his gaze, touched all hearts, and gave profound edification to the people, whose torrent did not cease.

SYLVIE.

By GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

(Translated for this work.)

[Gérard Labrunie, a distinguished French *littérateur* and bohemian, took as the chief of his many pseudonyms that of "Gérard de Nerval." He was the son of a military officer, and born at Paris in 1808. Besides study at the Collège Charlemagne, his father taught him German so thoroughly that after having published at nineteen a very successful volume of political odes, he issued at twenty a translation of "Faust" which was highly praised by Goethe himself, and whose choruses were used by Berlioz. Within the next year he had written three comedies, a number of other poems, and several other German translations, and acquired such a reputation that he was made collaborator with Gautier in the dramatic criticisms on the *Presse*. On the death of an actress who was his mistress, he left the paper and traveled about Europe for a number of years, leading a loose existence, and writing accounts of his travels for various periodicals. In 1844 he returned to Paris, and was in journalism by fits, alternating with more serious work. In 1848–50 appeared "Scenes of Oriental Life;" 1852, "Tales and Jests," and "The Illuminés," in which he analyzed his sensations after recovering from an access of insanity; "Lorelei," "Misanthropy and Remorse," and "Dream and Reality," novels; and after his death, "La Bohémie Galante." He also wrote a play, "The Alchemist," in collaboration with Dumas the elder. His style and descriptive grace are of notable charm, and his imagination vividly realizing. From 1841 on he began to have attacks of insanity, which combined with his wasteful and reckless life to make him increasingly gloomy and desperate, till in great poverty he hanged himself in 1855.]

A Voyage to Cythera.

Some years slipped by, and once again I found myself at Loisy for the feast of the patron saint; I joined afresh the knights of the bow, and took my place in the group I had once before made part of. Youthful members of the old families that still possessed there many an old château, lurking deep in the forests and scathed far more by time than by revolutions, had organized the festival. From Chantilly, from Compiègne, and from Senlis, joyous cavalcades hastened to form the rural train of archers. After the long-drawn march through hamlets and market towns, after the mass at the church, contests of skill and awarding of prizes, the victors were invited to a repast laid out on an island shaded by poplars and lindens, within one of the lakelets fed by the Nonette and the Thève. Barks, all streamers, conveyed us to the island, whose choice was determined by the existence there of a pillared temple, oval in shape, that might serve for a banqueting hall. Here, as

at Ermenonville, the land is sown thick with those frail structures of the later eighteenth century, in whose planning philosophical millionaires were inspired by the taste then dominant. This temple must, I think, have originally been dedicated to Urania. Three columns had given way, carrying in their fall a part of the architrave; but the space between had been cleared, and garlands hung from column to column, rejuvenating this modern ruin, — which belonged to the paganism of Boufflers or Chaulieu rather than to that of Horace.

The passage of the lake was perhaps designed to recall Watteau's "Voyage to Cythera"; and only our modern costumes disturbed the illusion. The huge festal bouquet, taken from the wagon which carried it, was placed on a large-sized boat; the train of maidens which by usage escorted it took their places along the sides; and this graceful modern copy of an antique pageant was reflected in the calm waters of the lake which divided the shore from the island, aglow in the rays of sunset with its thickets of hawthorn, its colonnade, and its glittering foliage. All the boats soon came to land. The flower basket, borne in state, occupied the center of the table, and each of us took his place, the most favored beside the girls: to be known to their parents was enough for that. Hence it was I found myself once more beside Sylvie. Her brother had already joined me at the celebrations, and reproached me for not having long since visited his family; I excused myself on plea of my studies, which kept me in Paris, and assured him I had come with that intention. "No, it's me he has forgotten," said Sylvie: "we are village folks, and Paris is so 'way above us!" I wanted to close her mouth by kissing her; but she still pouted, and her brother had to intercede before she offered me her cheek with an indifferent air. I took no pleasure in that kiss, a favor accorded to enough others; for in that patriarchal district, where you greet every passer-by, a kiss is no more than honest people's mutual courtesy.

A surprise had been arranged by the organizers of the day. At the close of the feast, a wild swan suddenly soared from the depths of the immense basket, where till then it had lain captive beneath the flowers, and lifting the tangle of wreaths and garlands on its powerful wings, ended by scattering them on every side. While it sprang joyfully toward the last rays of the sinking sun, we snatched up at random the fallen wreaths, each to adorn his fair neighbor's brow. I had the good fortune to

secure one of the handsomest; and Sylvie, smiling, permitted this time a tenderer kiss than the former — I saw that I had effaced the memory of a previous occasion. I admired her without reserve on this one, she had grown so beautiful! She was not now the little village girl I had slighted for one more stately and more accomplished in society graces. In every way she had gained: the charm of her black eyes, so enticing even in childhood, had become irresistible; beneath the arch of her eyebrows, her sudden smile, lighting up calm and regular features, had something of Athenian quality. I admired this cast of face, worthy of antique art, amid the formless prettiness of her companions. Her delicately tapered hands, her arms which had grown white as they rounded out, her willowy figure, changed her entirely from aught I had ever seen. I could not help saying to her how different I found her from her old self, hoping thus to excuse my former swift unfaithfulness.

Moreover, everything favored me: her brother's friendship, the seductive influences of the festival, the twilight hour, and even the spot wherein had been reproduced, by a fancy of refined taste, the ceremonial rites of old-time gallantry. As soon as we could we escaped from the dance, to talk over our childhood memories, and admire in a twin reverie the reflections of the sky on the shadows and the waters. Sylvie's brother had to tear us from this contemplation by telling us it was time to return to the distant village where her parents dwelt.

The Village.

It was at Loisy, in the keeper's old-time lodge. I accompanied them thus far; then I returned to Montagny, where I was staying with my uncle. Leaving the highway to traverse a little wood which separates Loisy from St. S——, I straightway plunged into a deep path which skirts the forest of Ermenonville; I kept on the lookout for the walls of a convent I must follow for a quarter of a league. The moon from time to time disappeared in the clouds, illuminating but dimly the rocks of somber gray and the heather that multiplied before my steps. To right and left, the verges of pathless forests; and always before me the Druidic altars of the country, that preserve the memory of the sons of Arminius, extirpated by the Romans! Standing on these sublime rock-heaps, I saw the distant lakelets

stand out like mirrors in the misty plain, while unable to distinguish the one where the feast had been.

The air was mild and balmy; I decided to go no farther, but to wait the morning on a bed of heather. — Waking, I recognized little by little the neighboring landmarks of my night's wandering. On my left I saw the long line of the convent walls of St. S—— outline themselves; then on the opposite side of the valley, the Gens-d'Armes' Hill, with the shattered ruins of the ancient Carlovingian residence. Hard by, above the tree-tops, the lofty ruins of the Abbey of Thiers stood out against the horizon, their fragments of wall pierced with trefoils and ogives. Farther on, the manor of Pontarme, encircled with water as of old, reflected shortly the earliest fires of dawn; while on the south arose in sight the high keep of La Tournelle, and the four towers of Bertrand Fosse on the first slopes of Montméliant.

The night had been sweet, and I dreamed of nothing but Sylvie; yet the sight of the convent suggested the momentary idea that it might be the one where Adrienne lived. The ringing of the morning bell was still in my ears, and had doubtless awakened me. I had the fleeting notion of gaining a peep over the walls by climbing the highest point of rocks; but on reflection I dismissed it as a profanation. The advancing day chased the idle memory from my fancy, and left there only the rosy features of Sylvie. "Let's go and wake her," I said to myself, and I set out on the Loisy road.

Behold the village at the end of the path that skirts the forest: twenty cottages with walls festooned by vines and climbing roses. Early-rising spinners, red handkerchiefs about their heads, are working in groups before a farmhouse. Sylvie is not among them. She is almost a lady since she has wrought fine laces, while her parents have remained plain country folk. I went up to her room without exciting surprise in any one: risen long ago, she was throwing the bobbins of her lace-work, which clicked softly on the green cushion that lay on her knees. "Oh, it's you, lazy-bones," she said with her divine smile; "only just out of bed, I'll warrant." I told her of my sleepless night, and my wanderings through woods and rocks; for a moment she seemed inclined to pity me. "If you are not too tired, I am going to take you for another stroll; we'll go and see my great-aunt at Othys." I had hardly said yes when she rose joyously, arranged her hair before a mirror, and put on a rustic straw

hat. Innocence and gayety shone in her eyes. We set off along the banks of the Thève, through meadows sprinkled with daisies and buttercups; then we skirted the woods of St. Laurent, now and then leaping rivulets and pushing through thickets to shorten the road. The blackbirds were whistling in the trees, and tomtits flew merrily out of the bushes we brushed in our course.

Sometimes we saw at our feet the periwinkles so dear to Rousseau, opening their blue corollas amid long sprays of twin leaves; and humble bindweed hampered my companion's fawn-like steps. Indifferent to the associations with the Genevese philosopher, she hunted here and there for fragrant strawberries; as for me, I talked to her about the "New Héloise," some passages of which I recited to her from memory. "Is it fine?" she asked. — "It is sublime." — "Is it better than Auguste Lafontaine?" — "It is tenderer." — "Well, then," she said, "I must read it. I'll tell my brother to bring it to me the first time he goes to Senlis." And I went on reciting bits of the "Héloise" while Sylvie picked strawberries.

Othys.

As we left the forest we came upon great clusters of purple foxglove, and she gathered an immense armful of it, saying to me, "It is for my aunt: she loves so much to have these beautiful flowers in her room." We had only a short piece of level ground to traverse before reaching Othys. The village spire ascended on the bluish slopes that stretch from Montméliant to Dammartin. The Thève rippled once more among its bowlders and pebbles, its volume diminishing near the source, where it lies quiet in the meadows, and forms a little pond embanked with gladiolus and iris. We soon came to the first houses. Sylvie's aunt lived in a small cottage of unshapen stone, set off with latticed hop and clematis; her sole livelihood was a few plots of ground which the village people cultivated for her since her husband's death. The arrival of her niece put animation into the household. "Good morning, aunt! Here are your children!" cried Sylvie; "we are awfully hungry!" She kissed her affectionately, put the bunch of flowers in her arms, and then bethought herself of introducing me, saying, "He is my sweetheart!"

I kissed the aunt in turn; and she said, "He is very nice —

so he's light-complexioned!" — "He has lovely soft hair," said Sylvie. "That won't last," said the aunt; "but there's lots of time before you, and you being dark it matches you well." — "He must have some breakfast, aunt," said Sylvie. And she went peeping into cupboards and bread-box, finding milk and brown bread and sugar, and hastily spreading the table with plates and dishes of delft, enameled with huge flowers and gaudy-feathered cocks. A great bowl of Creil china, full of strawberries swimming in milk, formed the center of the service; and after a foray into the garden for a few handfuls of cherries and gooseberries, she disposed two vases of flowers at the two ends of the cloth. But the aunt said with good sense, "That is only a dessert: you must let me try now." And she took down a frying-pan and threw a fagot on the deep hearth. "I won't let you touch it!" she said to Sylvie, who tried to help her; "spoil your dainty fingers, that can make lace finer than Chantilly! you gave me some, and I know lace." — "Oh, so I did, aunt! Tell me if you have any bits of the old left, that I can use for a pattern." — "Well, go and look upstairs," replied the aunt, "perhaps there is some in my chest of drawers." — "Give me the keys," responded Sylvie. — "Nonsense! the drawers are open," said the aunt. — "That isn't so: there's one that's always locked." And while the good woman cleaned the frying-pan after heating it a moment, Sylvie untied from the pendants at her belt a small key of wrought steel, which she showed me in triumph.

I followed her as she swiftly climbed the wooden stairway that led to the chamber. — O youth, O holy age! who could dream of sullying the purity of a first love in this shrine of mementoes of fidelity? The portrait of a young man of the good old times, with his black eyes and red lips, was smiling in an oval gilt frame hung at the head of the rustic bed. He wore the uniform of a gamekeeper of the house of Conde; his half-martial bearing, his ruddy, good-humored face, his clear brow beneath the powdered locks, embellished this rather middling pastel with the graces of youth and simplicity. Some obscure artist, invited to the princely hunts, had put his best work into portraying him, as also his young wife, who was seen in another medallion, slender, winning, and mischievous, in open corsage laced with ribbons, teasing with piquant face a bird perched on her finger. And yet it was the same old woman who was that moment cooking below, bent over the fire on the hearth. It made me think of the fairies in a spectacle, who hide beneath their

wrinkled masks enticing faces, which they reveal at the close, when the Temple of Love appears with its revolving sun that darts forth magic beams. "O my dear old aunt," I cried, "how handsome you were!"

"And how about me?" said Sylvie, who had succeeded in opening the famous drawer. She had found in it a state dress of frayed taffeta, which creaked as its folds were disturbed. "I am going to see if this will fit me," she went on. "Oh, I shall look like an old-fashioned fairy!" — "The fairy of the legends, eternally young," said I to myself. And Sylvie had already unfastened her muslin dress and let it fall at her feet. The stiff old aunt's gown fitted perfectly the slender figure of Sylvie, who told me to hook it. "Oh, how ridiculous those wide sleeves are!" she exclaimed. Nevertheless, those lace-trimmed bags displayed her bare arms wonderfully well, and her bust was framed in by the chaste bodice of yellow tulle with faded ribbons, which had but slightly hidden the vanished charms of her aunt. "Oh, get through! Don't you know how to hook a dress?" said Sylvie. She looked like Greuze's village bride. "It needs some powder," I observed. — "We'll go and find some," and she rummaged the drawers anew.

Oh, what treasures! what perfume this one shed; how another gleamed, what iridescence of vivid colors and humble metallic sheen from a third! two slightly broken mother-of-pearl fans, pomade boxes with Chinese pictures, an amber necklace, and a thousand knickknacks, among which glittered two little white carpet slippers with Irish-diamond buckles! "Oh, I'm going to put those on," cried Sylvie, "if I can find the embroidered stockings." A moment later, we were unrolling a pair of silk stockings of a soft pink with green clocks; but the voice of her aunt, mingled with the clang of the frying-pan, suddenly recalled us to reality. "Go down quick!" said Sylvie, and despite my pleading she would not let me help her on with the stockings. The aunt, however, had just turned into a platter the contents of the frying-pan, the eggs fried with a slice of bacon. Sylvie's voice soon called me back. "Dress as quick as you can!" she said; and, fully attired herself, she pointed me to the gamekeeper's wedding garments, laid out on the chest. In a moment I was transformed to a last-century bridegroom. Sylvie waited for me on the stairs, and we went down together, holding hands. The aunt gave a cry as she turned around: "O my children!" she said, and began to cry, then smiled through her tears. It was the image

of her youth, — cruel and charming vision! We sat down beside her, touched, and almost grave; but merriment soon returned, for, the first shock over, the old dame gave herself up to recalling the stately festivities of her wedding. She even found in her memory the alternating songs then used, sung responsively from one end to the other of the nuptial table, and the quaint epithalamium that followed the bridal pair as they withdrew after the dance. We repeated these stanzas of simple rhythm, with the gaps and assonances of the time, passionate and flowery as the Song of Solomon; we were bride and bridegroom for the whole of one lovely summer morn.

POEMS OF JEAN RICHEPIN.

(Translated for this work, by Ellen Watson.)

[Jean Richepin, one of the most fertile and morally defiant of recent French poets, playwrights, and novelists, was born in Algiers in 1849. He served with Bourbaki in the Franco-Prussian war, then went to Paris and engaged in journalism. He published "Jules Valles" in 1872, "Mme. André" in 1874, and collaborated in a comedy, "L'Étoile;" but first became notorious through a poem, "The Song of the Beggars," for which he was fined and imprisoned. In prison he wrote "Odd Deaths" (1877). Among his other works are "The Caresses," 1877 (verse drama); "Blasphemies" (1884) and "The Sea" (1886), short poems; the dramas "Nana Sahib," 1882 (of which he played the leading rôle himself with Sarah Bernhardt), "M. Scapin" (1886), "The Filibuster" (1888), and "By the Sword" (1882); and the romances "Brave Men" (1888) and "The Cadet" (1890).]

The Wood's Lament.

The fire hisses and snaps on the flaming hearth,
And the old log mutters in plaintive wrath:

"I was born to live free in the fresh, pure air,
To feed full of the soil, of the ether rare;
To wax slowly stronger, each year lifting on high
My crown of branches to meet the sky.
To make April sweet with my clustered flowers,
And shelter the nesting birds in my bowers;
To make vibrate the air with a joyous thrill,
To don each new marvelous robe at my will;
My Spring cloak covered with buds so fair, —
Then the purple of Autumn in pride I'd wear,
Until snow decks with ermine my branches bare.

Vile is man, who piercing with cruel stroke
To the very heart of the sturdy oak,
Kills the tree; for the tree is a living friend,
Who would gladly his sheltering branches lend
To the youthful loves of man and maid,
In an arbor fair, where 'neath grateful shade
May echo the music of love's young tale,
While by night thrills the song of the nightingale
But forgetful, nor heeding his dying moan,
Man fells without pity the giant lone."

On the hearth glow the embers; the wood twists in its pain:
"Oh wood, are you right? is it just to complain?
The blow that struck home was a friendly stroke,
That freed you at once from your roots' firm yoke.
Would you vegetate there till the day you die,
Planted deep in the ground, forever and aye,
You who will not be bound, you who claim that a tree
Is alive, has a soul? Dare you hope to be free?
Your close bark holds you fast in a prison tight;
You but dream of escape, while swift birds wing their flight.
Man frees you at last from this bondage of clay,
And you float down the stream, where from day to day
New towns with their gay, busy life come to view,
New skies are above, the horizon is new.
What bliss all untold may each hour now reserve!
What a breath of adventure now thrills every nerve!
But all this is as naught to the rapture sweet,
When your soul is set free in the fire's white heat;—
When the furious flames your heart's fiber devour,
At last you're alive, you are free from this hour!
Higher yet than the songs of your nesting birds,
Higher yet than your sighs or my halting words,
Higher yet than the breath of Spring's sweetest flower,
Into infinite space, to the clouds you tower!
There in rosy vapors the sun sinks away,
Like the embers of incense, now red and now gray;
Or toward day's blue urn, whose illumined glow
May light up your dull smoke with its iris bow;
To that magic, dim distance, the home of the dawn,
Where with every new day a fresh morning is born.
Now the stars' nightly splendor enraptures your soul,
Now high, ever higher, your spirals unroll!
Drift away! Vanish into the ether, and lo!
Your last ring floats alone to the clouds below,

There to fade, — and your very existence is lost.
And you who bewailed the free sunshine and dew,
Old log, you are one with the Heaven's own blue!"

The Waif.

The cold North's fantastic crew,
Pricking ears and fingers blue.
Makes them throb.
On the sidewalk white with snow
Who is pouring forth her woe
In a sob?

Ah! poor child! that cough again
Racks the form by ceaseless pain
Grown so weak;
While the fierce wind's cutting breath
Paints the hectic rose of death
On her cheek.

More violet than the flower
Are her lips, by beauty's power
Formed to please, —
Are the circles 'neath her eyes,
Where the purple shadow lies
Of disease.

Listen! the horrid sound
Like the bark of hungry hound,
Held at bay!
While this messenger of death
Bids the hearer hold his breath
In dismay.

Now racked with deep despair
That's beyond all human care,
— None can save; —
'Tis the death-note broad and deep
Rung for those who soon must sleep
In the grave.

Hark! 'tis the swimmer's sigh,
As he sinks with piercing cry
'Neath the foam; —
The faint wail of tortured souls,
Like a distant knell that tolls,
Calling home.

One last cry of anguished grief!
The poor sufferer in relief
Bows her head;
The light flickers, and is gone.
She may face the peaceful dawn
Without dread.

And at midnight she will wend,
Without flowers, without friend
By her side,
— Chill December wed to May, —
Bravely on her weary way,
Winter's bride.

To Frédéric Lemaître.

All honor to you, master! giant! genius!
To you we are unknown, we who have all to win;
We come to bow before your never-ending glory,
You who can never die, we who do but begin!

We come to honor Art herself in your great person,
We come to crown the artist more than mortal,
To tell in words echoing your name and story
Our memories of the past to those who enter now Life's portal.

We'd tell how deep, how broad was your domain;
Passions alike of beggar or of king,
All cries, all prayers of the poor human soul,
Charmed utterance of your voice, now weep, now sing.

Tender or stern, plaintive or gay, friendly or terrible,
Oft did we bend the knee in sacrifice,
To see, as in a dream, heeding your every word,
Vast worlds unknown revealed to our young eyes.

With listless step, a languid maiden
Is seen approaching, sorrow-laden.
A maid in love? You hasten, clasp
Her slender hand in your warm grasp.
Your soul becomes but one with hers; —
She laughs and cries; a new chord stirs

In her young heart, and soft flames rise,
Lit by the suns within your eyes.
So the eagle with the dove
Sings the eternal song of love,

Bearing us, swift as winged kiss,
To a seventh heaven of bliss.

King drama swift resumes his reign,
And lion-like pursues his way,
Dragging pale passion in his train,
Crying like hunted doe at bay.
Bare-armed, you rush upon him then,
Bearding the lion in his den,
Seizing him by his tawny mane,
Pressing him till he roar again.
As Hercules the brave did dare
Antæus, crushing him in air,
Before the crowd who tremble, pale, and start,
You break his sinews 'gainst your mighty heart.

But your vexed spirit needs repose
From sobs and sighs and melancholy; —
And shall we, then, go pluck the rose,
Or will you shake the bells of folly?
Nay, your Homeric, mocking laugh
But writhes beneath your mask of wrinkles;
The satire is more keen by half
That flashes in the eye that twinkles!
Fie on smiles forced by cunning quips!
'Tis bitter irony unshrinking
Molds in the corners of your lips
The lines traced by sarcastic thinking!

And how from irony to save your soul?
Wherein, as in the mart of some great city,
Lead endless narrow streets, byways obscure,
Swarming with motley life, exciting mirth or pity; —
Here echo wooden shoes; here barefoot bands
Whom dagger sharp or fool's cap gay entices,
Weep, shout, laugh, pray, or wring their hands,
The troop of human virtues, human vices.

How can we realize the man's great art,
The varied passions that have swayed his heart?
To *be* Napoleon, Othello, Buridan,
Mephisto, Kean, Don Cæsar of Bazan,
Then, with voice tuned anew, to turn with genius rare
From Paillasse to Vautrin, Ruy Blas to Macaire!
To know all, to feel all, and with each new rôle
To awaken new chords of the human soul!
To impersonate saints, heroes, warriors bold,

To assume countless shapes, as did Proteus of old!
All humanity's best on that one mind bestowed,
And one lone human heart bears that heavy load!

The gay throngs little think, as they flock to the play,
What a price for a kiss from the Muse poets pay!
Of the bitterness left, of the anguish divine
In those great wounded hearts she has called to her shrine!
That the jeweled crown on the brow of a king
Often covers the scar of a thorn's cruel sting!
Or that his mantle's royal red
Is dyed with his heart's blood, freely shed!
They know naught of the labor, the endless strife,
That gives to his dream a form, a life!
That the fine flowers of thought are still watered with tears,
That the birth of new life is still fraught with new fears!
And now where are they who would fain cast a stone?
Bid the proud head bow low, the proud spirit atone,
And live like the herd, in the chains that bind?
Oh genius, why claim not the rights of your kind
To appease the hot thirst for experience new?
You who lavish your heart, must you give your life, too?
Is king lion to fawn like a slave in his den,
And should gods bow to rules made for common men?

Sleep your last sleep beneath Fame's sheltering dome,
Since death who claims us all has called you home.
And you, whose stream of life no longer throbs
With echoing bursts of laughter or of sobs,
Flow on, to lose yourself in death's unbounded sea,
For the first time at peace, untrammeled, free!
But with this long, last rest comes not oblivion.
Our eyes, lit by your fire, will still shine on,
And your eternal memory shall endure.
For all in vain night casts her shade obscure
Over the setting sun's last rays; —
On the fringe of soft clouds the light catches, and stays
Till the blues of the shifting horizon unfold
Mid masses of purple, bright tongues of red gold.
All in vain night would spread her dark robe; light must shine
Thro' all veils! our eyes, filled with its beauty divine,
Behind heaviest clouds see its radiance clear.
And to-morrow, when Hesperus bright shall appear,
And the chariot of dawn breaks the morning's deep hush,
Its farewell will still flame in her rosy blush!

HER HIGHNESS WOMAN.

By OCTAVE UZANNE.

[Louis Octave Uzanne, French bibliophile and *littérateur*, was born at Auxerre in 1852. He has won much reputation as an editor of bibliographic reviews and of literary curios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for bibliographic researches and romances, and for works on historical manners, customs, fashions, etc., as well as cognate social studies. He has published: "Caprices of a Bibliophile" (1878); "The Bric-à-Brac of Love" (1879); "Venus' Almanac" (1880); "Anecdotes of Countess Dubarry" (1880); "The Fan" (1881); "The Umbrella, the Glove, the Muff" (1882); "Her Highness Woman" (1884); "The French of the Century: Fashions, Manners, Usages" (1885); "Our Friends the Books" (1886); "The Modern Bookbinder, Artistic and Fanciful" (1886); "The Mirror of the World" (1887); "Zigzags of a Curiosity-Seeker, Talks on the Art of Books and the Literature of Art" (1888); "The Bachelor's Prayer-Book: Physical and Moral Observations" (1890); "Woman and Fashion: Metamorphosis of a Parisienne, 1792–1892" (1892); etc.]

Love in the Country.

It is to the great pulse of Nature that love beats in the country.

Here is no cerebral neurosis, no psychalgia; the most micrographic investigator would have difficulty in discovering interesting cases for the pathological study of the heart and the mind. Love blossoms out under the sun, with a dizzying thrill of sap that ferments and that mounts in the human animal organism: the senses are most often surprised before the heart is stricken; creation dictates its laws in normal fashion; but the soul, that internal star which can spread out within us its warm and beneficent sheet of radiance, — the soul, that drapes in purple and azure our juvenile illusions, and sows in profusion on the altar of our happiness rare flowers so soon to fade, — the soul, that essence of those purified from dross, — the soul, that divine chorister which sings in our intoxications a Te Deum to the Great All, — the soul appears but slightly in the brutish and fugitive rut of agrestic connections.

The adolescent youth is quick to lose his awkwardness — unless he feels the moulting epoch — in the primitiveness of the fields; his eyes have soon learned to read and to interpret the laws of nature; he knows, before the age of formation, the love of beings, or rather the relation of the sexes. Still a youngster, on his return to school, bag over arm, along the live hedges, in the troublous calm of evening: he has seen the

covetous peasant bringing back from the neighboring farm his raw-boned cow; . . . he has surprised the amorous sports of birds pursuing and pursued in the copses, and his gaze, shrewd, perspicacious, and ferret-like, that gaze developed to the extreme, has comprehended everything, reckoned up everything, in its pitiless logic where nothing has come to warp the straightforwardness and the natural development. He has romped beside the girls in ignorance of the understood decorums and the modesties inculcated by the delicacy of manners; and so the boy shows less of curiosity from having fewer mysteries to penetrate, for the mind of the child despotically loves to know the reason of things, and to tear away the veils that oppose it.

Everything speaks to his senses; for everything is germinating, everything is fermenting, everything is pushing out, everything is developing around him. Nothing murmurs in his heart, left fallow, without culture of sentiment and without ideality. Between the father, who means he shall work hard and treats him roughly, shouting: "Go and hunt up the cows, you brat!" and the mother overwhelmed with work, who at the same time scums the kettle hung to the pothook, drives the dogs from her room with curses, scolds and wipes the noses of the urchins, turns over the litter of the cattle, fattens the turkeys, throws oats to the fowls, skims the milk pans in the dairy, cleans the sty of the pig, that Asiatic of the farmyard: between these two beings bowed to the earth, more myopic regarding life than the savages of Central Africa, the poor child knows naught of those caressing shelters, those downy and restful homes, where parents anxiously watch for the dawning of the ideas and the moral upshoot of their son, accordantly with his growth.

At the age of seven he has already the fatigued, prematurely old visage of a little man, with his trousers patched, coming up above his hips and retained by small suspenders. Hands in his pockets, mouth open, mischievous eye, he assists at all the agricultural operations. Already inured to fatigue and habituated to privations, he follows his father at the plow, walking in the furrow with his sabots or his hobnailed shoes, slipping on the sods, rising with a laugh, ejaculating heavenward all the blasphemies he has heard uttered, all the filthy words that in the childish mouth raise laughter in the town youths at evening. Already too he has all the precocious perversities, the rage of destruction, a sort of cruel feline instinct. His piercing eye has counted all the nests in the vicinity, tree

by tree, bush by bush; he knows them, he has an eye on them, and he climbs or gets boosted everywhere, plunging his murderous and pitiless hands among the branches where the bird has fashioned with twigs and upholstered with down the bed for a brand new family.

Where this rustic monkey has passed, desolation reigns. Through this bulging skull, lengthened out like a cocoanut, resisting the collision of sins no less than the ideas of charity, of beneficence, of tenderness, and of protection for the weak, cannot be made to penetrate the love for the bird and her flock, and the conception of irreparable losses which maternity weeps out on the bosom of Nature.

Nightingales, skylarks, robins, bullfinches, wagtails, which hover about in the living harmony of wood and meadow, house-swallows that lodge beneath our eaves, goldfinches, chaffinches, orioles, linnets, and tomtits — are you not, all the same, the divinest singers of love in the country, and did not the ancients say, "Everything comes from the egg; it is the cradle of the world!"

The Modern Parisian Woman.

Certainly her principal source of attraction is not here; but this adds to her natural charms. More of an intellectual rover than of old, she has come to love nosing out and ferreting, and collecting curios — eaten up with the relish of curiosity. From the garret to the dainty mansion, her nest is decked out with refined care, an adorable litter of screens and crépons; in the luxurious boudoirs, Oriental stuffs, carpets from Smyrna, Dushak, Cashmere, or Teheran, portières from Morocco, Damascus, or Karamania, Persian veils, embroidered cushions, bronze vases from Kioto, ancient potteries, embroidered tissues, ivories, idols of gilt wood, armor, are disposed with surprising taste. Nothing repels in this decoration, which seems made to enhance their proud elegance; they make appearance there garbed in negligés audaciously transparent, robes of satin, or of Japanese crépon, where birds or fantastic chimeras are flying, wearing baby Turkish slippers in which play their little high-arched feet, where you see the salmon-pink through the meshes of a silken stocking. Besides this, brilliant with freshness, loving the delights of fine linen to the point of monomania, covetous of keeping perfumed whitenesses about them, alluring

with neatness up to the surface, and if not there, under side, and farther yet, astonishingly deaf to the summons of age, in that Paris youth where for them the fogs of ennui never settle down.

Perhaps also, to my thinking, they love better than of old. They are assuredly the same Parisiennes of whom Gozlan speaks, who have sometimes followed to Egypt, to Italy, to Russia, the swarms of officers to whom they have given their hearts at some country ball, in the era of the consulate or the empire. Neither the sands of the desert nor the ice of the Beresina would arrest them even to-day in the path of their devotion; they would clean the gun, wash the linen, dress the wounds, season the soup, and cheer the march of their glorified husbands; but probably their sensibilities would suffer more. Their ideal is more pacific, if not less adventurous: their intellect seeks above all, in the lover they give themselves to, the superiority of talent; for there is no use in saying, "The Parisienne does not love, she chooses" — she chooses in order first and foremost to love more profoundly the chosen of her mind who becomes the master of her heart.

They love better, I say, because their souls are no longer absurdly athirst for the superhuman, their heads wrapped in a misty dream, curious for the impossible, like the victims of amorous frenzy who are suckled by the Muse of Lamartine, dream of Antony-like passions, or sigh in the shade of the melancholy willow of Musset. The modern Parisienne is more balanced, and has learned to mix rose-color in the blues she is susceptible of feeling. Man's egotism still creates much solitude for her, the world makes her experience emptiness and isolation, pleasures sometimes ring hollow in her ear, and the lovers she takes do not often leave her with aught but a void in the heart and a fierce scorn of the male — whom she has not yet found; but she accuses heaven less in her despair, she hardly invokes fatalism, she is braver against her weaknesses, and the skepticism of the age rings into her ear its little dry or diabolic laugh. — So much carries the wind away!

From the day when this poor debauchee, forced into craft and perversity by the ambushes with which men surround her, chances upon sincerity; from the hour when she yields to the feeling that she can repose on a wholesome and mutual love — from that day she lays down her arms and becomes again the tenderest innocent, the most devoted friend, the happiest woman in creation. Paris, that focus of vices, is still more the sanctuary of

the loftiest hidden virtues : the honest women form the majority there ; a silent majority which does not placard itself and does not care to arouse attention. The broad footway belongs to the girls, and to charlatans of every description ; all the ambitious, all the hungry, all the little pedants without talent, parade themselves there like wolves after a feeding ground ; these wish for puffs, those are on the watch for a chance to steal, others appear so as not to be forgotten ; everything that has no vestige of worth or dignity, home or family, ideas or philosophy, descends to the street and makes a great noise there. The wise, the fortunate, the modest, the scornful, the laborers and the scholars, conceal themselves and contribute to the glory of the true Paris ; they do not figure in the gazettes, and are exempt from the prostitutions of publicity ; thus the honest women dwell silent in the peace of the fireside, and for one Parisienne who beats the gong of scandal, a hundred others dwell in their own homes to pity her, often to excuse her.

These are the lovely Furies who make the Paradise of Paris : in the spring they bloom out like half-opened flowers in their fresh and newly devised toilettes; in winter, muffled in furs, chilly and courageous, they are birds which are hastening toward their nest, and who make us see it, in imagination, warmly lined, made for twin loves, for tender caresses, beside the fire which sparkles and casts its vivid rays on the hangings of the alcove. As for ourselves, no city could give us so many sensations of artists and lovers ; the street in Paris becomes the fairy Eden of desires, of admirations, of adventures ; the heart leaps at every step there, the eyes delight themselves there, the spirit sings there of eternal dawn-songs, the senses dwell there on the alert , man palpitates there from neck to heel ; the stripling struts there with fatuity; the graybeard lives his life over again there. It seems as if everything were done there for woman's sake, and that sorceress were the sole motor of this great buzzing workshop of brains. Their claims, their features, their coquetries, their feints, their artifices, are only one spice the more to the ardor of those who give themselves up to the mercy of these sirens ; true lovers, like sailors, do not fear squalls and tempests ; *Fluctuat nec mergitur* [It tosses about but is not sunk] is the device of the Parisienne who embarks the passions on her flagship.

THE SNOBS.

By JULES LEMAÎTRE.

(Translated for this work.)

[François Élie Jules Lemaître, one of the most voluminous of recent French critics, and of high repute, was born at Vennecy in 1853, studied at the Superior Normal School in Paris, and graduated in letters in 1875. He was professor of rhetoric successively in Havre, Algeria, Besançon, and Grénoble; in 1884 devoted himself entirely to literature. He became editor of the *Revue Bleue*, then dramatic critic on the *Journal des Débats*. Of many volumes of his collected critiques, the most important are "Les Contemporains" (7 vols.) and "Impressions of the Theatre" (4 vols.). He has also produced the comedies "La Revoltée" (1889), "The Deputy Leveau," and "The White Marriage"; the novels, "Serenus, the History of a Martyr" (1886), "The Woods" (1892), and "Ten Tales" (1889).]

The word *snob* has been greatly used for some years, — and by the snobs themselves, like all fashionable words. I will employ it, with your permission, in the much enlarged sense it pleases the Parisians to understand it in, and with which the author of "Vanity Fair" would perhaps be astonished.

We have had successively the snobs of the naturalistic and documentary romance, the snobs of artistic writing, the snobs of psychology, the snobs of pessimism, the snobs of symbolic and mystical poetry, the snobs of Tolstoi and Russian evangelism, the snobs of Ibsen and Norwegian individualism; the snobs of Botticelli, of St. Francis of Assisi, and of English æstheticism; the snobs of Nietzsche and the snobs of the "egoistic cult"; the snobs of intellectualism, occultism, and Satanism, without prejudice to the snobs of music and painting, and the snobs of socialism, and the snobs of the toilette, of sport, of society and of aristocracy, — which are often the same as the literary snobs, for snobisms are invincibly drawn to each other and can then accumulate. But I will here speak only of snobism in literature; and truly I know not whether this will turn out a satire or an apology on it.

What then, in truth, is snobism? It is the alliance of a docility of spirit almost touching and the most laughable vanity. The snob does not perceive that to be blindly infatuated with the art and literature of to-morrow is within the range even of fools; that it is as little original to follow one-sidedly every novelty as to attach himself one-sidedly to every tradition, and that one demands no more effort than the other; for as La

Bruyere says, "two contrary things bias our minds equally, habit and novelty." It is by the contrast between its real banality and its pretension to originality that the snob lends himself to ridicule. The snob is a pretentious Panurge sheep, a sheep who jumps with the line, but with an important air.

Now, this vainglorious docility, this false audacity of mediocre and empty minds, this ardor for novelties solely because they are novelties or are believed to be such, is all very human; and that is why, if the word *snobism* is recent in the sense in which we are employing it, the thing itself is of all times.

There were snobs of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, snobs of affectation. Cathos and Madelon [Molière's] are properly snobinettes, and the authentic ancestresses of the bizarre dames you see in the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. "It is there you know the goal of things, the great goal, the goal of the goal," is a snob's phrase, and even an æsthete's. Madelon went to that expense of admiration apropos of Mascarille's impromptu; she would expend it to-day apropos of some symbolic poem in invertebrate verse, and would be just as well understood. The literary snobism of Gorgibus' daughters is complicated, moreover, with society snobism and that of the toilette, or rather they are confounded; for it is with the same spirit that they judge Mascarille's verses and his breeches or his gloves. In short, they are all of a piece. Another sort of snob is the Marquis in the "Critique de l'École des Femmes": a snob of Aristotle (whom he has discovered in the Abbé d'Aubignac), and the three unities: for the three unities of Aristotle, which are not in Aristotle, form a novelty, a fashion, "the last cry," before being old rubbish; and the Marquis defends them in the same spirit and with the same competence that some innocent red-waistcoat of 1830 would mock them.

When the young court forsook the old Corneille for the author of "Andromaque" and "Bajazet," there were, make no doubt of it, Racine snobs. And there were in the following century snobs of philosophy, those of Anglomania, those of sensibility and of love of nature; snobs of Rousseau and of Bernardin de St. Pierre. The pastorals of Trianon [Marie Antoinette's] were sports of the charming snobism of a queen. The snobs of optimism made the Terror. If I name in addition the snobs of romanticism and those of realism and those of positivism, we shall have rejoined the snobs of the last twenty years, whom I enumerated at the outset. Thus snobism, parallel with the

series of innovating writers, forms an unbroken chain all along our literary history.

What is there to say? That the snobs play a blind rôle, but sometimes an efficacious one, in the development of literature. They are mistaken, doubtless, in the opinion they have of themselves and the reasons they give for their preferences, but not always in those preferences themselves. As they rush indifferently toward everything that affects an air of originality, they attach themselves oftenest to ridiculous and passing modes; but it is inevitable that they should sometimes attach themselves also to novelties which abide; and their concurrence then is not to be neglected. They will not be able to sustain long the false and the fragile, and that which has nothing enduring in itself; but their zeal, however ignorant, may hasten the triumph of that which is appointed to live. Their errors are never of long consequence, but the noise they make may be of use when by chance they are not mistaken. They have then, upon occasion, their social utility. On that account they must be treated gently, and, without being honored, at least absolved.

But really, why not honored? I firmly believe that some of the most fortunate occurrences in our literature — for example, the purification and refining of the language in the first half of the seventeenth century, the entry of the political and natural sciences into the literary domain in the eighteenth, the sentimental and naturalist movement provoked by Jean Jacques, and the romantic evolution followed by the realistic evolution which the idealist reaction, a little turbid, at which we are assisting, followed in turn — would not have been accomplished as quickly without the snobs. Since mediocre minds are perforce always in the majority, there must assuredly be minds that though mediocre are restless and preoccupied with newness, which assure the victory of innovations with vitality. What are called good minds — that is, those which are at once docile and modest — are capable rather of retarding that victory.

Good minds distrust themselves; they are tempted to believe that "all has been said, since there are men and thinking ones." They have the mania of recognizing very ancient things in what is presented to them as new. For them, Ibsen and Tolstoi are already in George Sand; all romanticism is already in Corneille; all realism in "Gil Blas"; all the sentiment of nature in the poets of the Renaissance, and back of that

in the ancient poets ; all the stage in the "Orestes," and all romance in the "Odyssey." They say at each professed invention, "What is the use? we have had that." The snobs, more credulous, sometimes find themselves clearer sighted, without well knowing why. Almost all the snobisms which I have enumerated to you were the tumultuous and flurried auxiliaries of enterprises finally interesting. A history of snobism would be tangent at many points with the history of the evolutions of literature and art.

There is more. I have said that what distinguishes snobs from other minds that are submissive and destitute of originality, is that they have vainglorious and noisy docility. Alas ! is that really a distinguishing mark of them ? You can put vanity and self-sufficiency even into submission to the past, even into the worship of tradition, even into routine. People are just as proud of defending immobility as of urging on progress, and are imposed on in the one case equally with the other. In a word, tradition or progress, the one is not established or the other determined except by the docility or the credulity of subaltern minds, and by the suggestion exercised over them by some superior minds around which they range themselves, in two camps, the snobs of novelty and the snobs of usage, diversely, but equally, docile, and satisfied to be so.

This is very right. One perceives it when he tries to be sincere with himself and judge by himself. We discover that some of our greatest admirations have been imposed on us ; that the things which give us the most pleasure or do us the most good are not always the recognized and consecrated works, but some less celebrated book, which speaks to us more closely and penetrates farther within us. Now, if every one did thus, what disorder ! what anarchy ! No literary history would be possible, or even conceivable, if the multitude did not believe some people on their word.

Lastly, this suggestion which the guiding minds, and if you will, the critics worthy of the name, exercise on the vulgar, they often also exercise among themselves. Yes, there is in criticism a great part of auto-suggestion, and I might almost say, of auto-snobism. Man is so made that he feeds his vanity on his admirations ; he piques himself on admiring for reasons that belong to himself, and then admires himself for admiring with so much originality. Through this, even the most loyal critic is led to exaggerate the beauty he feels in a writer, and

almost to invent it. Dogmatist or impressionist, he readily forms judgments that resemble challenges, and in which he takes so much the more satisfaction. Nisard has it as well as Taine, to mention only the dead. Every critic is more or less his own dupe, the dupe of his theories and his general ideas, which falsify unknown to him his particular judgments. Every critic affects to see at certain moments, and ends by seeing in a work what others do not see there, and can say like Philaminte: —

> "I know not whether each resembles me,
> But underneath I hear a million words."

Thus the snobs of the crowd have for guides the fashions of the inventive and superior snobs; and at the point where we have arrived, snobism appears to us only as one of the particular names of the universal illusion by which humanity lasts and even seems to go forward.

Here the snobs are avenged, I fancy. They swarm at the present time, and that is rather a good token, if it means that rarely have there been so many people interested in art and literature. The flourishing of snobism proves, not the wholesomeness, but the abundance, and so to speak the intensity, of literary production. And that is why I have spoken to you of snobs with amenity.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH COSTUME.

By JULES LEMAÎTRE.

(Translated for this work.)

THE judgments of some considerable persons on the "high hat" have just been published. "Let us enlarge the question," if you wish, and try to find what the contemporary costume amounts to. Or, to proceed with method, let us see what the costume ought to be, what it is, and why it is so.

As to what it should be, philosophers do not hesitate. Clothing has for its object to protect the body against cold, and next to adorn it.

Useful, we desire it to be also as convenient as may be. The ideal is that the clothing should save us from a danger without imposing superfluous embarrassments on us. It ought not then to compress any portion of the body.

All the less that in compressing the body it must deform it. Now this will be an injury, a human body of normal proportions being necessarily the most beautiful thing we know. If then, after having considered clothing as useful, we look at it as decorative, it is evident that it can ornament the body only on condition of respecting its contours, of not breaking its harmonious entirety and unity.

Moreover, the materials employed for the costume are especially tissues. Tissues float naturally, make themselves folds, and that is their proper grace. It must be respected also : tissues, then, must not stick to the body.

These principles are perfectly observed in the antique toilette. Notice the paintings on the Greek vases, and notice the figurines of Tanagra. In this system, the least change of attitude translates itself into displacements of the folds of the entire clothing ; so that in spite of the simplicity and uniformity of the separate articles of their garb, the Tanagrines offer silhouettes and arrangements of lines much more varied and unexpected than our Parisians with their complicated trappings.

Another remark: the Greek or Latin costume is the same in principle for man and for woman. It does not disguise the difference of the sexes, but it does not apply itself to accentuating them. The tunic is only a shorter *stola*. The men's garments drape themselves as largely as those of their companions. The clothing is for both the one sex and the other floating and decorative.

Now let us look at the toilette of our contemporaries. We recognize at once that it departs from all former principles. Two things strike the eye: (1) the costume is always more or less shaped ; (2) it differs very profoundly according to sex.

Without doubt the shaped vesture could be explained in origin by climate, against which it was desirable to be shielded. But it is clear that this utility is no longer present, except very accessorily, in the minds of our tailors and dressmakers. *None* of these rules that I remember is observed to-day in the feminine toilette. The corsage is not content with conforming to the torso of the woman to protect her : it compresses and kneads

it. The stuffs are stretched on rigid frameworks that modify very notably the shape of the chest. And from decade to decade the petticoats, too ample and too narrow by turns, spread themselves over artificial and immoderate contours, or clasp the real contours the closest possible: two different methods of conveying a like impression to us.

What impression?

Women have made it their business to exaggerate all the parts which nature has made most salient in the feminine body: the breast, the hips, the rump, and even, in a more discreet manner, the abdomen. This result has been above all attained by a savage compression of the waist. And artifices of detail have come to complete this first artifice. They have augmented the relief of the contours by the corset, or on the contrary by the sheath that confines the thighs. Without counting the leg-of-mutton sleeves that make the waist appear still thinner, or the high heels made to throw the bust forward and impose on the movements of the body a constraint which reveals the forms better, in a general way women have been at once considerably amplified — and cut in two in the middle.

You see the effects of this division. The unity of the feminine body being broken, we no longer embrace it easily at a single glance; but our eyes are drawn by turn to the two parts that compose it, and in each part, to its prominences. In a word, the waist, as our contemporaries understand it, no longer supple and comfortable as with the women of old, but a total deformer of the body, even to the reversal of the proportions of the thoracic cage, resolutely divides the woman into two — to localize our attention.

In brief, the feminine toilette has become, essentially, expressive of sex.

It has of course remained decorative in the detail of its ornaments — where moreover the "decoration" takes on more and more a charactor of archæological curiosity. It is thus that for twenty years, we have seen pass in changing fantasies, in the apparel of women, many reminiscences, discreet or audacious, of what they have found pretty or extravagant in the fashions of their progenitors or the national costumes of all the countries of the world. But the great originality of the feminine toilette is in reality, at bottom, to express what I have said.

Thence its strange charm. I have not to inquire whether

this charm has not its ransom : disorders of stomach and bowels, anæmia, sick headaches, womb diseases, premature deliveries, etc. Add the absurdity and abomination, from the social point of view, of a system of toilette entirely incompatible with pregnancy, so that this condition, so truly "interesting," which did not betray itself in the antique toilette save by a slight increase of amplitude, appears to a young woman of our days like an unmentionable monstrosity, and one that beckons the risibility of onlookers.

The corset is the essential part and secretly the generatrix of the whole feminine adjustment ; and neither maternity nor nursing will endure the corset. Draw the conclusion : it is lamentable. The actual toilette of women is the irreconcilable enemy of their natural duties : that is the truth.

Let us pass to men's garments. At no epoch, I believe, has it been so profoundly different from that of women.

The contours of the feminine body are a very sensible departure from the straight line ; the toilette does its best to draw them still farther away from it. The masculine contours depart from it much less ; the toilette brings them the closest possible to it. While our feminine companions' toilette has for its supreme object the attraction of sex, and does not care at all for convenience, it is with convenience almost alone that our costume concerns itself. It has ended by making an absolute contrast with theirs.

Democracy has aided in this evolution, by suppressing, especially for men, the differences of costume between classes. To-day it is only women who deck themselves in "jabots" [chemise frills], in "petites oies" ["goose giblets:" the small-fry of a clothing outfit, as gloves, ties, etc.], ribbons, laces, and gewgaws, and who sport handsome fabrics of striking colors. With us, the differences are only in the underlying quality of the fabrics, and in their more or less skillful and precise cut. The invention of exquisites confines itself to the cravat, the velvet collar, the pleat of a shirt front, or the care of the "unders." But a neatly dressed workman comes very close to a careless bourgeois.

We need not bewail this. The practical uniformity of the masculine fashion, opposing itself to the medley of colors, the superficial diversity, and the constraining artifices of the feminine mode, indicates to the eye that man is born to act

and woman to please, and suggests the idea to us that this extreme differentiation of costume between the sexes is perhaps one of the marks of extreme civilization.

The feminine toilette is not convenient; it is even deadly. It is also immoral, since it is anti-maternal and anti-suckling; but it is delicious.

The masculine garb is not delicious; but it is so convenient!

Only, as the masculine garb is inspired above all by convenience, I wish it might follow out its principle entirely, while offending beauty as little as possible.

The pantaloon will do! If it lacks grace, as I think, the form could not be modified without incommoding us greatly. I do not regret the knee-breeches. No more do I regret the mauve, delicate blue, purple, or shot-colored garments. I do not aspire in the least to promenade the streets in the outfit of a stage marquis. But I do wish the vesture might have the right to be more floating, more easy, not resemble a tortoise, as that is still seen elsewhere than on fashion plates.

The redingote is tolerable, on account of its large skirts. But the jacket is ugly, and the dress-coat is hideous for the inexplicable wing-sheaths with which it adorns the back. The neck and breast of the starched shirt make diverting spots of light by the very crudity of their glitter, and a single and precise clean-cut air; but I would wish the soft shirt, and even the colored (nothing would hinder it from being neat and pretty), tolerated everywhere, and at all hours. I would ask the same favor, — and also the right to be velvet, — for the *veston*, dear to the poets and "artists" [actors], and which can be charming: the people of Louis XIII.'s time knew it well. Finally, I would wish the abolition of the tall hat, an object at least as inconceivable and as mysterious as the dress-coat, and still more dreadful, despite the perverse wontedness of our eyes. —

But I am quite sensible here that I am in a complete dream.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THINKERS IN PROMULGATING IDEAS.

By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

(Translated for this work.)

[FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, French *littérateur*, was born at Toulon in 1849; studied at Marseilles and Paris, and read enormously in literature and literary history; in 1886 became lecturer on French Literature in the École Normale; went on the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1875 as literary critic, and in 1893 was made chief editor and elected to the Academy. He is the most important upholder of tradition and authority, political, literary, and ecclesiastical, among French men of letters. He had published (mostly collected articles) five series of "Critical Studies on the History of French Literature" (1880–1893), "The Naturalistic Novel" (1884), "History and Literature" (1884–1886), "Questions of Criticism" (1889), "New Questions of Criticism" (1890), "The Evolution of Types in History and Literature" (1890), "Evolution of Types in the Lyric Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," and "The Periods of the French Theatre."]

How do ideas act? that is, how do they transform themselves into acts or "impulses of passion"? Directly and immediately, first: by giving self-consciousness to our appetites and desires still indistinct and confused; by formulating them for us, so to speak; by insensibly stripping them of whatever are found shameful or guilty in them when we were merely experiencing them.

Ideas act in another manner, less direct, slower, but not less sure and more encroaching, when instead of the actors they modify the environment whence the latter draw the motives for their resolutions. We have a memorable example in history of the most general of ideas, whose influence continues to be exerted over us. At first there are only jests, keen epigrams, *mots*, which make simple souls doubt the truth of their old beliefs. Nevertheless the idea makes headway; after first being scoffed at, it chafes at the contradiction it meets; toleration no longer suffices it, it must have acceptance, it claims to govern conduct in its turn; the jokes change to insults, epigrams to scurrilities; after Montesquieu, Voltaire; after Voltaire, Diderot; after Diderot, "the Holbachian coterie"; after D'Holbach, M. Naigeon. A gloom seems to gather; a mighty uproar bursts out; a revolution destroys everything to rebuild everything; and after twenty years of strife, in which one would suppose nobody had remembered the idea, here it emerges, the only thing alive, the only thing subsisting above the ruins of the ancient edifice, victorious, triumphant, haloed

with glory at the summit of the new order. This is the history of *Physis*, "kind Nature" as Rabelais calls it; and since the barely hundred and fifty or say hundred years ago that it vanquished the Christian idea, opening one's eyes is sufficient to perceive that it has modified everything, — custom and law, family and education, politics and morals, the very object and conception of life, — this idea, wholly pagan and besides perfectly unscientific, of the natural goodness of man.

Further, I ask again, how can one deny the influence of ideas on manners, when from decade to decade we can follow the trail of the latter's progress? Who is it that said, "The flights of birds, currents of air, and megrims have more than once decided the history of the world"? But how much truer this is, I do not say of a theory, of an idea even, I say of a word tossed forth at random, almost without thinking, which happens to find a soil favorable for its development! Take Rousseau out of the history of the eighteenth century, you retard the Revolution perhaps twenty or twenty-five years; take out of his work the "Social Contract," you render the Jacobin programme impossible; take out of the "Social Contract" only the sixth and seventh chapters of the fourth book, you have suppressed Robespierre.

And lest it be objected here that when locked up in a book as hard to read as the "Social Contract," or as tedious as the "Encyclopædia," ideas do not radiate beyond a narrow circle, to remain in some sort the occupation or amusement of a few idlers or a few pedants; — no matter what the nature of the ideas or the theories he teaches, a "thinker" always finds a "sub-thinker" to popularize them. Though few Frenchmen read the "Origin of Species" or the "History of Natural Creation," and those are rarer yet who know the "Phenomenology" of Hegel or "The World as Will and Representation," — if you were to question a habitual reader of the *Petit Journal* or the *Petite Presse*, you would find them very crudely informed, but informed nevertheless, on pessimism and Darwinism, on evolution and the relationship of man to the monkey.

No one can say by what channels ideas are propagated, nor how much refraction, accommodation, and finally deformation, they suffer in passing from the brain of a Darwin or a Schopenhauer into that of a vaudevillist or the songwright of the music-hall, who popularize them while intending to mock them. They are propagated, none the less; and the times are past, if indeed they ever existed, for what used to be called *esoterism* or *initia-*

tion. Metaphysics themselves are fabricated with open doors; and a novelty is no sooner hatched in the privacy of the laboratory than it is already talked of from the Madeleine to the Bastille; — another and new reason why those who constitute themselves interpreters of or commentators on ideas should scrupulously watch their word and their pen. With a single false idea, the evil they can do is greater than of old by all the readers that in our age the book, the newspaper, and the advertisement have added to those of the eighteenth century.

But even this is not all; and here is another way in which ideas *objectivize* themselves, or traverse the path from the "potency" to the "act." It is by entering into the blood of the new generation, so to speak; by becoming habits, or rather instincts, ideas properly *inborn;* and at the same time the principle or the rule of education. One may believe he thinks independently of others; he may believe he acts in his own motion; he may pity the "prejudices" of others: and half his life glides away, or sometimes his whole life, before he has extricated himself from the heredity of his parents, the lessons of his masters, the example of his contemporaries, the spirit of his country, his times, and his surroundings. He lives, of course, but whence comes his life? He acts, but under the impulsion of what motive power does he act? He acts under the impulsion of ideas which the ages have *capitalized* in us; he lives under the domination of ideas, sometimes many centuries old, which have become part and parcel of our substance.

And the most determined partisans of the powerlessness of ideas know it very well. For why do they not raise their *children* under other surroundings, in another condition, than their own, for another species of life? Why do they not expose them to all sorts of contacts or companionships, or themselves guide them rather indifferently, after any chance method, or even without any method? Because they do not deny, they will say, the power of education? But what is education, then, except the body of methods which substitute for the instinctive springs of natural action the reasoned motives of social morality? and what are those motives themselves but the abstracts, the essence, the sum-totals of ideas, so to say, transformed by time and usage into principles of conduct?

The slightest order you give a child, the slightest counsel you give a youth, imply conception of the object of life. Orders or counsels, if you do not intrust it to strangers or to the experi-

ence of life to inculcate them on the child, if you wish to give them yourself or that any one else should give such as you wish, it is because you do not doubt that such things will change their opinion on the rules or motives of their actions. But if, in fine, a conception of life is not what is called a "theory" or an "idea," then it is because we no longer know what words are intended to express. . . .

Yes or no, do you think, do you believe, it is permissible for man to treat man as a "means"? Yes or no, do you believe there is neither "good" nor "evil"? Yes or no, do you believe the names of *baralipton* or *frisesomorum* are hardly emptier of sense than those of "vice" or "virtue"? That is the question, sharply put; and to facilitate the answer, I will tell you myself what I think of the rights of science and truth.

One would believe, to hear you, that the superstition of "science" must replace among men that of the fallen gods; and "truth" no more than "certainty" would admit in the future either differences, distinctions, or degrees. Of these two errors, the first is practiced or rather glorified in your laboratories; I think I remember that the second was formerly taught in all the "treatises on logic": but they are none the less two errors, and it is easy to demonstrate the fact.

The first is of no great consequence, and — be it said without offense to any one, as also without slighting the grandeur of science — it is enough that in six thousand years, all the progress accomplished has not advanced us one step toward the knowledge of our origin, our nature, or our end. Now, so long as "science" has no answer to these questions, it will only be, like the "religions" it supposes itself to have replaced, what Pascal calls a "diversion"; that is, a method of fending us off from thinking about the only questions that interest us, and of cheating the despair into which our impotence to resolve them would otherwise plunge us. Under these conditions, I hardly fear that science will ever arrive at that universal empire which has been promised it every time it has replaced wagons by railroads or tincture of colchicum by salicylate of soda; and, reassured on that side, I enjoy, as becomes a man of the nineteenth century, the new remedies it procures me, — though I am told otherwheres that they shorten my life, — my power augmented by it, the distractions with which it overwhelms me, and the vast horizons it half discloses to me.

But the other error is more serious. If we could, it has been

said, leave this little corner of the world we are shut up in, and transport ourselves to the source of things, we should grasp, in a fertile and enormous unity, the supreme formula that governs at once the evolution of the planets through space and the circulation of the blood in our veins, the movements of those great bodies whose immensity overwhelms our littleness and the agitations of our humble ant-hills. I know nothing about it, any more than those who say it. But what I do know, on the other hand, because each day brings me a new proof of it, is, that we can never attain to any but relative truths; it is, that most special sciences are to each other like "incommunicable vessels"; it is, in a word, that truth is not "one" for us, but fragmentary, multiple, and diverse.

There are truths of the geometric order which give us the impression, or perhaps illusion, of necessity. There are truths of the physical order, already less necessary, of which one can conceive that they might be other than they are. For is it necessary, *e.g.*, that a given body should have affinity for another? or that electricities of opposite poles should mutually attract? The truths of the natural order, in their turn, are more contingent still, more *relative*, so to say, at one point in space, at one moment in time. Beyond the narrow limits of our solar system, as far as Sirius and Aldebaran, and farther and higher still, it is probable that the sum of the angles of a triangle is constantly equal to two right angles. It is equally probable, it is even certain, — we know it, — that bodies in the sun combine under the same laws, in the same proportions, as at the surface and down into the bowels of our terraqueous globe. But that which is not certain at all, and whose contrary is even more probable, is that if there is life in Saturn or in Jupiter, it obeys the same laws as here below, is incarnated in the same forms, transmits and continues itself by the same means. It is no longer certain that there have always been men on the earth or always must be.

So far then, it is evident, as we pass from one order of truths to another, the character of truth itself changes with the objects it is affirmed for, glimpsed in, I might say supposed of. Its necessity decreases; its contingency augments; and they are, in a word, the first at its lowest degree, the second at its highest, or if you will its maximum, when from the truths of the physical or natural order we pass to the truths of the human order.

From the fact that they are not all of the same order, nor capable of the same species of demonstration, of evidence, and of certitude, it results that these truths do not form one body; that from one order of truths to another there is no passage; and even that then they can be not only in opposition, but in contradiction. They may agree higher up, but they are irreconcilable in the spirit of man. "From all bodies together," says Pascal, "we cannot make one little thought flourish: *that is impossible, and of another order.* From all bodies and minds, we cannot draw one impulse of charity: *that is impossible, and of another order — supernatural.*" So the laws of movement are not those of life, though they are embodied in living beings; and the laws of morals are not those of physiology. From the laws of nature or life, then, we have no right to draw conclusions on the laws of morals or society; these are otherwise, and very likely they may have links between themselves, but we do not know it.

"When we read most of the philosophies that have treated of the passions and conduct of man," says Spinoza, — and mind, he is thinking of Pascal, — "we must believe there has been no question with them of natural things, ruled by the general laws of the universe, but of things placed outside the domain of nature." Just there, in that sally, rather than in his definition of *substance or mode*, is the great error of the "Ethics." If man is not placed outside the domain of nature, nevertheless he only becomes man by distinguishing himself from it; and to confound him with nature, on the pretense that he is in fact interwoven with it, is to attempt knowing him better by suppressing at the outlet what there is distinctively human in him. I have said, and I repeat, there is no error more serious, because there is none which takes less account, in the search for truth, of the very nature of the truth that is searched for.

Let scientists, then, abandon themselves to every license, and reclaim in physics or in chemistry, in natural history or in physiology, the full liberty of error. But let them learn, nevertheless, or rather let them relearn, that this liberty is bounded by the very nature of the object they are occupying themselves with. Nobody has a right to deny free will in the name of universal determinism, or moral responsibility under the pretext that nature gives us only lessons of immorality. From the fact, let us say, that one can swim admirably or wield the sword like St. George, it of course does not follow that he can write

an epic poem or resolve a problem in transcendental geometry. Similarly, because animals obey the prompting of their lawless instincts, it does not follow that morality can be founded on the legitimacy of ours; nor because the struggle for existence is the law of their evolution, that pity may not on the contrary be that of humanity. The first rule of logic is to conclude from the same to the same; and we find fault that the scientists do not observe that rule when they attack the principles of the social order with arguments which they draw more or less ingeniously from the embryogeny of the amphioxus.

They need not be afraid, for all that, lest "routine" should become the mistress of the world. Before [his adversaries] had done us the honor to attempt teaching it to us, we had greatly doubted whether "All was for the best in the best of worlds" [Leibnitz, ridiculed by Voltaire in "Candide"]; and that if men had invented nothing better to solace their woes than to make a common stock of them, they had nevertheless plenty to do yet. Even the admiration, the devotion, — a trifle bigoted, if I may dare to say so, — which is publicly professed for "science," we do not experience, on our own part, for a social organization where progress seems conditioned by so many sufferings even yet, so much misery, and so much iniquity. We ask only, if people wish to lay hands on that ancient organization, that it shall never be done save with a prudent, almost timid hand, with pious precautions, as is befitting on questions where the least error propagates itself in infinite waves of suffering.

But we ask above all that there should not be dropped into the search after moral truth, considerations which are foreign to them, or rather enemies, necessarily enemies; and finally, that men should only treat with arguments of a purely human order the problems of which humanity is not merely the occasion or the subject, but even the sole ground of existence. It is in truth not to oppose the progress of a science, to try, in determining more closely its object, to regularize its methods; and we do nothing else in demonstrating that if there are some portions in common between the science of nature and the science of man, there is nevertheless in each of them something irreducible to the other.

SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES.

By CATULLE MENDÈS.

(Translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[CATULLE MENDÈS was born at Bordeaux in 1841, and early went to Paris to seek his literary fortune. At barely eighteen he founded the *Revue Fantaisiste*, and published in it a play in verse, "The Romance of a Night," which earned him and the printer a month's imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs. He has since wrought in poetry, romance, and the drama, striving like the other "Parnassians" to capture public attention by extreme and sometimes finical literary style, and violent or slippery moral situations and tone; but his real art and grace of style are of the finest. His fertility has been so immense that only a few of his publications can be mentioned. Besides several dramas and several collections of poems, he has written, among others, "Amorous Follies," 1877; "Life and Death of a Clown," 1879; "The Virgin King," 1881; "The Crime of Old Blas," 1882; "Parisian Monsters," 1882; "Girls," 1884; "The Short Petticoat," 1884; "To Read at the Bath," and "Glass Drawing-Rooms," 1884; "All the Kisses," 1884-1885; "The Isles of Love," 1885; "The End of the End," advice to a young man destined for love, 1885; "Spinning-wheel Stories," 1885; "The Pink and the Black," 1885; "Lesbia," 1886; "Grand-Maquet," a novel, 1888; "The Confessional," short stories, 1890; "Mephistophela," 1890; also literary studies, "The Legend of Contemporary Parnassus," 1884; and "The Seventy-two Days of the Commune," 1871."]

THE GOLDEN KISSES.

I.

SHE sang the songs that the birds had taught her, but she sang them more sweetly even than the birds; he played the Basque tambourine like a dancer from the land of Bohemia, but never gypsy ran his fingers so lightly over the tense skin where the copper pendants jingled; and they went along the roads with their music. Who were they? That question would have embarrassed them greatly. All they remembered was, that they had never slept in a bed nor eaten at a table; those who lodge in houses or dine off cloths were not of their family; they had not even any family at all. When very small, so small that they could hardly speak, they had met on a highroad, she coming out from a copse, he coming out from a ditch, — what wicked mothers had forsaken them? — and at once taken hold of hands, laughing. It rained a little that day; but affar off, beneath a clearing spot, the way was golden: they walked toward the sunlight, for they had never

itinerary but to go in the direction of pleasant weather. They would certainly have died of thirst and hunger, had not rivulets run through beds of cress, and had not the good women of the villages thrown them once and again some crust of bread too hard for the fowls. It was a sad thing to see them so wretched and so pale, those wandering babies. But one morning — now well grown — they were greatly surprised, on waking in the grass at the foot of a tree, to notice they had slept mouth to mouth; they found it sweet to have their lips united; they continued with open eyes the kiss of their slumber. Thenceforward they cared no more for their distresses; it mattered not that they were unhappy, since they were happy; there is no misery so cruel as love is sweet. Scantily clad in a few old rags, through which the sun scorched them and the rain drenched them, they did not envy the folk who wear cool stuffs in summer and cloaks of fur in winter; tatters, even in holes, have naught displeasing, when below those tatters you are pleasing to the one you love; and more than one great lady would have bartered her finest dress for the skin of a pretty beggar-maid. Wending all day long from village to village, they stopped in public squares, before mansions of wealth, whose windows sometimes opened, before inns where good-humored peasants were sitting at table; she sang her songs, he made his Basque tambourine boom and tinkle: if they were given a few coppers, — as happened more than once, for they were found agreeable to see and hear, — they were well content; but they hardly grieved if no one gave them aught. They were quits when they lay down together fasting. It is no great matter to have the stomach empty when you have the heart full; small need to pity the starveling whom love accords, in the night, under the stars, the celestial banquet of kisses.

II.

Once, none the less, they felt dreadfully sad. It was a season of raw northeasters, and they had received no alms for three whole days; tottering, finding each only a feeble strength to help sustain the other, they sheltered themselves in a farm-shed open to every blast. In vain they entwined with as warm a pressure as they might, — they were shivering most pitifully; even in kissing, their mouths remembered that they had not eaten. Ah, the poor things! And with despair for to-day

went disquietude for to-morrow. What should they do, what would become of them, if no charitable hands were to succor them? Alas, so young, must they perish, abandoned by all, on a heap of stones by the roadside, less hard than the hearts of men?

"What!" said she, "are we never to have what every one else has? Is it too much to ask a little fire to warm ourselves at, a little bread for our supper? It is cruel to think that so many people sleep comfortably in good warm houses, while we are here, trembling with cold, like birdlings without feathers and without nest."

He made no answer; he wept.

But all at once they might have believed that, dead already, they were in Paradise, such splendor of light shone round them, so radiant and like to the angels appeared to them the lady advancing toward them in a richly colored brocade gown, a golden wand in her hand.

"Poor darlings," she said, "your hapless condition touches me, and I wish to come to your aid. After being poorer than the most destitute, you shall be more opulent than the richest; you shall ere long have treasures that in all the land you cannot find coffers to inclose."

Hearing this, they thought themselves dreaming.

"O madame, how could such a thing happen?"

"You must know I am a fairy, to whom nothing is impossible. Henceforth, every time one of you opens your mouth, a piece of gold will drop out, and another, and another, and others yet; nothing can hinder you then from having greater riches than one can imagine."

Thereupon the fairy disappeared; and as on account of this prodigy they remained mute, their mouths wide open, there fell from their lips ducats, sequins, florins, doubloons, and so many beauteous coins you would have said it was raining gold!

III.

Some time thence, there was no talk in all the land but of a duke and a duchess who lived in a palace great as a city, dazzling as a starry sky; for the walls, built of the rarest marbles, were incrusted with amethysts and chrysoprases. The splendor of its exterior was nothing to the costliness of what was seen within. One would never be done if he tried to tell

of all the precious furnishings, all the golden statues that adorned the halls, all the jeweled chandeliers that sparkled beneath the ceilings. The eyes were blinded at beholding so many wonders. And the owners of the palace gave banquets there, which all were agreed in pronouncing incomparable. Tables so long that an entire people might have had place at them, were loaded with the most delicate viands, the most famous wines; it was in dishes of gold that the carvers dissected Tartary pheasants, and into cups formed of a single precious stone that the cupbearers poured out Canary wine. If some poor wretch who had not eaten since the day before had suddenly entered the dining-hall, he would have gone mad with amazement and delight. You may be sure the convives were not remiss in every sort of praise and admiration for the hosts who treated them so royally. What contributed not a little to put the people in good humor was, that the duke and duchess, so soon as they opened their mouths to eat or to speak, let fall from them pieces of gold, which the servants gathered up in baskets and distributed to all who were present, after the dessert.

The renown of so much wealth and largess spread so far that it reached even to Fairyland; and one of the fairies — she who had appeared in brocade gown in the farm-shed open to every blast — formed the project of paying a visit to her clients, in order to view close at hand the happiness she had given them and to receive their thanks.

But when, toward evening, she entered the sumptuous chamber to which the duke and duchess had just withdrawn, she had a strange surprise; since, far from evincing joy and thanking her, they threw themselves at her feet, their eyes full of tears, sobbing with grief.

"Is it possible!" said the fairy; "what is this I see! Are you not satisfied with your lot?"

"Alas, madame, we are so unhappy that we shall die of sorrow if you do not take pity on us."

"What! do you not find yourselves rich enough?"

"Only too much so!"

"Can it be you are discontented at seeing nothing fall from your lips but always gold pieces, and that to have the relish of a change, you would like me to make diamonds, or sapphires large as turtles' eggs, come forth?"

"Ah, preserve us from it!"

"Then tell me what afflicts you, for I really cannot guess."

"Noble fairy, it is very pleasant to warm yourself when cold, and to eat when hungry; but there is a better thing still than either of those, — and that is to kiss on the lips when you love! Now, since you have made us rich, we know this happiness no longer, alas! for every time we open our lips to join them, detestable sequins or horrible ducats come out, and it is gold that we kiss."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "I had not thought of that inconvenience. But there is no remedy for it, and you will have to make up your minds to it."

"Never! Let your heart be softened. Can you not take back this frightful present you have granted us?"

"To be sure. But you must know that you will lose, not only the gift of pouring out gold, but with it all the wealth you have acquired."

"Ah, what matters that!"

"Be it done, then," said the fairy, "according to your wish."

And, touched with the wand, they found themselves once more in a season of raw northeasters, in a farm-shed open to every blast; what they had been till lately, that they were anew, — hungry, half-naked, trembling with cold, like birdlings without feathers and without nest. But they refrained from laments, and deemed themselves more than happy, with lips upon lips.

The Heart's Memory.

I.

The kingdom was in affliction because the young king, since he had become a widower, paid no more attention whatever to affairs of state, but passed his days and nights in weeping before a portrait of his dear lost one. This portrait he had painted himself of old, having learned to paint on purpose; for there is nothing more cruel to a lover or a truly enraptured husband than leaving to another the task of reproducing the beauty of his beloved: artists have a way of gazing at their models close to, which could not please a jealous person; they do not put on the canvas all they have seen; something must be held back in their eyes, and in their hearts as well. And this portrait was

now the young king's only solace; he could not restrain his tears in contemplating it, but he would not have exchanged the bitterness of those tears for the sweetness of the happiest smiles. In vain did his ministers come and tell him, "Sire, we have received disquieting news: the new king of Ormuz is raising an innumerable army to invade your states;" he pretended not to hear, his gaze ever fixed on the adored image.

One day he fell into a great wrath and nearly killed one of his chamberlains, for hazarding the hint that the most legitimate sorrows ought not to be eternal, and that his master would do well to think of marrying some young maiden — emperor's niece or peasant's daughter, it mattered not. "Monster!" cried the inconsolable widower, "how dare you give such dastardly counsel! Would you have me unfaithful to the most lovable of queens? Take yourself out of my sight, or you shall perish by my own hand. But before you go, understand and repeat it to every one, that never shall a woman sit on my throne or sleep in my bed, unless she is in every point like her I have lost!" And he knew very well that in speaking thus he pledged himself to almost nothing. Such as she lived again in her golden frame, — dead, alas! for all that — the queen was so perfectly beautiful that in all the earth one could not find her peer. Brunette, with long soft hair that flowed like liquid ebony, forehead rather high and of amber-tinted ivory, eyes of the depth and blackness of night, mouth well opened by a smile where all her teeth glittered, — she defied comparisons and resemblances; and even a princess who had received in her cradle the most precious gifts of all the good fairies could not have had such beautiful somber hair, such deep dark eyes, nor that forehead, nor that mouth.

II.

Many months passed by, — more than a year, — without bringing any happy alteration in the gloomy state of affairs. News more and more alarming was received from Ormuz: the king deigned not to have any care for the growing peril. It is true that the ministers collected the taxes in his name; but as they kept the money in place of employing it to equip soldiers, the country did not escape being ravaged, after having paid not to be so. So every day before the palace there were groups of people, who came to petition and complain. The lover of the

dead woman did not rise out of his melancholy; he had no attention save for the silent charm of the portrait.

Once, nevertheless, — it was the hour when the dawn tinges the glazings with rose and blue, — he turned toward the casement to listen to a song that went by, a thin shrill song, sweet and matinal as the carol of a lark. He took a few steps in surprise, glued his face to the pane, and looked out. He could hardly restrain a cry of delight! He had never seen anything so charming as this young shepherdess leading her flock of sheep afield. She was blond to such a degree that her hair gilded the sun rather than was gilded by it. She had a rather low forehead, rosy like young roses; clear eyes, of the clearness of dawn; and her laughing mouth was so tight that even when opened for the song she showed barely five or six little pearls. But the king, thoroughly charmed as he was, tore himself away from the sight, putting his hands over his closed eyes; and, ashamed of having for a moment turned away from the lovely deceased, he came back to the portrait, and knelt there weeping with sorrow and joy: he remembered no longer in any way that a shepherd maid had passed beneath the window, singing. "Ah! you may be quite sure," he groaned, "that my heart in mourning belongs to you forever, since there exists no woman that resembles you; and for me to constitute a queen would require that from a mirror where it should be immortalized, your image should come forth alive!"

III.

Now on the next morning, while admiring the portrait of the dead woman, he had a painful surprise. He said to himself: "There is something very strange here. I shall have to believe this hall is damp; the air that is breathed here is not good for paintings. For really, I remember perfectly that my queen's hair was not as dark as I see it here. No, surely, it had not that blackness of liquid ebony. It was sunny here and there, I remember, — the color of dawn, not of evening." He called for his brushes and his palette, and very quickly corrected the portrait which the damp air had spoiled. "All right now! Here is really the light golden head which I loved so passionately, which I shall always love." And full of a bitter pleasure, he renewed, on his knees before the image now just like the dear model, his oaths of eternal constancy.

But in truth, some malicious spirit must have been playing tricks on him; three days gone by, he was compelled to acknowledge that the portrait had once more undergone notable deteriorations. What did that mean? Why was this forehead of amber-tinted ivory so high? He had a good memory, thank God! and he was sure the queen had a small forehead, ruddy and fresh like young eglantines. With a few touches of the brush he lowered the golden hair in front, and made the forehead rosy — a clear rose. And he felt his heart full of an infinite tenderness for the restored picture.

The following day it was worse yet! It was evident that the eyes and mouth of the portrait had come to be changed by a mysterious will or by some accident. The beloved object had never had those somber pupils, of the blackness of night, nor that too much opened mouth, which showed nearly all the teeth. Oh, quite the contrary! the morning blue of the sky, where quivers the carol of the lark, could not equal in softness the azure of the eyes with which she regarded her lover; and as to what had been her mouth, it was so tight that even when opened for a song or a kiss, she showed barely a few dainty pearls. The young king felt himself seized with a violent wrath against that absurd portrait, which contradicted all his cherished memories! If he had had in his power the execrable enchanter to whom this transformation was due, — for to a certainty there was some enchantment here, — he would have avenged himself on him in terrible fashion. For a while he could have torn it down and trampled it under foot, that lying image! He calmed down, however, thinking the mischief was reparable. He set to work; he repainted it according to his faithful memories: and a few hours later, there was on the canvas a young woman with eyes of blue like the far-off dawn, and mouth so small that had it been a flower it could have barely held two or three drops of dew. And he gazed on his queen, full of a mournful rapture. "It is she! Ah! it is indeed herself!" he sighed.

And so he had no objection to make, the day when the chamberlain — who was in the habit of looking through keyholes — advised him to take for a wife a dainty little shepherdess who passed every morning before the palace, singing a song; for she resembled in every point — a little handsomer, perhaps — the portrait of the beautiful queen.

The Belle with the Snow Heart.

I.

In a certain kingdom there was a princess so beautiful that in every one's judgment, no one had ever seen anything so perfect on earth. It was useless that she was beautiful, however, for she would love no one. Despite her parents' prayers, she scornfully rejected every proposal made to her. When nephews or sons of emperors came to court to ask her hand, she deigned not even to look at them, however young and handsome, but turned her head with an air of disdain: "Truly, it is not worth my while to put myself out for so little a thing!" At last, on account of the coldness she exhibited on every occasion, this princess was surnamed "The Belle with the Snow Heart."

Vainly did her nurse, a good old woman of much experience, say to her with tears in her eyes: "Take care what you are doing, my daughter! It isn't an honest thing to give hard words for answer to people who love us with all their heart. What! among all these fine young men, so handsomely dressed, who are burning to obtain you in marriage, is there not a single one for whom you can experience some tender feeling? Take care, I tell you: the good fairies, by whom you have been granted an incomparable beauty, will be irritated some day or other if you keep on showing yourself stingy of their present. What they have given you, they wish you to give; the more you are worth, the more you owe; alms are to be measured by wealth. What will become of you, my child, if your guardian spirits, angry at your indifference, abandon you to the malice of certain fairies who rejoice in mischief, and are always hovering with bad intentions about young princesses?"

The Belle with the Snow Heart took no account of such good advice; she shrugged her shoulders, she looked in her mirror, and that was enough. As to the king and the queen, they showed themselves more grieved than tongue can tell, at the indifference their daughter obstinately maintained: at last they thought some evil spirit had laid a spell on her; they had the heralds proclaim, in all the countries of the world, that they would give the princess herself to him who should deliver her from the fate of which she was a victim.

II.

Now about this time, in a great forest, there was a woodcutter, most hideous in person, deformed, and lame from the weight of his hump, who was the terror of all the land: for in general he did not confine himself to cutting down trees — ambushed in some ravine, he awaited with uplifted ax the unsuspecting traveler, and lopped off his head as skillfully as the most experienced executioner could have done. That done, he stripped the body, and with the money he found in the pockets he bought food and wine, with which he gorged himself in his hut, setting up great cries of joy. So that this wicked man was happier than many virtuous people, so long as travelers passed through his forest. But he soon had so ill a repute that even the boldest made long circuits rather than traverse it; the woodcutter lay idle. For some days he lived passably on the remains of his former feasts, gnawing the bones, and draining into his cup the dregs of not quite emptied bottles. It was meager entertainment for a glutton and a drunkard such as he. The rigor of winter put the coping-stone to his ill-fortune. In his haunt, where the wind whistled through, and the snowflakes drifted in, he was perishing with cold as well as with hunger; as for begging succor of the dwellers in the neighboring village, he could not dream of it, on account of the hatred he had drawn on himself. You will wonder, "Why not have made a fire of fagots and dry branches?" Ah! because the wood, like the leaves, was so penetrated with ice there was no means of lighting it. It may be supposed likewise that to punish this infamous person, an unknown will hindered the fire from catching. However it was, the woodcutter spent most gloomy days and gloomier nights in presence of his empty larder, and before his fireless hearth; seeing him so gaunt and shivering, you could not have helped pitying him, if you had been ignorant of how he had earned his misery by his crimes.

Yet some one did have pity on him. It was a wicked fairy, called Mélandrine. As it pleased her to see evil done, it was natural she should love those who did it.

So one night, when he was in the utmost desolation, his teeth chattering, his fingers benumbed, and he would have sold his soul — which to say the truth was not worth much — for a blaze of straw, Mélandrine let herself appear to him, start-

ing from under the earth. She was not beautiful and fair, with wreaths of flowers in her tresses; she wore no brocade gown resplendent with jewels: but, ugly, bald, humpbacked like himself, tattered as a beggar-woman, you would have taken her for an aged mendicant of the roads; for when people are wicked they cannot look handsome, even if they are fairies.

"Don't despair, my poor fellow," said she: "I wish to come to your aid. Follow me."

Rather astonished at this apparition, he walked behind Mélandrine as far as a glade where piled-up snowdrifts were seen.

"Now light the fire," she said.

"Huh! madame, snow does not burn!"

"That is where you are mistaken. Here, take this wand of dogwood, which I have brought for you: it will be enough that you touch one of those great white heaps with it, to have the finest fire that ever was seen."

He did as she said. Judge of his astonishment! Scarce had the stick approached it when the snow burst into flame, as if it had been not snow but cotton wool; the entire dell was illumined by the blaze.

From that moment the woodcutter, while continuing to be hungry, at least no longer knew what it was to suffer from cold; as soon as he began to shiver, he made a snow-heap, in his hut or on the road; then he touched it with the wand which Mélandrine had left him, and warmed himself before a good fire.

III.

Some days after this occurrence, there was great excitement in the capital of the neighboring kingdom; the palace court was filled with men-at-arms who made the pavements ring with their halberds. But it was chiefest in the royal audience hall that emotion ran high: the most powerful princes of the world, with many another youth, had been given appointment there to attempt, by a courtly effort, to warm the feelings of the Belle with the Snow Heart at last.

The nephew of the Emperor of Trebizond bent the knee.

"I command a greater host of armed men than there are leaves in all the forests; and I have in my coffers more pearls than there are stars in the sky. Will you, O princess, reign over my people and adorn yourself with my pearls?"

"What did he say?" asked the princess.

In his turn, the son of the King of Mataquin knelt.

"Though still young, I have vanquished in tourneys the most illustrious champions; and with one blow of the sword I have cut off the hundred heads of a dragon who was devouring all the new-born and all the virgins of my kingdom. O princess, will you share my glory, which is still to grow?"

"He spoke so low," said the princess, "that I could not understand him."

Then other princes, after the heir of Trebizond and the heir of Mataquin, vaunted their power, their wealth, or their glory; next followed, bowing low with tender words, poets who played the guitar like seraphim on the harp. Knights who had defended the honor of ladies in the most perilous combats, and young pages too, trembling, rosy with shamefacedness, their lips quivering with the hope of a kiss.

But said the Belle with the Snow Heart: —

"What *do* all these people want? Ask them to go: I cannot bear their chatter any longer, and I am eager to be alone and look at myself in my mirror."

"Ah, my daughter, my daughter," said the nurse, "have a dread of irritating the good fairies!"

Then there advanced a clown, most hideous in person, deformed, and lame from the weight of his hump. The courtiers at the foot of the throne desired to drive him out, jeering at this peasant who meddled with pretensions to the hand of a royal female. Nevertheless he continued to approach, and with a wand he held in his hand he touched the corsage of the indifferent girl. "Ah, how I love him!" she cried out, feeling her whole nature take fire and melt into tenderness. Fancy the tumult that ensued! But a king has only his word: the princess' father had to let her go off with the wicked woodcutter toward the ill-famed forest; and she lived there in deep unhappiness, for her love did not blind her so much as to hide from her how utterly unworthy of it was he who had inspired it. And that was the punishment of the Belle with the Snow Heart.

The Two Daisies.

I.

Lambert and Landry, who were not happy in their family, being the sons of very poor people, resolved to go out through the world to seek their fortune. It was one morning in spring that they set off on the road. Landry was fifteen, Lambert sixteen, so they were still pretty young to vagabond it in this way: with much hope, they had a little uneasiness. But they were strangely re-comforted by an occurrence that befell them at the very outset of their journey.

As they skirted the edges of a little wood, a lady came to meet them: she was all appareled in flowers; buttercups and pimpernels laughed in her hair, the convolvulus with which her gown was enwreathed fell to her dainty shoes of moss that simulated green velvet; her lips were like an eglantine, her eyes were like corn-flowers. At every step she took, butterflies hovered about her in a sprinkling of dew. And it was not surprising that it should be so; for she was the fairy Primrose, whom you see in April pass with a song through the freshly green woods, and along the newly blossoming meadows.

"Here," said she to the two brothers, "since you are setting off on a long journey, I wish to make each of you a present. Landry, take this daisy; and you, Lambert, a daisy also. It will suffice to tear a petal from these flowers and cast it from you, in order to experience on the very instant a joy without peer, which will be precisely what you have wished. Go on, follow your road, and try to make good use of these presents of Primrose."

They thanked this obliging fairy with much politeness, then resumed their walk, as well satisfied as possible. But coming to a fork of the road, there was discord between them; Lambert wished to go to the right, Landry wished to go to the left: so they agreed, to end the dispute, that each should go his own way, and they separated after embracing each other. Perhaps each brother was not sorry to be alone, in order to use more freely the gift which the flower-robed lady had given him.

II.

As he entered the nearest village, Landry saw a girl leaning out of the window, and could hardly suppress a cry, she seemed

so lovely to him! No, he had never seen so charming a person, he had never even dreamed that one like her could exist. Scarce more than a child still, with locks so light and fair that they were hardly to be distinguished from the rays of sunshine, she had here a pale tinge, and there a slightly ruddier one — lily on the forehead, rose on the cheek; her eyes opened like a blossoming of periwinkles where a pearl of rain was glistening; there were no lips which near hers would not have wished to be bees. Landry did anything but hesitate! He tore off and cast from him one of the petals of his daisy; the wind had not yet borne away the frail shred when the child of the window was in the street, smiling at the traveler. They went away toward the neighboring woods, hand in hand, speaking low, saying each to each that they loved one another; just in the hearing it, they experienced such delights that they thought themselves in Paradise. And they knew many moments equal to that first moment, many days as sweet as that first day. It would have been happiness without end had not the child passed away one autumn evening, while the withered leaves, flying on the northern blasts, beat with light knocks on the panes, like the bodiless fingers of Death who was passing.

Landry wept for a long while; but tears do not blind you so you cannot look through them: on a time he saw a passing fair one, garbed in golden satin, with bold eyes and a wanton mouth; and throwing another petal to the wind, he went away with her. From thence on, care-free, asking of each hour to be a joy, and of each joy to last but an hour, enamored without respite of whatever entices, doting, rapturous, he spent the days and the nights without counting them, in all sorts of laughter and all sorts of kisses. The breeze found scarcely time to wave the sprays of the rose-bushes, and lift the veils of the women, being incessantly occupied in carrying off the petals of the daisy.

III.

The behavior of Lambert was altogether different. He was an economical youth, incapable of squandering his treasure. No sooner had he found himself alone on the road than he promised himself to husband the fairy's present. For in truth, however numerous might be the leaves of the corolla, a day would come when they would be no more, if he tore them off at every turn. Prudence dictated reserving them for the

future; by acting in this way he would certainly be conforming to the intentions of Primrose. In the first village he passed through, he bought a very solid little box, fastening with a key; in this he placed the flower, resolved to look at it no more: he would shun temptation. He would never have committed the fault, not he, of lifting his eyes to the girls in the windows, or following beauties who passed by with kindling eyes and wanton lips. Sensible, methodical, worrying over serious things, he became a merchant and gained large sums. He had nothing but scorn for the rattleheads who pass the time in junkets, and take no care for the morrow; when occasion offered, he never failed to read them sharp lectures for it. So he was well thought of by honest people; they agreed in praising him and setting him up for a model. And he continued to grow rich, working from morning till night. To tell the truth, he was not so happy as he could have wished; he thought wistfully in spite of himself of the joys he had put aside. He would only have had to open the little box, only to cast a petal on the wind, in order to love and be loved. But he refrained altogether from these perilous inclinations. He had time enough! He would know joy later on. Well along in life would he be, when his daisy was stripped! "Patience! let us not hurry ourselves!" He risked nothing by waiting, for his flower was in safety in the box. The breeze that roved about him murmured in vain, "Throw me a petal, throw it, that I may bear it away and thou mayst smile!" He turned a deaf ear; and the wind went on waving the sprays of the rose-bushes, and teasing the lace of the veils above fair women's faces.

IV.

Now, after many, many years, it happened one day that Lambert, inspecting his estates, met in the field a man very poorly dressed, who was skirting a field of clover.

"Ah!" he said, "what do I see? Is it not you, Landry, my brother?"

"It is I indeed," answered the other.

"What a sad state I find you in! Everything leads me to believe that you have made a bad use of the gift of Primrose."

"Alas!" sighed Landry, "perhaps I have thrown all my petals to the wind too quickly. None the less, however sad it

be, I do not repent me of my imprudence. I have had so many joys, my brother!"

"Fine position that leaves you in! If you had been circumspect like me, you would not have been reduced to sterile regrets. For you must know that I have only to make one gesture to taste all the pleasures you have cut yourself off from."

"Is it possible?"

"Of course it is, for I have kept the fairy's present untouched. Ha, ha! I can give myself a good time if I wish. See what it is to be economical."

"What! untouched, truly?"

"Look for yourself," said Lambert, opening the box, which he had taken from his pocket.

But he became very pale; for in place of the new-blossomed daisy, he had under his eyes naught but a little gray heap of dust, like a pinch of tumulus ashes.

"Oh!" he cried out in a rage, "cursed be the wicked fairy who has mocked me!"

Then a youthful lady, all garbed in flowers, came out of a copse by the roadside.

"I have not mocked you," said she, "nor your brother; and it is time to explain matters to you. The two daisies were not really flowers, they were your very youths: your youth, Landry, which you have thrown to all the winds of caprice; your youth, Lambert, which you have left to wither without making use of it, in your heart still shut — and you have not even what remains to your brother, the memory in bloom of having torn off its leaves!"

The Treacheries of Puck.

I.

A youth in silver armor, the wings of a snowy eaglet displayed on his casque, was riding along in the early morning upon a white courser: it happened that a fair princess, walking under the apple trees in bloom, saw him over the hedge; she was so excited that she let fall, with the butterfly on it, the hyacinth she held in her hand.

"In sooth," she sighed, "whence he comes or whither he goes, this knight will bear my thoughts along with him."

She made him a sign to stop; she said:—

"I love you, you who are passing. If your desire accords with mine I will conduct you to my father, who is the king of this kingdom, and we will have a beautiful wedding."

"I do not love you," responded the passer.

He went on his way. The princess pushed open the orchard gate and began to run along the road.

"Whence come you?" she asked, "and where do you go so early in the morning, you who will not marry me?"

"I come from the city where my lady-love dwells, and I go to meet my rival, who is to be here this evening."

"Who is your lady-love?"

"The daughter of a vavasour; she spins at her window, singing a song the birds hearken to."

"Who is your rival?"

"The nephew of the Emperor of Golconda; when he draws his sword one would think it was about to thunder, for that he saw the lightning."

"What did you say to your lady-love when you were with her?"

"I said to her, 'Give me your heart:' she refused it me."

"What will you say to your rival when you encounter him?"

"I will say to him, 'I want your blood:' he will have to give it me."

"How I fear that your own will flow! Oh, grant me leave to go with you!"

"The only one I should care to have go with me is at this hour in her dwelling."

"Let me mount on the crupper behind you: I will claim nothing more."

"Men are not wont to go to battle with a woman on the crupper."

And the knight spurred on his white courser. The king's daughter wept, forever hapless. As it was very early in the morning, the sun was opening on the horizon an eye still overcast with the shadow; and the finches and the linnets, awake and twittering among the foliage, planned between them pleasure parties through the spring woods.

From an azalea bush Puck emerges, attired in two clover leaves fastened by gossamer threads, — so tiny is he, that these garments were somewhat over-large for him; as a fool's cap he

bore a hedge convolvulus, where quivered like a little bell a half-closed buttercup.

"Yolaine," said Puck, laughing merrily, "why art thou in such affliction?"

"My one love is off and away, and I cannot follow him."

"Is thy love that handsome youth in silver armor, the wings of a snowy eaglet displayed on his casque, who rides yonder on a white courser?"

"His very self. His eyes are blue as the sky, and he has locks the color of night."

Puck waved the hawthorn spray that served him for bauble.

"When it is my pleasure, Yolaine, the sluggish tortoise outruns the clouds, and the fiery stallions, slackened on a sudden, make slower headway than the beetle, which takes a whole hour to traverse a plane leaf. Yolaine, follow thy love without anxiety. Where he goes, thou shalt arrive at the same time as he."

While Puck reëntered the azalea bush, Yolaine set off on her walk; the pebbles she trod on with her tiny feet, shod with satin and pearls, said with a pleasant murmur, "Thank you, little feet of Yolaine."

III.

But the malicious Puck, who delights in these pranks, had deceived the princess. Vainly did she walk all day and all the evening: she could not rejoin the knight whose eyes were as blue as the sky. Only at midnight, along the road, she saw pass on a spectral steed a huge white ghost.

"Oh, who art thou, passing Shape?" asked Yolaine.

"I was a handsome youth with locks the color of night: now I am no longer anything. I met at the neighboring crossway the nephew of the Emperor of Golconda, my rival; we fought together and my rival slew me."

"Whither goest thou?" she rejoined.

"I go to the city, into the dwelling where my lady-love sleeps."

"Thou wilt frighten her greatly! Thinkest thou she will love thee dead, thee whom she loved not living? Come with me who have chosen thee: I will make thee a nuptial tomb of my bed; I will sleep there beside thee forever; and we will have beautiful obsequies."

"No. This night, profiting by the sleep of my lady-love, I wish to bid her adieu in her dreams; I will kiss on her slumbering lips the dream of her song."

"Give me leave at least to go with thee; let me mount on the crupper behind thee!"

"It is not the wont of ghosts to visit their lady-loves with a woman on the crupper.

And the shape vanished. The king's daughter wept, more despairing still. As it was past midnight, the melancholy moon was silvering the horizon, the fields, the road, with a snowy luster; and the finches and linnets, asleep amid the silence of the foliage, dreamed of their wild flights across the spring woods.

IV.

Puck emerged from an asphodel bush; he wore a mourning habit made of two halves of a black tulip; a little spider-web formed the weed of his fool's cap.

"Yolaine, poor Yolaine," said Puck, "why art thou in such affliction?"

"My one love is dead, and I cannot follow him."

"Is thy love that ghost who but now passed by on the road?"

"His very self. They have taken away his locks the color of night, and from regret at losing his lady-love he has wept out his eyes that were blue as the sky."

"I know herbs that restore life, and I know herbs that confer death. Find the body of thy chosen one, and I will give thee an herb that restores life."

"O Puck, thou hast deceived me! But if thou deceivest when it concerns the doing of good, thou sayest true when it concerns the doing of evil. Give me the herb that confers death."

"Take it then!" said the malicious Puck. "As soon as thou art dead thou shalt rejoin thy love, and never shall ye leave each other more."

He gave her four blades of an herb which in memory of a storied love is called Simonne; then Puck reëntered the asphodel bush, and Yolaine put the herb to her lips and died without a pang.

V.

But Puck had this time too deceived the princess. As the soul of Yolaine ascended toward heaven, she saw a soul that descended toward hell. By the glimmer of a star, she recognized the soul of the handsome youth.

"Where goest thou, soul of my only beloved?"

"Alas! alas! I spoke of love to my lady-love in her dreams, and my dead kisses have lightly touched her mouth, like a black butterfly that quivers on a rose. I am damned, and I go down to hell."

"Dost thou wish that I follow thee — I who have died to see thee again? I will solace thee in thy torments, I will lift thee up in thy swoons, I will love thee to all eternity. My love shall be the source of calm and of resignation offered to the lips of thy grief. Dost thou wish that I follow thee?"

"No, the memory of my lady-love alone must go with me."

And the soul of the handsome youth was lost in the shades, while the soul of the maiden arose, alas! toward that abominable Paradise! During this time, Puck, satisfied with the success of his stratagems, prepared in the moss of an oak, with interwoven twigs, snares to entrap the awakening lady-birds.

M. PIGEONNEAU.

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

(Translated for this work.)

[Jacques Anatole Thiébault, adopted name Anatole France, one of the foremost critics and stylists of France, was born at Paris in 1844, a bookseller's son. He was educated at Stanislaus College, and early devoted himself to letters. In 1876 he was given a place in the Senate library, and wrote for several journals, finally replacing Jules Claretie as literary reviewer of the *Temps*. Besides poems, collections of reviews, and biographical studies, including considerable ones on Alfred de Vigny and Lucile de Chateaubriand, he has published the stories and novels, "Jocasta and the Lean Cat" (1879), a jest, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" (1881), by which he is still best known, "The Yule Log" (1881), "Jean Servien's Wishes" (1882); and of other works, "The Bee" (1883), "My Friend's Book" (1885), "Our Children" (1886), "Balthazar" (1889), "Thaïs" (1890), "Opinions of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard" (1893), etc.]

As you know, I have devoted my entire life to Egyptian archæology. I should be most ungrateful to my country, to

science, and to myself, did I regret having been called in my youth to the vocation I have pursued with honor during forty years. My labors have not been sterile. I may say without self-adulation, that my "Monograph on an Egyptian Mirror Handle in the Louvre Museum" can still be consulted with profit, although it dates from my beginnings. As to the quite voluminous study which I subsequently devoted to one of those bronze feet found in 1851 among the excavations at the Serapeum, it would be ill grace in me not to think some good of it, since it opened the doors of the Institute for me.

Encouraged by the flattering welcome which my researches in this department had received from many of my new colleagues, I was tempted for a moment to embrace in one harmonious work the weights and measures in use at Alexandria under the reign of Ptolemy Auletes (80–52). But I soon recognized that so general a subject could not be treated by a real scholar, and that serious science could not without compromising itself embark in all sorts of adventures. I felt that in considering many objects at a time, I was departing from the fundamental principles of archæology. If I confess my error to-day, if I avow the inconceivable enthusiasm which inspired me with a conception altogether inordinate, I do so in the interest of the young, who will learn from my example to master the imagination. It is our cruelest enemy. Every savant who has not succeeded in stifling it is forever lost to erudition. I tremble still at the thought of the gulfs into which my adventurous spirit was about to precipitate me. I was within a hair's breadth of what is called history. What a downfall! I was about to descend into art. For history is only an art, or at most a false science. Who does not know to-day that historians have preceded archæologists, as astrologers preceded astronomers, as the alchemists preceded the chemists, as monkeys preceded man? Thank God! I was kept clear of it by terror.

My third work, I hasten to say, was wisely conceived. It was a paper entitled "On the Toilette of an Egyptian Lady in the Middle Empire, after an Unpublished Painting." I treated the subject in such a fashion as not to wander. I did not introduce a single general idea. I guarded myself from those considerations, those relationships, and those views by which certain of my colleagues spoil the exposition of the finest discoveries. Why must so sound a work have a destiny so bizarre?

By what caprice of fate was it to be the cause of the most egregious strayings of my mind? But let us not anticipate facts nor confuse dates. My treatise was designed to be read at a public session of five academies, an honor the more precious that it rarely happens to productions of such a character. These academic reunions have been largely attended for some years by society people.

The day I read my paper, the hall was flooded by a select public. Women were there in great number. Handsome faces and elegant toilettes shone in the galleries. My reading was listened to with respect. It was not interrupted by those thoughtless and noisy manifestations which literary pieces naturally arouse. No; the public preserved an attitude better in harmony with the nature of the work presented to it. It showed itself serious and grave.

As, the better to dissociate the thoughts, I paused between the sentences, I had leisure to examine the entire hall attentively above my glasses. I can aver that no frivolous smiles were to be seen playing around lips. Far from it! The freshest countenances wore an austere expression. It seemed as if I had matured all those minds by enchantment. Here and there, while I read, young men whispered in their lady companions' ears. They were doubtless conversing on some special point treated in my paper.

More yet! a handsome female of twenty-two to twenty-four, seated at the left angle of the North Gallery, was listening intently and taking notes. Her visage presented a delicacy of features and a mobility of expression truly remarkable. The attention she paid to my words added a charm to her singular physiognomy. She was not alone. A tall and robust man, wearing like the Assyrian kings a long curled beard and long black hair, remained near her, and from time to time addressed her a word in a low voice. My attention, shared at first between all my public, concentrated itself little by little on this young woman. She inspired in me, I confess, an interest which certain of my colleagues might consider unworthy of the scientific character which is mine; but I affirm that they would have been no more indifferent than I had they found themselves at a like entertainment. She kept pace with my speech by scribbling in a small pocket-book; she visibly passed, in listening to my monograph, through most contradictory feelings, from satisfaction and pleasure to surprise and even uneasi-

ness. I examined her with a growing curiosity. Would God I had looked at no one but her, that day, under the cupola !

I had almost finished ; only twenty-five or thirty pages more remained for me to read, when all at once my eyes met those of the man with the Assyrian beard. How can I explain to you what then passed, since I can make nothing of it myself? All I can say is, that the gaze of that personage threw me instantly into an inconceivable disturbance. The pupils which regarded me were fixed and greenish. I could not turn away mine. I remained mute, my face upturned. As I kept silence they applauded. The hush settled down once more, and I attempted to resume my reading. But despite my most violent efforts, I could not succeed in tearing my gaze from those two vivid luminaries to which it was mysteriously riveted. That was not all. By a phenomenon more inconceivable still, I threw myself, contrary to the habit of my life, into an improvisation. God knows whether it was involuntary ! Under the influence of a strange, unknown, irresistible force, I detailed with elegance and ardor philosophic considerations on the toilette of women through the ages ; I generalized, I poetized, I talked — God forgive me ! — of the eternal feminine, and of desire straying like a zephyr about the perfumed veils with which woman knows how to apparel her beauty.

The man with the Assyrian beard did not cease to regard me fixedly. And I kept talking. At last he lowered his eyes, and I stopped. It is painful to add that this fragment, as foreign to my own inspiration as contrary to the scientific spirit, was covered with enthusiastic applauses. The young woman of the North Gallery clapped her hands and smiled.

I was succeeded at the desk by a member of the French Academy, visibly annoyed to have to be listened to after me. His fears were perhaps exaggerated. The paper he read was listened to without undue impatience. I even thought I recognized that it was in verse.

The session having closed, I left the hall in company of many of my brethren, who renewed their congratulations to me with a sincerity I am willing to credit.

Stopping for a moment on the quay, near the Creuzot lions, to exchange some hand-shakes, I saw the man with the Assyrian beard and his fair companion enter a coupé. I was just then, as it chanced, beside an eloquent philosopher who is said to be as well versed in worldly elegances as in cosmic theories.

The young woman, putting her fine head and her delicate hand out of the carriage door, called him by name, and said to him with a slight English accent : —

"Dearest friend, you forgot me — that isn't right ! "

When the coupé had driven off, I asked of my illustrious confrère who this charming person and her companion were.

"What ! " he answered, "you don't know Miss Morgan and her physician, Daoud, who treats all maladies by magnetism, hypnotism, and suggestion? Annie Morgan is the daughter of the richest merchant in Chicago. She came to Paris with her mother two years ago, and has had a wonderful mansion built on Empress Avenue. She is a very instructed person, and of a remarkable intelligence."

"You do not surprise me," I answered. "I have already some reason to believe that that American girl is of very serious mind."

My brilliant comrade smiled as he pressed my hand.

On foot I regained Rue St. Jacques, where I have lived for thirty years, in a modest apartment from whose height I discover the summits of the Luxembourg trees, and seated myself at my desk.

I remained there three days hard at work, facing a statuette representing the goddess Pasht with her cat head. This little monument bears an inscription wrongly read by M. Grebault. I prepared a correct reading of it, with a commentary. My affair at the Institute left an impression less vivid than might have been feared. I was not overmuch troubled by it. To tell the truth, I had even forgotten it in a measure, and it took new incidents to revive its memory.

I had, then, leisure for three days to put my version and my commentary in good shape. I only interrupted my archæological labors to read the papers, all full of my praises. The sheets most foreign to erudition spoke with eulogium of the "charming morceau" which terminated my paper. "It is a revelation," they said, "and M. Pigeonneau has husbanded the most agreeable surprise for us." I do not know why I report trifles like these, for I remain altogether indifferent to what is said of me in the press.

Now, I had been shut up in my room for three days when a ring at the bell made me start. The tug given to the bell-rope had something imperious, fantastic, and inscrutable in it, which disturbed me ; and it was with genuine anxiety that I

went myself to open the door. Whom did I find on the landing? The American girl but lately so attentive to the reading of my monograph, Miss Morgan in person.

"M. Pigeonneau?"

"Myself."

"I recognize you perfectly, though you have not your handsome coat with the green palms.[1] But thanks, don't go and put it on for me. I like you much better in your dressing-gown."

I took her into my study. She cast a curious look on the papyri, the impressions, and the figure decorations of every kind with which it was hung to the ceiling; then she gazed for some time in silence at the goddess Pasht, who was on my table. Finally, —

"She is charming," said she.

"Were you speaking, madame, of this little monument? She really presents a very singular epigraphic peculiarity. She has a cat face of exquisite delicacy. But may I know what has procured me the honor of your visit?"

"Oh," she answered, "I despise epigraphic peculiarities. You don't suspect she may be a true goddess, do you, M. Pigeonneau?"

I defended myself against this injurious suspicion.

"Such a belief," I said, "would be fetishism."

She looked at me with surprise in her large green orbs.

"Oh, then you are not a fetishist! How can Pasht interest you if you don't believe she is a goddess? But no matter about that. I have come to see you, M. Pigeonneau, on a very important matter."

"Very important?"

"Yes; about a costume. Look at me."

"With pleasure."

"Don't you find that I have in my profile certain characters of the Cushite race?"

I knew not what to answer. Such a conversation was altogether outside my wont. She resumed: —

"Oh, that is not astonishing. I recall that I was an Egyptian. And you, M. Pigeonneau, were you an Egyptian? You don't remember? That is strange. You do not doubt, at least, that we pass through a series of successive incarnations?"

[1] The Academicians, in their official meetings, wear coats with palms embroidered on them. The pupils of the Superior Normal School have also a uniform coat with two palms embroidered on the collar.

"I do not know, mademoiselle."

"You surprise me, M. Pigeonneau."

"Will you advise me, mademoiselle, to what I owe this honor?"

"That is true, I have not yet told you that I came to ask your aid in composing an Egyptian costume for the costume ball of the Countess N——. I want one of exact accuracy and stupefying beauty. I have already worked a great deal at it, M. Pigeonneau. I have ransacked my memory, for I remember very well that I lived in Thebes six thousand years ago. I have had designs drawn in London, Boulak, and New York."

"That is surer."

"No! Nothing is surer than interior revelation. I have studied also the Egyptian museum of the Louvre. It is full of ravishing things. Forms pure and slender, profiles of a delicate sharpness, women who have the look of flowers, with an indefinable something at once stiff and supple. And a god Bès that resembles Sarcey! Gracious, how nice it all is!"

"Mademoiselle, I still do not know very well —"

"That is not all. I went to hear your paper on the toilette of a woman of the first empire, and I took notes. That paper of yours was rather tough. But I dug at it hard. With all these documents I have composed a costume. It is not exactly right yet; I have come to beg you to correct it for me. Come to my house to-morrow, dear sir. Do this for the love of Egypt. Agreed, then. Till to-morrow. I must leave you abruptly: mamma is waiting for me in the carriage."

While uttering these last words, she had hastened away. I followed her. When I gained the antechamber, she was already at the base of the stairway, whence a clear voice arose: —

"To-morrow! Avenue Bois de Boulogne, corner of the Villa Saïd."

"I will not go to this madwoman's," I said to myself.

On the morrow, at four, I rang at the door of her dwelling. A lackey showed me into an immense glazed hall, where were collected pictures, statues of marble and bronze, sedan chairs in Martin varnish, covered with porcelains, Peruvian mummies, and a dozen mannikins of men and horses clad in armor, who dominated with their tall stature a Polish knight bearing white

wings on his back, and a French knight in tourney costume, his casque surmounted by a woman's head with a *hennin* [high conical headdress], painted and veiled. A whole grove of palm trees in boxes rose in that hall, in the midst of which sat a gigantic golden Buddha. At the foot of the god an old woman, sordidly dressed, was reading her Bible. I was still dazzled by so many wonders when Mademoiselle Morgan, lifting a portière of purple cloth, appeared in white house-gown, trimmed with swan. She advanced toward me. Two great coach-dogs with long muzzles followed her.

"I was quite sure you would come, M. Pigeonneau."

I faltered out a compliment: —

"How can I refuse so charming a person?"

"Oh, it isn't because I am pretty that people can refuse me nothing. But I have secrets to get myself obeyed."

Then, pointing out to me the old lady who was reading the Bible: —

"Don't pay any attention to her; it's mamma. I shall not present you. If you spoke to her, she would not answer you. She is of a religious sect which interdicts vain words. It is a sect of the latest novelty. Its adherents dress themselves in a bag and eat out of wooden porringers. Mamma finds a great deal of pleasure in these practices. But you can imagine that I have not had you come here to talk to you about mamma. I will put on my Egyptian costume. It won't take long. Look at these little things meantime."

And she made me sit down before a press which contained a mummy coffin, many statuettes of the middle empire, scarabæi, and some fragments of a fine funerary ritual.

Left alone, I examined this papyrus with the more interest that it bears a name I have already read on a seal. It is the name of a scribe of King Seti I. I at once set to work to note down various interesting peculiarities of the document. I had been plunged in this work for a time I cannot measure with exactitude, when I was warned by a sort of instinct that some one was standing behind me. I turned around and saw a marvelous creature, with a golden hawk on her head, and encased in a tight bodice, entirely white, that revealed the chaste and adorable youth of her person. Over this bodice a light pink tunic, clasped to her figure by a jeweled girdle, descended wanderingly and made symmetrical folds. Her arms and feet were bare and loaded with rings.

She showed her front view to me, turning her head over her right shoulder with a hieratic attitude which gave to her delicious beauty a something divine.

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Miss Morgan?"

"Unless it is Neferou-Ra in person. You know the Neferou-Ra of Leconte de Lisle, the beauty of the Sun?

> "'Here languishing upon her virginal bed
> All pale she lies, enwrapped in tissues fine.'

But no, you don't know her! you don't know poetry. That poetry is pretty, though! — Come, let's get to work."

Mastering my emotion, I made a few remarks to that charming person upon her ravishing costume. I ventured to contest several details as departing from archæologic exactitude. I proposed to replace in the rings certain of the stones by others of more regular use in the middle empire. Lastly, I opposed myself *in toto* to the retention of a clasp in cloisonné enamel. The truth is, this jewel constituted an odious anachronism. We agreed to substitute for it a plaque of precious stones inserted in thin gold sockets. She listened to me with extreme docility, and showed herself satisfied with me to the point of inviting me to dinner. I excused myself on the ground of regularity of habits and frugality of regimen, and took leave.

I was already in the antechamber when she called out to me: —

"Well, isn't my costume neat? Shan't I make the other women sick at the Countess N——'s ball?"

I was shocked at such a speech. But turning toward her, I saw her again, and again fell under her charm.

She recalled me.

"M. Pigeonneau, you are an amiable man. Write me a little story, and I will love you a lot, a lot, a lot."

"I should not know how," I responded.

She shrugged her lovely shoulders, and exclaimed: —

"Then what use is science if you can't write stories with it? You will write me a story, M. Pigeonneau."

Not judging it useful to renew my absolute refusal, I retired without making any answer.

At the door I passed the man with the Assyrian beard, Doctor Daoud, whose gaze had so curiously disturbed me under the dome of the Institute. He gave me the impression

of one of the vulgarest of men, and the encounter was painful to me.

The Countess N——'s ball took place about a fortnight after my visit. I was not surprised to read in the papers that the beautiful Miss Morgan had made a sensation in the costume of Neferou-Ra.

I heard no more talk of her during the rest of the year 1886. But the first day of the new year, while I was writing in my study, a servant brought me a letter and a basket.

"From Miss Morgan," he told me.

And he withdrew.

The basket was placed on my table, and a miauling came out of it. I opened it; a little gray cat leapt out.

It was not an angora. It was a cat of an Oriental species more slender than ours, and much resembling, as well as I could judge, those of its congeners whose mummies are found in such great number in the hypogea of Thebes, wrapped in heavy bands. It shook itself, looked around it, arched its back high, yawned, then rubbed itself purring against the goddess Pasht, who erected on my table her pure face and her delicate nose. Although of somber color and shaven pelt, it was graceful. It seemed intelligent, and showed itself as little wild as possible. I could not imagine the reasons for such a bizarre present. Miss Morgan's letter did not shed much light on this matter. It ran thus: —

"Dear Sir, — I send you a little cat which Doctor Daoud brought from Egypt and which I love a great deal. Treat it well for love of me. Baudelaire, the greatest French poet next to Stephen Mallarmé, has said: —

"'The fervent lover and the sage austere
Have equal fondness, in their riper day,
For the soft sinewy cat, the household cheer,
Chilly and sedentary just as they.'

"I need not recall to you that you *owe* me a story. You will bring it to me on Twelfth Night. We will dine together.

"Annie Morgan.

"P.S. — Your little cat is named Porou."

After reading this letter, I looked at Porou, who, standing on his hind legs, was licking the black nose of Pasht, his divine

sister. He looked at me; and I should say that, of the two, it was not he that was the more astonished.

I asked within myself: —

"What does this mean?"

But I soon relinquished any understanding of it. "It is a nice thing," I said to myself, "for me to be searching for sense in the whims of a young madcap. To work. As to this little animal, Madame Magloire, my housekeeper, will provide for its needs." I settled myself to a chronological work the more interesting to me that I somewhat mishandle in it my eminent confrère, M. Maspero. Porou did not quit my table. Seated on his haunches, his ears pricked up, he watched me write. Incredible thing, I did nothing of worth that day. My ideas were clouded; there came into my mind scraps of songs and fragments of fairy tales. I went to bed very ill satisfied with myself. The next morning I once more found Porou seated on my table, licking his paw. This day again I worked ill; Porou and I passed the chief hours of sunlight gazing at each other. The morrow went past in the same way, and the day after that; in brief, the whole week. I ought to have felt afflicted; but I must confess that little by little I took my misfortune with patience, and even with gayety. The rapidity with which an honest man grows depraved is something appalling. On Epiphany Sunday I rose most joyously and hurried to my table, where Porou according to his wont had preceded me. I took a quire of handsome white paper, dipped my pen in the ink, and wrote in large letters, under the gaze of my new friend: "Mischances of a One-eyed Porter." Then, without my eyes quitting Porou's regard, I wrote all day, with a prodigious rapidity, a narrative of adventures so marvelous, so pleasant, so varied, that I was myself enraptured with it. My one-eyed street-porter mistook parcels and committed the most comical blunders. Lovers placed in a critical situation received from him, without its being suspected, unforeseen assistance. He transported clothes-presses with men hidden inside, and these, introduced into a new domicile, frightened the old ladies. But how analyze so merry a tale? Twenty times I burst out laughing while writing it. If Porou did not himself laugh, his grave aspect was as pleasing as the most hilarious of visages. It was seven in the evening when I traced the last line of that agreeable work. Since one o'clock the room had been lighted only by the phosphorescent eyes of

Porou. I had written as easily in the dimness as I could have done by the beams of a good lamp. My tale once ended, I dressed; I put on my black coat and my white tie, and then, taking leave of Porou, rapidly descended the stairway and hastened into the street. I had not gone twenty steps there when I felt myself seized by the sleeve.

"Come, uncle, where are you hurrying to like a sleep-walker?"

It was my nephew Marcel who interrogated me in this way; an honest and intelligent man, interne at the Salpetrière. They say he will make a success in medicine. And really he has a good enough mind, if he will distrust his capricious imagination more.

"Why," I replied, "I am going to take a story of my own composition to Miss Morgan."

"What, uncle! do you write stories, and do you know Miss Morgan? She is very pretty. Do you know Doctor Daoud too, who follows her everywhere?"

"An empiric, a charlatan!"

"Very likely, uncle, but most certainly an extraordinary experimenter. Neither Bernheim, nor Liegeois, nor Charcot himself, have obtained the phenomena which he produces at will. He produces hypnotism and suggestion without contact, without direct action, through the intermediacy of an animal. He generally uses little cats with shaven hides for his experiments. This is how he goes to work: he suggests a certain act to a cat, and then sends the animal in a basket to the subject he wishes to act on. The animal transmits the suggestion he has received, and the victim, under the influence of the animal, performs what the operator has ordered."

"Truly, nephew?"

"Truly, uncle."

"And what is Miss Morgan's part in these fine experiments?"

"Miss Morgan, uncle, makes Daoud work to her profit, and uses hypnotism and suggestion to lead people to commit follies, as if her beauty were not enough for that."

I heard no more. An irresistible force was drawing me toward Miss Morgan.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMANY.

By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

(Translated for this work.)

[Charles Victor Cherbuliez, leading French critic and novelist, son of a noted classical professor at Geneva, Switzerland, was born there in 1829, descended from a Protestant refugee family. He studied at the home university, then in Paris, then at Bonn and Berlin in philosophy and history. In 1880 he was naturalized a Frenchman, and in 1881 became a member of the Academy. The first work which gave him distinction was "Apropos of a Horse, Athenian Causeries," an archæological fantasy (1860), republished as "A Horse of Phidias"; he then began a series of novels which have given him his chief fame, — a somewhat ironical result, since as a novelist he is thin, mechanical, and melodramatic, in a word *pour passer le temps*, while as a critic he is full of charm and matter, at least when reviewing, with a keen eye for salience both of fact and phrase. His novels are: "Count Kostia," 1863; "Prince Vitale," 1864; "Paul Méré," 1864; "Romance of an Honest Woman," 1866; "The Great Work," 1867; "Prosper Randoce," 1868; "Adventures of Ladislas Bolski," 1869; "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," 1872; "Meta Holdenis," 1873; "Miss Rovel," 1875; "Mlle. de St. Maur's Fiancé," 1876; "Samuel Brohl & Co.," 1877; "Jean Teterol's Idea," 1878; "Fragile Loves," 1880; "Black and Red" (translated as "Saints and Sinners"), 1881; "Choquart Farm," 1883; "The Beast," 1887; "The Vocation of Count Ghislain," 1888; "A Wager," 1890. But to appreciate him best, one should read his collected reviews and magazine papers, very many of them for many years written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the name of "G. Valbert." These are in the main "Studies in Literature and Art," 1873; "Political Germany," 1870; "Political Spain," 1874; "Men and Things of Germany," 1877; "Men and Things of Present Times," 1883; "Foreign Profiles" (from which the review below is taken), 1889; "Art and Nature," 1892. "Samuel Brohl & Co." and "Ladislas Bolski" were successfully dramatized; it would seem that more of the novels might have been, as they are essentially collections of melodramatic tableaux.]

Bartholomew Sastrow — born at Greifswald August 21, 1520, elected burgomaster of Stralsund in 1578, died February 7, 1603 — has left interesting memoirs in which the Germany of the sixteenth century lives again. Published for the first time at Greifswald in 1823, reëdited later at Halle, they have been translated into French and annotated by a man of great merit, torn too early from his numerous friends — M. Edward Fick, one of the managers of the Jules Guillaume Fick printing-house, whose beautiful and curious publications do honor to Genevese typography. These two volumes, printed in 1886, put on sale in February 1888, deserve to be recommended to lovers of handsome books and to all who are inter-

ested in recitals of the past. Bartholomew Sastrow knew how to write; in general his humor was acrid, but this Pomeranian had his hours of sarcastic sportiveness. He has represented himself nakedly, without flattery. You fancy yourself seeing one of those rough-hewn and rugous-hided burghers whom Holbein's pencil has rendered immortal. If grace and softness fail them, the hardness of their visages is mitigated by a certain joy in living, in existing. They seem to be saying, "We do not pride ourselves on being handsome; but whether you think us well or ill made, we are what we are, and it is not given to everybody to be somebody, and be able to say, 'This is I.'"

Sastrow had various reasons for writing his memoirs. He had many enemies, who accused him of having arrived at Stralsund poor and having pillaged the city, and abused official rights to fill his own pockets. He resolved to prove to his son John, the doctor, to his two daughters, Catherine and Amnistia, and his two sons-in-law, Gottschalk and Clericke, that the origin of his fortune was pure, and that he had painfully enriched himself by his labor, by a severe economy, by shunning taverns, and only at long intervals figuring at weddings and banquets. "It is thanks to my prudence," he told them, "it is by granting myself at the outside some favorite dish, washed down with a good bumper, that I have gained enough ease to make the devil and his acolytes burst with envy." He had it also at heart to persuade them that modesty, a certain deportment, are the best means to success. He had known poverty, traversed black ravines, and had learned to curb his pride, his impetuous and violent nature.

It is related that his son the doctor having drawn his sword one day in full council, he cried out to him, "Johannes, modest, modest!" He incessantly recalls to his children that the God of justice banishes the proud from his realm, "that the haughty who exalt the horn too high, those who think themselves members of the Trinity which rules the universe, and follow no other law than their own good pleasure, always end badly." Witness the famous burgomaster Wulf Wulflam, reputed the richest man in Pomerania, and who ruined himself by his magnificence. The widow of this great personage was of so overweening a spirit that on her second marriage, she had the prince's musicians come from Stettin, and walked from her house to the church on a carpet of English cloth. "For her very wardrobe," adds Sastrow, "she used only the finest Riga

flax." So much vanity drew the vengeance of heaven upon her: she was reduced to mendicancy. Of all her vanished splendor, she preserved only a silver bowl to beg from door to door, and said, "Give charity to the poor rich woman." One day she prayed one of her old servants for a piece of linen to make her a chemise and a collarette. Moved with compassion, the servant sent her away with full hands, saying to her, "Look, madame, this linen I give you comes from the flax you used for your wardrobe, and which I have carefully gathered up, cleaned, and spun."

Sastrow was very glad also to leave his descendants the story of his adventures, the small and great events in which he had been mixed up. Before becoming a burgomaster, he had traveled, journeyed through the world, passed two years at Spires, — the seat of the Imperial Chamber, capital of the German Corporation of Jurists, — and several weeks in the Rome of Paul III. Later, delicate missions were confided to him, and furnished occasion to traverse all Germany more than once. He had seen the famous field of battle of Muhlberg, the ostentatious Diet of Augsburg, Charles V., King Ferdinand, the Duke of Alva, Lord Granvelle, all the princes and electors of the empire; and he had had the honor of drinking with the greatest drinker of his time, Duke Frederick of Liegnitz, whom Charles V. reproached with making German drunkenness a spectacle for the Spaniards. This intrepid emptier of jugs and casks was very learned, and loved to descant; the instant after he would tumble on the floor, and his gentlemen carried him out. Two students, returning home, stop at Liegnitz to dine, and strike up a song. The duke, who is half-seas over, has them seized, taken out of the city, and decapitated. The next morning, before beginning to drink, he goes for a horseback ride with his councillors; arrived at the place of execution, he sees the blood and inquires about it. They tell him that the evening before he has condemned two students to death. Greatly astonished, he asks, "Why, what had they done?"

Sastrow had good eyes. He describes for us with equal minuteness the white coach sent by the Duke of Mantua to his fiancée, and in which silver everywhere replaced iron, the four white nags which drew it, and "whose rumps were adorned with three silver rings," the coachman dressed in white silk who drove them, and shortly afterward scenes of blood and

murder, pikemen dying of their wounds along the roads, corpses of peasants with a band of dogs quarreling over their entrails, Hungarian horse-troopers who cut off children's feet and hands and wore them in their hats by way of plumes, Spaniards in Würtemberg using loaves of rye-bread for the most disgusting purposes, women and girls undergoing the last outrages, men tortured to make them tell where they had hidden their treasure.

He does not stop long to groan over these horrors. Hard to himself and hard to others, he is of his age, which took no pride in the possession of feeling hearts. After journeying along roads littered with corpses, fortune smiles on him and he junkets: "We halted in a village in the midst of rich meadows. There was a fine mansion there belonging to a gentleman; and in the court, on a wagon, two casks of an exquisite wine. Capons, cranes, pheasants, were running all about. What a massacre! and how quickly we had all that poultry plucked and roasted! The sight of our abundance attracted the Duke of Liegnitz; we invited him." And at the risk of scandalizing Catherine and Amnistia, he adds that two harlots in magnificent silk gowns kept them company, and that he had only to abandon himself to their complaisance. But if he set some store by courtesans, this bourgeois, proud of being a bourgeois, does not let himself be dazzled by the majesty of the great of the earth. He looked princes in the eyes, judged them, and did not care to envy them. He was present when, June 24, 1547, Charles V. left Naumburg to betake himself to the place of assemblage. A shower having come up, he saw him hurriedly throw back his cloak and hide his velvet cap under it. "Poor man," he cries, "who spent tons of gold for his wars, and received the rain bareheaded, afraid of spoiling his clothes!"

Sastrow was no precision in the matter of morals, but he was so in matter of doctrine. A fanatical Lutheran, he had a holy horror of priests, whom he considered seducers, debauchees, and drunkards. There were then in Germany disciples of Erasmus whom theological disputes caused some disgust, and who thought that with a little pliancy people could manage, and that the coming Council would find terms of accommodation. Sastrow knew some of them, among others a provost of the chapter of Spires, a man of good breeding, who lived on chicken soup, but kept open table and feasted his circle. He loved to hear his convives dispute, some holding for Luther and others

for the Pope. At the moment of closing the debate, he confessed with great cheerfulness that he had read Terence oftener than the Epistle to the Romans. Sastrow liked this provost but scantily; he liked still less that bishop of Wurtzburg who said: "I bless Heaven for not having read St. Paul: that has kept me from becoming a heretic." He liked neither the easy-going people who wished to conciliate everything, nor the humanists, nor the lukewarm; and he reproached Melanchthon himself for putting too much water in his wine. He made it his duty not to compromise in anything. The majority of sixteenth-century people considered tolerance as criminal weakness; but they prepared its reign by putting intolerance into the service of particular opinions.

By a contradiction odd though common enough, Sastrow was as conservative in politics as he was revolutionary in religion. He clung to the old usages, the old customs, the old morals, the ancient laws; and if he refused to obey the Pope, it was because in his view the Pope was an intruder. By so much as he detested "the Papist monkery," he abhorred the anabaptists, the illuminés, the tribunes of every sort, "their disorderly gang, and all the men who have thirty-six cats in their bodies." There was at that time, in Stralsund and the other cities, a very lively radical party, which rebelled against the legitimate authorities, courted the populace, and urged it into violent undertakings, promising it wonderful things. Sastrow considered these radicals the slaves and props of Satan.

One of the most famous was Marx Meyer, the great demagogue of Lübeck, who, assisted by the burgomaster Wullenweber, decided the Hansa to go to war with Duke Christian of Holstein and conquer Denmark. He was a former blacksmith who had got himself armed as a knight in England. A very handsome fellow, holding his head high, he had costly horses and numerous servants, and all the women fell in love with him. One of the greatest ladies of Hamburg wrote to him: "My dear Marx, after you have visited all the chapels, come just for once to the cathedral." The Danes cut off his head in 1536. Sastrow remarks in this connection that people of low birth keep no measure in prosperity, and deserve their disgraces. He recommends his children to make no engagements with the seditious. Whether Pilate or Caiaphas governs, no matter! For the safety

of their souls and the good of their bodies, honest citizens ought always to submit to authority.

This man, who set down the people of low birth so hard in their place, belonged himself to a race of enfranchised villeins. His grandfather, Johann Sastrow, having gained from his lord a quittance of his serfage, had acquired the citizenship of Greifswald. Bartholomew's father had received some education; he had been sent to Antwerp and Amsterdam to learn trade. As a consequence of a tragic event in which he killed his man, he emigrated from Greifswald to Stralsund. Soon he had a house of his own, and a well-patronized shop; and he was called the rich man of the Channel Street. But a few years and a heavy failure sufficed to overthrow his credit and compromise the happiness of his family.

The men of his time had the spirit of litigation. In politics and in religion, as in their private affairs, they were up in arms for their rights, and readily sacrificed their interests to the zeal of being in the right; it was at once their glory and their misfortune. Bartholomew Sastrow's father was of this race. His son reproaches him with not having been able to comprehend that in this world, as old Hesiod says, half is often worth more than the whole. Sharpers having abused his confidence, despite all remonstrances he swore to have justice. Not gaining his cause, he appealed it to the council at Stralsund, then to that at Lübeck; and from appeal to appeal, the affair was carried before the Imperial Chamber at Spires, which having taken its time, pronounced that in the first instance the suit had been well decided and ill appealed, and in the second instance well appealed and ill decided. Fearing to lose his last sou, the endless litigator finished by compromising. They owed him nearly two thousand florins, and he recovered one thousand; he had spent much more.

This unfortunate and very costly lawsuit, which lasted thirty-four years, determined Bartholomew's lot. Breaking off his studies with regret, he was obliged, by his father's order, to leave Pomerania and betake himself to Spires, in order to solicit the judges and stimulate the zeal of the advocates. He there made the acquaintance of the German attorneys, who much resembled Rabelais' furred cats. "They are past masters in trickery," said a cunning old doctor to him on his arrival. "If you wish to plead at Spires, Pomeranian, you must furnish

yourself with three bags : one for money, one for documents, the third for patience. In the course of the suit, you will see your purse flatten out, your documents swell, and your patience flee." But by force of haunting the legal corporation, he acquired a taste for the business. As a beginning, he became a copyist, a scribe ; in 1544, he was created notary by imperial diploma.

It was at Spires that he saw for the first time the red beard of Charles V., who was back from Italy making arrangements to march against the Duke of Juliers. He was witness of an incident which gave the mighty emperor a chance to show his character and how he understood clemency. This master of the world, who had so much business on hand that he could not suffice for the task, and died of fatigue at fifty-eight, this great statesman condemned to govern at once the kingdoms of Aragon, Naples, and Sicily, Castile and America, Franche-Comté and the Low Countries, Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany, had early forsworn doing all he wished, and contented himself with half of it. His happiest enterprises were terminated by arrangements, his whole life was a miscalculation. In his everyday relations with men, he kept also to halfway houses : if he was never as cruel as his son, he was never more than half generous.

As he was going out of Spires, he urged his horse against a carter whose pace was too slow for him. The Swabian, who did not know the illustrious personage, made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders. A violent blow of a cane recalled him to order, and the rustic at once discharged on the monarch's head a hail of whip-strokes, ejaculating, "Lightning strike you, you Spanish guttersnipe ! " He was seized, and the emperor ordered him to be hung with short shrift. But the German colonels spun out the preliminaries, to give his anger time to cool ; he supposed the man was hanged, when they represented to him the poor fellow's ignorance, the reasons the Swabians had for not loving the Spaniards, the honor that great sovereigns do themselves in pardoning transgressors. Yielding to the colonels' beseechings, he extended mercy to the carman ; but he decided that in memory of the attempt, his nose should be cut off : " They cut it close to his face," Sastrow tells us. " He submitted to the operation with a good grace, and sang the praises of the emperor all his life. For a long time he trucked on the roads between the Rhine and the Danube. Many times did chance

bring me into contact with him at the taverns ; I asked him in presence of other travelers by what accident he lost his nose, and if he had left it with the French. 'Oh, no indeed!' he answered ; and with a laughing air he told his adventure, heaping benedictions on his Imperial Majesty."

To live, and provide for the expenses of his apprenticeship as scribe, Bartholomew Sastrow, who received nothing more from his parents, had to engage as domestic servant to an attorney. He set the table, swept out, emptied the slops, went to market with basket on arm, pumped water for the lye ; when the pump was broken, he discharged the office of plumber. According to the ideas of the time, there was nothing demeaning in this. As recalled by the author [Abel Lefranc] of a very curious book, full of information on the youth of Calvin, there were then in all colleges domestics admitted to follow the lectures in exchange for their services, and among them some great scholars, including Ramus. But all servitudes are not equally hard, and all masters are not alike. Attorney Engelhardt, into whose house Sastrow entered, had for wife a vixen as avaricious as shrewish. She bewailed her life to her husband, snatched the glass from his hands, and fed her whole household on clear soup and oatmeal porridge. The goblets into which she poured the beer and the wine held about as much as a pigeon's cup. On the other hand, they had all the water they wanted.

The picture Sastrow draws of this cramped and offensive interior would make no bad figure in a chapter of "Gil Blas." What helped to give him patience was, that he flattered himself with leaving this lean establishment rich. He engrossed without relaxation, and drew up many petitions to the emperor or the princes for the Jews of Swabia and the Palatinate, who paid richly : "Our master allowed us to do it, my companion in servitude and me. He knew that we were in no humor to toil for nothing. Spurred on by the hope of gain, we encroached even on our sleep. We had also the tips from clients in exchange for promises of not neglecting their business. These receipts were emptied into a solid iron box, screwed to the study window ; Doctor Engelhardt kept the key. Our computation made the treasure mount up to a hundred crowns at least. What joy to share it! Well, when he found we were to leave him, the attorney came to the study, opened the box in our

presence, and emptied it. Oh! the delightful collection of crowns, of florins, of batzen, of groschen, of Schreckenberg pieces, and other fine moneys, as well German as foreign! M. Engelhardt gave me a crown, a second to my comrade, and pocketed the rest. Stupefied, dismayed, astounded, we saw him depart with the fruit of our vigils and our sweat."

After saying adieu to this attorney, he passed some weeks at Pforzheim, in the Margrave Ernest's chancellery — another stingy house, and the chancellor was more morose than the doctors in law. Erasures filled him with horror. It was in vain to scratch them out so cleanly that they were invisible; at full noon he would light a candle, pass the vellum document before the flame, discover the defect, and tear it up. Sastrow very soon left this cross-grained chancellor, and set out for Worms. He there came to hunger, thirst, dire poverty. The son of the rich merchant of Channel Street carried his entire fortune about him — two shirts, a rapier, and six florins; and his hose were about his heels. At the dinner hour, he bought some bread for a penny, which he ate near a fountain. In the evening, for a kreutzer, some cook-shop keeper gave him leave to sleep on a bench. He sold one of his shirts; he went to the Rhine to wash the one that was left him, and waited in the sun till it was dry.

Suddenly the scene changed. July 9, 1545, he enters as scribe with Christopher de Loewenstein, receiver of the Order of Saint John. Charged by the Knights of Malta with banking the rents of their commanderies in Upper and Lower Germany, he had seven of them to his share, and eight horses from the stable. A highroad passed before this opulent château, in which pikemen and cavalrymen always made a stage in their marches, certain at all hours of finding the table set there, and tasting succulent morsels copiously washed down. Christopher de Loewenstein had acquired benefices by his courage at the siege of Rhodes, and he had remained a man of war. He kept a concubine as a fixture; he chose a pretty one, dressed her, decked her out; when he wanted to grow young again, he married her to one of his whippers-in, and took another. His chaplain, of no very rigid principles, always stopped in the kitchen when going to the chapel. — "Sir John," some one said to him, "do you dare eat before saying mass?" — "Pshaw!" replied he, "our Saviour has power over the bolts: it isn't soup that will stop him."

Sastrow very quickly became a new man in this place of delights. A sword with a silver scabbard, a gold ring on his little finger, transformed him into a fine young gentleman: "My sorry Worms face underwent a complete metamorphosis; I got a nice complexion and was able to please." He was so pleasing to one of the commander's concubines that she made him obliging advances; this Joseph did not leave his cloak in the hands of the temptress: "The dissolute morals of the Knights of St. John risked leading me to hell more quickly than to Paradise; the money earned in this service could bring me no happiness, it was better to spend it on the highways." He left, betook himself to Rome to enter upon the slender heritage of one of his brothers who had just died, and on the road he ran great risks. On his return from Italy, we find him near Nuremberg, seated in the shade of a bush, and hunting the vermin that were gnawing him. He resigned himself with facility to everything. The men of those days loved to enjoy, but they were not afraid to endure.

Some months after, at the age of twenty-five, he obtained a post in the chancellery of Wolgast, where Philip I., Duke of Western Pomerania, had established his residence, and night as well as day he was always on the road. He was soon mixed up in important affairs. The League of Smalkald had been conquered at Muhlberg; the chiefs of the evangelical party, the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, having fallen into the hands of Charles V., were treated as prisoners of war, and Charles said to the landgrave, threatening him with his finger, "I'll teach you to laugh!" The courts of Wolgast and of Stettin were greatly disturbed. The two dukes of Pomerania exerted themselves to regain the conqueror's good graces, to prove to him that they had taken no part in the League nor lent any assistance to the Protestants. Sastrow accompanied the embassy which they sent him, and which joined him at Augsburg, where he was going to hold his Diet. According to his custom, and feeling the difficulty of the situation, he will not abuse his victory. He proposes to reëstablish religious peace in Germany, to give satisfaction to the Pope without reducing the disciples of Luther to despair. Unfortunately his famous *Interim* will be again a lopsided arrangement, and will satisfy no one, either the parties or himself. His religious peace will be only a half peace, and his joy only a half joy. But, wiser than Sastrow's father, he has learned, without read-

ing Hesiod, that when you have not everything, you must know how to be content with half.

Sastrow has consecrated to the Diet of Augsburg the finest chapter of his memoirs, the richest, the most highly colored. Horrors and magnificences, tragedies, violent actions in a splendid setting, — that is the sixteenth century; it loved contrasts passionately. Never have men had imaginations so hot and nerves so tough; men needed sharp emotions to make them feel alive; cruelties served as spices to feasts of the spirit, seasoning to joys of the flesh. Electors and their retinue, dukes, margraves, counts, cardinals, barons, abbés of note, — all Germany was gathered at Augsburg to salute there the master, the triumphant emperor. Each had brought his wife or his mistress, and they vied in luxury and magnificence. Nevertheless, on the morrow of his arrival, in the last days of July, 1547, his Imperial Majesty straightway had erected in front of the city hall a gibbet, beside the gibbet the strappado [rope lift], opposite the strappado a scaffold for the wheel, decapitation, strangulation, and quartering; and sharpers or highway robbers, pikemen who had talked unbecomingly of their sovereign, military men suspected of having woven criminal intrigues with the king of France, were in succession relieved of their heads, strangled, or hanged.

While the gibbet kept at work, while the executioner's sword ate and drank, and the high prelates of the Diet forged in the shadow the most equivocal articles of the "Interim," there were nothing but fêtes, jousts, festivals, balls, concerts, *algardes*, foreign or German dances, amorous emprise, and deep gambling. The margrave Albert and other young Highnesses played billiards with bishops of their age, and the margrave cried: "Yours, priest! I bet your stroke counts nothing." The bishop, in his turn, taking the margrave by the arm, said to him, "Come, Albert, let's go and console ourselves." As there were neither benches nor chairs in the hall, the princes and the noblest ladies sat on the floor. "It had been covered with a magnificent carpet, very comfortable to stretch out on: I leave you to imagine the embraces!" The true conqueror of Muhlberg, Duke Maurice of Saxony, who a few years later was to turn suddenly against Charles V. and mortally assail him, had no need of going out to amuse himself. "He lived with a doctor of medicine, the father of

a girl named Jacqueline. This pretty creature and the duke bathed together, and played cards every day with the margrave Albert. The latter one time, seeing a fine chance, hazarded several crowns. 'I stand!' exclaimed the damsel: 'come, make it good!'—'Put up your stake,' replied the margrave: 'we'll see who will be on top.' This in good frank German; and Jacqueline broke into her sweetest smile. This was their train of life; the town talked about it, and the devil was bursting with joy."

When the Diet was dismissed, so much had been spent that all the coffers were empty. A number of sovereigns had received thousands of florins from their subjects as gaming money; they had lost it all. The Duke of Alva, a still more luckless gamester, had to leave in the hands of the Elector of Saxony, his prisoner, the fine inflicted on the Landgrave of Hesse and the towns, and which was to serve for paying off the garrison. On their part, to obtain the thanks of their princes, the ambassadors of the ecclesiastical sovereigns had lavished gold and presents on the great personages of the Council. Lord Granvelle was overwhelmed. At the moment of departure, not enough wagons and mules could be found to carry off the booty. "What is this long convoy carrying?" he was asked. "The sins of Germany" (*peccata Germaniæ*), he responded. Under pain of not being able to get home again, he needs had recourse to the Jew Michel, who, richly dressed, and playing the great lord, displayed himself on horseback, with gold chains about his neck, escorted by a dozen retainers. When the pocket is empty, the back bends; men became tractable and pacific, and Charles V. won his case. The Elector of Brandenburg, who was distinguished by his profusion, and who was reputed the poorest pay of all debtors, knew not to what saint to vow himself; all purses were closed against him. The bishop of Salzburg advanced him fifteen thousand Hungarian florins, on condition that he should pledge himself and his subjects to conform strictly to the "Interim,"—so true is it that the things of heaven, *lo de dios*, as a Spanish diplomat said, are closely linked to things of this world.

Sastrow did not remain long in the service of the dukes of Pomerania, whom he accuses of ingratitude. He was disgusted with courts, and resolved to live no longer save as a good bourgeois. He considered that the trade of scribe leaves no one in

poverty. He settled down and married. At first he had trouble to make both ends meet. His house was bare; and the *bourgeoise* of Greifswald, whom he had married, said to her mother weeping, "You didn't advise me, you surrendered me." But he soon felt the wind on his sails; he became an attorney, and his clientage rapidly increased. They came in carriages from afar to seek him, and every time, besides ringing coin, they brought to the house provisions of all sorts, hams, sides of bacon, legs of mutton, hares, haunches of roebuck or boar; his wife no longer complained that she had been surrendered.

A few years later he was appointed secretary of Greifswald, then of Stralsund, then councillor, and finally burgomaster; and it was something then to be burgomaster of Stralsund. In our time of great agglomerations, we find it hard to conceive to what a point, in the sixteenth century, sovereignty had been divided and distributed among a crowd of heads. The small ones did their own business, and the great had to account with them; the first principle of politics was to use pawns to get to king. The small countries had their glories; and Ranke is right in saying that this civilization, less humane and less comfortable than ours, had infinitely more variety. Stralsund governed itself as a republic; it owed nothing to its dukes except taking the oath of homage. Besides, the Hanseatic cities were still a power: had they not recently attempted to drive the Dutch from the Baltic, and to give kings to Denmark and Sweden? Sastrow was a personage; he figured in more than one negotiation. But glory did not make happiness. He had domestic infelicities, and his distrustful and self-willed character drew him into sorry business. His temper grew sour; he said in his old age, "I have fallen right into the caldron of hell, and I have been boiling there for forty years."

This Pomeranian bourgeois, very shrewd in his conduct, was no philosopher. He conformed all his actions to reason, he did not so conform his doctrines and his faith. He was firmly persuaded, one day when his horse had fallen on him, that the obliging stranger who helped him rise was an angel sent from heaven to rescue him. He believed also in devils and in demoniacs. He recounted gravely that a small *bourgeoise* of Stralsund having bought a new cheese at the market, her daughter in her absence made a hole in it; that the mother, on her return, imprudently wished her to have the

devil in her body, and that this girl was at once possessed by an evil spirit; that when the clergyman who exorcised it ordered it to depart, it demanded a square of glass from the window of the neighboring bell-tower; and that at the same instant this pane crashed into fragments. Like Luther himself, Sastrow considered this world as a field of battle which God and Satan were disputing; and he saw the devil everywhere, in plagues, in riots, in floods, in wars, in vermin, above all in the eyes of monks, demagogues, and all the people whom Bartholomew Sastrow did not like.

The burgomasters of to-day bear very little resemblance to Sastrow. But strange as may sometimes appear the manners he has depicted in his memoirs, we find in his book many people of our own acquaintance. He visited one day, near Antwerp, the house of Gaspard Duitz, treasurer of Madame Marie, sister of Charles V. Master Gaspard had failed twice, and, richer than ever after the second time, he had built a dwelling of princely magnificence. He received the Count de Buren there at dinner, did him the honors of his palace, and inquired modestly if his Lordship had noticed any deficiency. "The only thing lacking," replied the count, "is a gallows at the entrance, with Gaspard Duitz strung up to it." The race of the Gaspards is not extinct.

A personage also not unknown to us is the chancellor of Wolgast, Jacques Citzewitz, whom the chancellor of the Elector of Cologne compared to a hen about to lay an egg. "She jumps upon the stable door first, cackling 'An egg!' Then she gets up on the haymow: 'An egg; I'm going to lay an egg!' From there she goes and perches on the joists: 'Attention, friends, an egg!' Finally, when she has cackled herself out, she lays a very ordinary egg." M. Crispi, who has since calmed down, was so joyful at having become president of the council to his Majesty the king of Italy, that he sometimes resembled chancellor Citzewitz. He filled Europe with his shrill hen-cackling, and whatever he was meditating or preparing, he cried to the universe, "Attention! I am laying an egg."

A SOUTH-AMERICAN LOVE AFFAIR.

By JORGE ISAACS.

(From "Maria": translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[Jorge Isaacs, the most noted of South-American novelists, was born at Cali in the state of Cauca, Colombia, in 1843; his father was an English Jew and his mother a Spaniard. His parents removed to Bogotá when he was a boy, and he has lived there ever since. He has held some public positions, including a consulate in Chili; but his main work has been literature, of which his city is a considerable center. His first volume, a collection of verses, was issued in 1864. In 1867 he published "Maria," which at once became the household novel of South America.]

I was just fording the little Amaime when I heard myself called, and descried my *compadre*[1] coming out of a wood close by. He was riding a big sorrel colt not yet broken, with a high-pommeled saddle; he wore a striped blue shirt, his trousers were pulled up to the knees, and his riding-cloak hung loose over his thighs. There followed him, mounted on a white mare drooping under years and four clusters of bananas, a half-witted boy, the same who performed on the ranch the combined functions of swineherd, bird-catcher, and gardener.

"God bless me, compadrito," said the old man to me when he came up, "if I hadn't hurt myself hollering, you'd have got away from me."

"I was on my way to your house, compadre."

"You don't tell me! And I came nigh staying in these woods forever, trying to come across that good-for-nothing limpy that has cast her foal again: but she'll pay me in the cane mill for the whole lot. Only I happened to pass through the clearing and see the buzzards, I should have been hanging around on the search till now. I went straight for them, and sure enough: there was the mule's foal half eaten, and so grand and big it looked like two months old. I couldn't get a skin off it, and with one other it would have done me for a pair of leggings, and those I have on are in sight of the dogs."

"Don't worry over that, compadre; there'll be young mules in plenty and a host of years to see them. Come, let's go on."

"It's no matter, señor," said my compadre, starting to ride on ahead of me, "except the waste of time: it's the worst kind

[1] The godparents and the godchildren's parents call each other *compadre* and *comadre*.

of hard times. Just figure up: honey 12½ cents; raw sugar, not worth talking of; what little sugar comes out white, a dollar [a hundred]; cheese, given away; and the pigs gobbling the whole corn crop, so you might as well throw it in the river. The wife's earnings, though the poor woman is a perfect slave, are not enough for candles; there isn't a boiling of soap that pays what it costs; and those swilling keepers mad after the still — Let me tell you! I bought that stubble field there with the shed on it of friend Don Jeronimo; but what a skin that man is! four hundred dollars and ten yearlings he took out of me!"

"And what did the four hundred come from? the soap?"

"Ah, you're a sticker, compadre. We even had to break into Salomé's bank to be able to pay for it."

"And does Salomé work as hard as ever?"

"And if she didn't, where would she get her salt? She does needlework you can't see the like of, and helps about everything: her mother's own daughter, sure pop. But when I tell you that girl keeps me on pins and needles, I'm not lying."

"Salomé? She, so steady, so shy — "

"She, compadre; just so quiet as you see her."

"What has happened?"

"You are a gentleman of honor and my friend, and I'll tell you about it instead of going to the parish priest with it; for I don't believe that dear saint would see a hole in a ladder, and he's too easy-going for anything. But wait till I pass this ditch first, for it takes all your wits to keep from getting plastered in it."

And turning to the half-wit, who was jogging drowsily along between the bananas: —

"Keep track of the path, stupid; for if the mare gets mired, I'll be glad to lose the bananas for the sake of leaving you there."

The idiot laughed stupidly, and returned some inarticulate mutterings for answer. My compadre went on: —

"Do you know Tiburcio, the quadroon boy old Murcia that's dead brought up?"

"Isn't he the one who wanted to marry Salomé?"

"Right you are."

"I didn't know who brought him up. But certainly I know him: I have seen him at your house and José's, and we have even hunted together several times. He is a fine fellow."

"There where you are looking he has no less than eight good cows, his drove of pigs, his patch of land, and his saddle mare; because 'ñor Murcia, for all he swore like a pirate, was a good man and left all that to the boy. He's the son of the mulatto girl who cost the old man an attack of jaundice that carried him off in a little while, for within four months of the time he bought the *zamba* [half-breed] in Quilichao he died; and I learnt the story because I happened to work several times on 'ñor Murcia's ranch."

"And what ails Tiburcio?"

"I am coming to that. Well, señor, it's about eight months since I began to notice that he found a good many excuses to come and see us; but I soon smelt a rat, and knew what he was looking for was a chance to see Salomé. One day I told Candelaria so right out, and she jumped on me with the answer that I must have had a film over my eyes for once, and my story was stale. I put myself at a peep-hole one Saturday afternoon, because Tiburcio never failed at that hour those days; and bear in mind that I saw the girl go out to meet him as soon as she saw him, and it left me not a particle of doubt. — Still, I saw nothing that wasn't proper. — Days and days went by, and Tiburcio didn't open his mouth to speak of marriage; but I thought, 'He's studying what sort Salomé is, and a big gump he'll be if he don't marry her, for she's no slut, and such a housewife that nothing takes her unawares.' Then all at once Tiburcio stopped coming, without Candelaria being able to get out of the girl what the matter was; and as Salomé holds me in the respect she ought to, still less could I find out; and since before Christmas, Tiburcio hasn't shown his face here. Are you a friend of young Justiniano, Don Carlitos' brother?"

"I have not seen him since we were children."

"Well, take away the whiskers Don Carlos has grown, and there you have the very spit of him. But if he was only like his brother! he's Old Nick himself, but a good-looking fellow, no denying it. I don't know where he met Salomé; maybe it was when I was making that trade with his father, for the boy came here to brand the cattle, and since that day he hasn't let me eat a banana with any comfort."

"That isn't nice."

"I'm telling this at the risk of having your comadre, if she knows it, call me a lunatic or a chatterbox some day; but I know what I'm about. However, there's no disease without a

remedy : I've been thinking and contriving till it can be put to the test."

"Let's hear it, compadre. But tell me first (and pardon me if I am indiscreet in asking) how does Salomé treat Justiniano?"

"Don't ask me, señor : that's what keeps me night and day as if I were sleeping on nettles — compadre, the girl is smitten. — Not to kill. — And the licking I'll give that devil if he takes advantage of it! — I love her, my boy, and that's why I tell you the whole thing so I can get out of it in good shape."

"And how have you known Salomé was in love?"

"Bless me! haven't I seen how her eyes dance when she sees the young white fellow, and that she gets all in a quiver when she hands him water or a candle — for you'd think he lived in a state of thirst, and the only thing he did was to smoke ; and he keeps running to the house for candle and water, and never fails Sunday afternoons to go to old Dominga's house — do you know her?"

"No."

"Then I must tell you she is one of those that use powders : and no one can get it out of Candelaria's head that this bat was the one who threw the evil eye on that little monkey who was so knowing and amused you so much, for the little animal died beating his stomach and uttering groans like a Christian."

"Some scorpion he had swallowed, compadre."

"Where from! It took hard work to get him to eat cold victuals ; make up your mind the witch did him a bad turn, — but that wasn't what I was driving at. Once when I went to look for the mare, I met the old woman in the guava patch as I was going to the house ; and I being pretty sharp, it was enough to see her for me to face her up and say, 'See here, 'ña Dominga, turn right around, for the people in there work instead of gossiping.' She fell into a tremble all over ; and when I saw her so scared, I thought all of a sudden, 'That wretch is on no good errand.' She broke out with one thing and another ; but I left her struck dumb and white when I said, 'Look here, I'm pretty sharp, and if I catch you at any of your tricks, I'll skin you alive, as sure as my name is my mother's."

My compadre's excitement had reached its climax. Crossing himself, he continued : —

"God keep me from harm! That old corpse is capable of

working my death, some day when a black fit runs away with me. A nice thing, sir: for an honest man to have a little daughter that has cost him so many worries, and then be sure to have somebody try and make him ashamed of the one he loves most."

My irascible compadre was near having an attack of pathos; and I, to whom his last words had not seemed a wedding chime, hastened to say to him: —

"Let's know what cure you have found for this trouble, as I see that without doubt it is a very serious one."

"Well, now you see: your mother proposed the other day to my wife that Salomé should be sent to her for a few weeks, so the girl can learn fine sewing, which is all Candelaria wants. I couldn't then — I didn't know you as I do now."

"Compadre!"

"True as Gospel. The case is different now: I want your mother to keep the girl there a few months for me, because that dangerous enemy can't go and hunt her up there; Salomé will come to her senses, and be the very one to tell whoever disturbs her for me, to go and hang himself. Don't it seem so?"

"To be sure. I'll speak to my mother about it this very day, and the girls will be delighted over it. I promise you that everything shall be arranged."

"God will repay you, compadre. Now I'll plan it so you can have a little talk with Salomé to-day; you propose, as if nobody was urging the matter, that she should go to your house, and say your mother is expecting her. Then you tell me right away what you notice, and everything will come out straight as a furrow. But if the girl stands out against me, I swear some of these days I'll tie her on to one of my horses and go and put her in the convent of Cali, where a fly can't set foot against me; and if she don't come out married, saying her prayers, and learnt to read, I'll leave her there till St. John puts down his finger."[1]

We were passing through the stubble field recently bought by Custodio, and he said to me: —

"Don't you see what prime land it is, and how golden the thorn-bushes are — the best sign of good soil? The one thing that hurts it is lack of water."

"Why, compadre," I answered, "you can lead all you want of it in."

[1] *I.e.* forever. St. John is always represented with his finger upraised.

"Don't joke with me: if I could, I wouldn't sell it for double."

"My father will let you take all you need from the pastures down there: I let him know what you suggested, and he wondered you had not asked his permission before."

"But what a memory you have! Fancy waiting till now to let me know it. Tell the master I thank him with all my heart: he knows already there's nothing ungrateful about me, and that I am at his orders with whatever I have. Candelaria will be in the seventh heaven: water right at hand for the garden, the still, and the sugar kettle. Just think, what passes by the house is a mere thread, and that muddied up by my compadre Rudesindo's pigs, which do nothing but roam around rooting and undermining my fences; so that for all the clean water to use in the house, we have to point the dumby with the mare and a load of gourds for the Amaime, because to take water from the Honda is worse than drawing lye, there's so much clear vitriol in it."

"It is copper, compadre."

"It must be."

The news of my father's permission to take the water cheered the farmer to the point of making the colt he was upon show off the gait his rider had said he was training him to.

"Whose colt is that? he hasn't your brand."

"Do you like him? He is grandfather Somera's."

"How much is he worth?"

"Well, not to put any twists or turns in it, I admit that Don Emigdio wouldn't take seventy-five dollars; and he's a skate beside my black stallion that I've got broken, and that steps out with such a clean pace, and carries his tail beautifully, and it was a job to break him; he lamed this arm for a whole week, for he hasn't his equal for high temper; he bucked every two steps; but I'm feeding him up now, because after the last lambasting I gave him, he hadn't anything left but his backbone."

We arrived at Custodio's house, and he struck his heels into the colt to urge him into opening the court-yard gate.

Hardly had this given the last screak behind us, and a bang that made the sorrel colt quiver, when my compadre advised me: —

"Go sharp and cautious with Salomé, to see what you can get out of her."

"Don't worry," I replied, forcing my nag up to the balcony, the linen hanging out on which frightened him.

When I started to dismount, my compadre had already covered the colt's head with the riding-cloak, and was holding my stirrup and bridle. After fastening the horses, he went in, calling: —

"Candelaria! Salomé!"

Only the turkeys answered.

"What, not even the dogs?" went on my compadre: "it's as if the earth had swallowed them all."

"I'm coming," responded my comadre from the kitchen.

"Thunder and lightning! it's your compadre Efrain that's here."

"Wait for me just a minute, compadrito, because we are taking down some new sugar, and it's burning on us."

"And where has Fermín stowed himself?" asked Custodio.

"He went with the dogs to look for the strayed pig," responded Salomé's musical voice.

She appeared shortly at the kitchen door, while my compadre set himself to helping me off with my leggings.

The farm hut was thatched with straw, and floored with beaten earth, but very clean and lately whitewashed; it was surrounded with coffee plants, custard-apple trees, papaws, and other fruit trees. The living room was equipped with chairs having rawhide bottoms, a bench, a table covered for the time with starch on linen squares, and the dresser, on which shone plates and porringers of various sizes and colors.

A high portière of pink chintz covered the doorway that led to the sleeping rooms, and above its cornice rested a damaged chromo of the Virgin of the Rosary, the little altar being completed by two statuettes of St. Joseph and St. Anthony placed on either side of the picture.

My plump and jolly comadre shortly came out of the kitchen, stifled with the heat of the fire, and grasping in her right hand a stirring stick. After giving me no end of scolding for my fickleness, she finished by saying: —

"Salomé and I were expecting you to dinner."

"How so?"

"Juan Angel came for a few reals' worth of eggs, and the señora sent me word you were coming to-day. I had Salomé called up from the river where she was washing, and ask her what I said to her, so I shan't be charged with fibbing: 'If my

compadre don't come to dinner here to-day, I'll lay my tongue on him.' "

"All which means that you've got a wedding feast ready for me."

"Haven't I seen you eat one of my stews with an appetite? The trouble is it isn't done yet."

"All the better, for I shall have time to go and take a bath. — Well, Salomé," said I, stopping at the kitchen door, while my compadres went on into the living-room talking in a low voice, "what have you got for me?"

"Jelly and what I am making," she answered, without ceasing to grind. "If you knew how I have been waiting for you, like the blessed bread — "

"That must be because you have a lot of nice things for me."

"Partly. Wait a minute while I wash up, so as to shake hands; although it's no use, for as you're not my friend any more — "

She said this without looking straight at me, and between fun and shyness; but letting me discern, by the smile of her half-opened mouth, some teeth of matchless whiteness, inseparable companions of moist and voluptuous lips. Her cheeks displayed that bloom which in mixed races of a certain grade defies all comparison for beauty.

The going and coming of her bare soft arms over the stone upon which she was leaning her waist showed all her suppleness, her long hair shook free above her shoulders, and the folds of her white embroidered chemise followed her motions. Throwing back her head and tossing it to clear her shoulders of the locks, she set about washing her hands, and finishing by wiping them on her hips, she said to me: —

"How you like to watch grinding! — If you knew," she went on more softly, "how I am being ground! — Didn't I tell you I had been waiting for you?"

Standing so she could not be seen from the outside, she continued, giving me her hand: —

"If you had not let a month go by without coming, you might have done me some good. Look and see if my papa is there."

"There is no one there. — Can't I do you the same good still?"

"Who knows?"

"But tell it till we see. Don't you know I would do it for you with all my heart?"

"If I said no, I should be telling a fib; for ever since you took so much pains to have the English gentleman come and see me when I caught the fever, and were so interested because I got better, I was sure you were fond of me."

"I am glad you know it."

"But what I have to tell you is so long that I can't do it right away, and indeed it's a miracle that mamma isn't here already. — Listen, there she comes!"

"There'll be a chance all right."

"Oh, dear, señor! and I can't bear to have you go away to-day without telling you everything."

"So you are going to take a bath, señor?" said Candelaria, entering. "Then I'll bring you a sheet perfumed nice, and you can go right off with Salomé and your godson; they want to draw a load of water first, to wash some strainers, because what with the dumby's journey through the bananas, and what has had to do for you and send to the church, there's none left except in the big jar."

On hearing this proposal of the good woman, I was convinced that she had entered fully into her husband's plan; and Salomé gave me an expressive and affectedly careless grimace with lips and eyes, as much as to say, "Now for it."

I left the kitchen, and pacing the living-room while the requisites were being prepared for the bath, I thought to myself that my compadre had reason enough to keep watch of his daughter; since even to one less suspicious than he, it might occur that Salomé's face with its beauty-spots, and that figure and carriage, and that bust, were things unusually rare.

These reflections were interrupted by Salomé, who, stopping at the door with a leaf hat partly on, said to me: —

"Are we going?"

And holding out the sheet she carried over one arm, for me to smell, she added: —

"What perfume is that?"

"Your own."

"Mallow, señor."

"Mallow, then."

"Because I always have a lot of them in my clothes chest. Come on, and don't think it's far: we shall take the road under

the cacaos, and when we come out on the other side, we have only a little step to go and we are there."

Fermín, laden with the gourds and strainers, preceded us. He was my godson; I was thirteen and he two when I served as godfather at his confirmation, owing to the affection his parents had always borne me.

We were leaving the court in rear of the kitchen, when my godson's mother called out to us: —

"Don't stay long, for dinner's 'most ready."

Salomé started to close the small cross-barred gate through which we had entered the cacao plantation; but I did it myself, while she said to me: —

"What shall we do with Fermín, he is so loose-tongued?"

"Attend to that yourself."

"All right: wait till we are further along, and I'll get rid of him."

We were covered with the dense gloom of the cacaos, which seemed to have no limits. Salomé's pretty feet, left visible to above the ankles by her blue chintz skirt, contrasted sharply with the dark path and the withered leaves. My godson walked behind us, throwing dry cobs and *aguacate* pips at the turtle-doves moaning amid the foliage, and at the beetles. Arriving at the foot of a *cachimbo*, Salomé halted and said to her brother: —

"What if the cows were to muddy up the water? They are certain to, for at this time of day they're always at the drinking place up above. There's no help for it but your hurrying there and driving them away: run, darling, and see that they don't eat the calabash I forgot and left in the fork of the *chiminango*. Only be careful about breaking the gourds or losing anything as you go. Off with you!"

Fermín did not wait to have the order repeated: it is true she gave it in the sweetest and most engaging manner.

"See that?" Salomé asked me, slackening her pace, and looking up into the trees with ill-feigned preoccupation.

Pretty soon she began looking at her feet, as if to count her slow steps; and I broke the silence we maintained by saying to her: —

"Now let's hear what the matter is, and what you are being ground by."

"Well, there's something that gives me — I don't know how to tell what."

"How so?"

"Why, because it makes me so very sad to-day, and — just now so solemn."

"It's your fancy. Go ahead, for afterwards you won't be able. I've got something very nice to tell you too."

"Have you? You first, then."

"No I shan't," I answered.

"Well then, what has happened is that Tiburcio has turned out a weathercock and a hateful thing, and goes around hunting up silly things to say, to make me feel bad; it is something like a month now that we haven't been on good terms, without my giving him any reason for it."

"None? — are you quite sure?"

"Look at me — I take my oath to it."

"And what has he told you makes him that way after having loved you so much?"

"Tiburcio? Conceited thing! He doesn't love me at all. At first I didn't know why he kept making himself disagreeable, and then it came into my mind it was all because he imagined I was making eyes at the first man I saw. Now tell me, can a girl stand that when she is honest? First he took to believing silliness, and then you came into the field."

"I too?"

"And then he was going to quit."

"And what did he suppose?"

"What is the good of telling you when you can guess it anyway? And all because he saw you come to the house two or three times, and because I am fond of you: how could I help being?"

"And he finally became convinced he was thinking nonsense?"

"But I had to cry and coax to bring him to reason."

"I assure you I am sorry to have been the cause of this."

"Don't mind that, for if it hadn't been you, he'd have been sure to find somebody else to think wrong of. Listen, for I haven't told the biggest one. My papa was breaking some colts for that young Justiniano, and he had to come and see some yearlings they were bargaining about: one of the times the white fellow came, Tiburcio met him here."

"Here?"

"Don't play silly: in the house. As a punishment for my sins, he happened to meet him another time."

"I think that makes twice, Salomé."

"If that had only been all! He met him again one Sunday afternoon when he came to ask for water."

"That's three."

"Those are all, for though he has come other times, Tiburcio didn't see him; but I have an idea he has been told about them."

"And all this seems to you a great fuss over nothing?"

"You harp on the same string too? Dear me! am I to blame because the white gentleman keeps coming? Why doesn't my papa tell him not to come back, if he can?"

"Because some simple things are hard to do."

"There then! that's just what I told Tiburcio; but there's a remedy for everything, and I don't dare tell it."

"That he shall marry you right away, isn't that it?"

"If he loves me enough. — But he already, though — and he can think I am that sort of a girl!"

Salomé's eyes were wet, and after taking a few steps more she stopped to wipe away the tears.

"Don't cry," I said. "I am sure he doesn't think so; it's all the result of jealousy and nothing else: let's see how we can help it."

"Don't you believe it; he ought not to be so set up. Because he has been told he is a gentleman's son, nobody is knee-high to the coxcomb now, and he fancies there's nothing greater than himself — Gracious! as if I were some negress just over, or a freed slave like him. Now he is thick with the provincial girls [Antioquians], and all just to make me provoked, for I know it very well; although it would please me to have 'ñor José show him the door."

"We mustn't be unjust. What special difference does it make that he is working in José's house? That means he is using his time profitably; it would be worse if he spent the days loafing."

"Remember I know what Tiburcio is. He ought not to fall in love so easily — "

"But because he considers you pretty, — deuce a bit of thanks to him for that, — do all the girls he sees look just as pretty to him?"

"Certainly."

I laughed at the answer, and turning her eyes toward me, she said: —

"Well! and what is there so funny about that?"

"Why, don't you see you are acting the same with Tiburcio, exactly the same as he is with you?"

"Good heavens! and how am I acting?"

"Why, you are jealous."

"Not a particle."

"No?"

"And suppose he wanted me to be? Nobody can get it out of my head that if 'ñor José would consent, the fast-and-loose fellow would marry Lucia; and only for Tránsito being engaged already, he'd marry both of them, if they'd let him."

"Then you must know that Lucia, ever since she was a girl, has been in love with one of Braulio's brothers, who is coming shortly; and don't harbor any doubt about it, for Tránsito told me of it."

Salomé grew thoughtful. We were at the end of the cacaos, and seating herself on a fallen trunk, she said to me, as she rocked a little shrub with her hanging feet: —

"Tell me, then, what is the best thing to do?"

"Will you give me leave to tell Tiburcio what we have been saying?"

"No, no. By everything you love most, don't do that."

"I am only asking if you will let me."

"The whole of it?"

"The troubles, without the grievances."

"But every time I remember what he thinks about me, I don't know what I am saying. — See here: it seems to me it is best not to let him know, because if he doesn't love me now, he'll go around telling that I cried my eyes out for him, and tried to please him."

"Then make up your mind, Salomé, that there is no way of remedying your trouble."

"Oh dear, dear!" she exclaimed, beginning to cry.

"Come, don't be a coward," I told her, taking her hands away from her face; "tears from your eyes are worth too much for you to pour them out in floods."

"If Tiburcio thought so, I shouldn't be spending my nights crying till I fall asleep, to see him so unkind, and to see my papa getting angry with me over him."

"What do you want to bet me that Tiburcio won't come to see you and make it up to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh! I confess I shouldn't know how to pay you," she

replied, pressing my hand in hers, and putting it to her cheek. "Will you promise me?"

"I must be very unlucky or very stupid if I don't succeed."

"Mind, I hold your word for it. But on your life, don't tell Tiburcio we have been so all alone and — Because then he would go back to the other day, and that would be throwing all the fat in the fire. —Now," she added, starting to climb the stake fence, "turn around so as not to see me jump, or we will jump together."

"You are getting prudish: you weren't as much so once."

"That's because I'm growing modester with you every day. Come, get over."

But as it happened that Salomé, to alight on the other side, encountered difficulties I did not encounter, she remained seated atop of the palings, saying to me: —

"Look at the boy! Give three cheers, do! For I can't get down unless I jump."

"Let me help you: see how late it is getting, and my comadre —"

"Perhaps she is like him? If she were, why should you want me to get down? Don't you see that if I get caught —"

"Stop your monkey-shines and lean here," I said, presenting my shoulder.

"Brace yourself, then, for I weigh like — a feather," she concluded, leaping lightly down. "I shall plume myself, for I know a great many white ladies that would like to jump over palings that way."

"You are very artless."

"Is that the same as sticking pins? Because then I am going to come to blows with you."

"Going to what?"

"Oh, gracious! and he don't understand? Why, I am going to get mad with you. What can I do to find out how you act when you are real mad? It's a whim I've taken."

"And suppose you couldn't soothe me afterwards?"

"Oh, ho ho! Haven't I seen how your heart turns to mush when you see me crying?"

"But that is only because I know you are not doing it out of coquetry."

"Co-ket-ry. And what does that mean? Tell me, for you see I don't know — only it must be something bad. —Then I'll be ever so much on my guard against it, do you hear?"

"Good thing! You are wasting it now, though."

"Let me know, let me know! I won't stir from here till you tell me."

"Then I'll go alone," I answered, taking a few steps.

"Gracious! but I've a good mind to roil up the water. And what sheet would you dry on? No, no: tell me what it is I am throwing away. It is coming to me now what it is."

"Say it."

"Can it be — can it be love?"

"Just that."

"And what is the remedy? for I do love that high and mighty fellow. If I were white, oh, very white; and rich, oh, very rich — then I might love you, mightn't I?"

"Do you think so? And what should we do with Tiburcio?"

"With Tiburcio? Oh, for friendship's sake, to give a helping hand to everybody, we'd make him overseer and keep him like this," she said, closing her hand tight.

"That plan wouldn't suit me."

"Why? Wouldn't you enjoy having me love you?"

"It isn't that, but the fate that makes Tiburcio fancy you."

Salomé laughed with entire good will.

We had reached the brook; and spreading the sheet on the grass which had to serve me for a seat in the shade, she knelt on a stone and began to wash her face. When she finished, she began pulling a handkerchief from her belt to dry herself, and I offered her the sheet, saying: —

"That will do you harm unless you take a bath."

"I've almost — almost a mind to take another bath, the water is so warm. But you cool yourself off a little; and now that Fermín is coming, while you do it I'll take a dip in the pool down below."

On her feet now, she kept looking at me, and smiled slyly as she passed her wet hands through her hair. Finally she said to me: —

"Would you believe me, I have dreamed that all we have just been saying was true?"

"That Tiburcio doesn't love you now?"

"Nonsense! that I was white. — When I woke up, there was such a weight on my heart that the other day — it was Sunday, in church — I couldn't think of anything but my dream all

through Mass ; and as I sat doing my washing here where you are, I fretted the whole week about the same thing, and — "

Salomé's innocent confidences were interrupted by the shouts of "chiino, chiino," uttered by my compadre in the direction of the cacaos, calling his pigs. Salomé was slightly alarmed, and looking around her, said : —

"That Fermín has turned into smoke. — Take your bath, quick, now, and I'll go up the river to look for him, for fear he may have left without waiting for us."

"Wait for him here ; he'll come to hunt you up. This is all because you heard my compadre. Do you imagine he doesn't like to have us talk together ? "

"Talk together, yes, but — it depends."

Springing with the utmost agility over the great rocks on the bank, she disappeared through the leafy *carboneros.*

Her father's cries kept on, and made me think his confidence in me had its limits. No doubt he had followed us from afar through the cacaos, and only on losing us from sight had he resolved to call the swine. Custodio was ignorant that his suggestion had been punctiliously complied with, and that no heart could have been more blind and deaf to the thousand charms of his daughter than mine.

I returned to the house along with Salomé and Fermín, who were laden with gourd vessels ; she had made a rustic water-jar for her head, which, though sustained by no hand, did not prevent the graceful body of her who carried it from displaying all its litheness and ease of movement.

When Salomé had cleared the fence as before, she thanked me with a "God reward you," and her pleasantest smile, adding : —

"It was to pay for this that while you were bathing, I was throwing guava blossoms and other flowers into the stream above : didn't you see them ? "

"Yes, but I thought some band of monkeys was up the stream there."

"You are just playing ignorant ; and I almost got a fall in climbing after the guavas."

"And are you so foolish as to believe I didn't guess it was you who were strewing the river with flowers ? "

"It was because Juan Angel told me that on the ranch they throw roses into the tank when they take a bath ; so I threw the best there are in the woods into the river."

During the dinner I had occasion to admire, among other things, the skill of Salomé and my comadre in toasting fruits and little cheeses, frying pancakes, making *pandebono*, and giving consistency to the jelly. Amid Salomé's journeys to and from the kitchen, I put my compadre in touch with what the girl really wanted, and what I thought of doing to pull them both out of their troubles. The poor man could not contain his delight; and even addressed to my companion of the walk some jokes on the heartiness with which I helped myself at table, which were a great advance after his anger with her.

The hours of heat gone by, at four in the afternoon, the house was a new edition of Noah's Ark : the ducks began to traverse the parlor in family order ; the hens to raise a commotion in the court and at the foot of the plum-tree where on forked guava poles rested the trough from which my nag was eating corn ; the native turkeys strutted about, inflating themselves and echoing the screeches of a couple of corn-fed parrots, who were calling a certain Benita who must have been the cook ; and the pigs were squealing and trying to thrust their snouts through the bars of the self-closing gate ; to all which must be added my compadre's shouts in giving orders, and his wife's in shooing away the ducks and calling the hens.

The farewells were long drawn out, as were the promises my comadre made of commending me strongly to the Miracle Shrine of Buga, that I might have a prosperous journey and return quickly. On taking leave of Salomé, who contrived at just that moment not to be with the rest, she pressed my hand warmly, and for this once looking at me more than affectionately, she said : —

" Remember I depend on you. Don't say good-bye to me on account of your stupid old journey, for if I have to crawl, I am coming out to the road to see you off, even though I get there after you have passed by. Don't forget me — you know if you do, I shan't know what to do with papa."

From the other side of one of those gully brooks that noisily descend the slopes between crooked ribbons of thicket, I heard a man's sonorous voice singing : —

"Time I ask from Time,
And Time time gives to me;
But Time himself assures
My eyes shall opened be."

The singer came out of the woods; it was Tiburcio, who, with his poncho hung from one shoulder, and the other supporting a stick with a small bundle on the end, was cheering his path by instinctively singing his troubles to solitude. He ceased and stopped on seeing me, and after a pleasant and respectful greeting, said as soon as I came near: —

"George! but you are coming up late and hot-foot. — When the Black sweats — Where are you from, outstripping the wind in this way?"

"From making some calls; and the last one, to your luck, was at Salomé's house."

"And you haven't been there for a long time."

"I was very sorry. And since when were you there?"

The youth, with head hung down, began to switch a *lulo* bush with his stick; then, raising his head to look at me, he said: —

"It was her fault. What did she tell you?"

"That you were unkind and jealous, and that she is dying for you: nothing more."

"Is that all she told you? Then she kept back the best part."

"What is it you call the best part?"

"The gay times she has with that young Justiniano."

"Now listen to me: do you believe I could fall in love with Salomé?"

"How could I think that?"

"Well, Salomé is as much in love with Justiniano as I am with her. You ought to value that girl at her real worth, which fortunately for you is great. You have hurt her with your jealousies; but for all that, if you go and make up with her, she will forgive everything and love you more than ever."

Tiburcio stood awhile in thought before he replied, with a certain accent and air of sadness: —

"See here, Master Efrain, I love her so much that she can't imagine the torment she has kept me in this month. When a man has the nature God has given me, he can stand anything better than being taken for a cuckoldy innocent (pardon me for the bad word). I know what I'm talking about when I say the fault is Salomé's."

"What you don't know is that when she told me to-day of how you had wronged her, she was in despair and cried pitifully."

"Honest?"

"And I came to the conclusion that you were the cause of it all. If you love her as you say, why don't you marry her? Once in your house, who could see her without your consent?"

"I confess I had thought of getting married, but I couldn't make up my mind, in the first place because Salomé always thought me suspicious, and in the second because I don't know whether 'ñor Custodio wants to give her to me."

"Well, you know now what I have told you about her, and as to my compadre, I'll answer for him. You must act reasonably; and to prove that you put faith in me, go to Salomé's house this very afternoon, and without showing any sign of holding a grudge, pay her a call."

"Huh! you're in a big hurry! So you'll answer for everything?"

"I know that Salomé is the prettiest, cleverest, and most virtuous girl you can find; and as to her parents, I know they will give her to you gladly enough."

"Well, see here, I have half a mind to go."

"If you let it slip for this time, and Salomé is disposed of and you lose her, you have nobody to blame but yourself."

"I'll go, sir."

"All right, and there's no use insisting that you shall tell me how you fare, for I am sure you will be thankful to me. — Good-bye; it's getting on to five."

"Good-bye, sir, and God reward you. I shall certainly tell you what happens."

"Take care and not give those verses you were singing just now where Salomé can hear you."

Tiburcio laughed before answering: —

"Think they are ugly? Good-bye till to-morrow, and count on me."

PAPPAS NARKISSOS.

By DEMETRIOS BIKÉLAS.[1]

[DEMETRIOS BIKÉLAS, the ablest writer of recent Greece, was born in 1835 at Hermopolis, on the island of Syra, of an old Macedonian family. Put into a London counting-house at fifteen, he remained in the business nearly a quarter of a century, retiring wealthy in 1874; but he had translated Racine's "Esther" into Greek at sixteen, and all through his business career he was sedulous in study and literary work. He wrote much for periodicals, papers for learned societies, and several volumes of poetry, criticism, essays, and history — all on Greek subjects, and mostly in the Greek language; some of them have been translated, and he has written some in French. After retiring from trade, he translated several of Shakespeare's plays. But in 1879 his first novel, "Loukis Laras," a remarkable historical romance of the Greek Revolution, won him instant recognition through the world, and has been translated into twelve different languages. The collection of short stories from which the one below is taken was published in 1887, having previously appeared in the *Hestia* of Athens; it has also been widely translated.]

I.

"MY DEAR," said Father Narkissos to his wife, when he had finished his dinner and crossed himself, "my dear, I feel the heat very much, and if you don't mind I'm going to take a nap."

"That's right, have a good sleep. You ought to rest after all your hard work to-day; besides, it's so hot, no one is likely to come in to disturb you;" and the priest's wife began carrying the plates and dishes to the sink to wash them, before putting them away on the shelf by the chimney.

The room served as kitchen, dining room, and parlor, all in one. Its furniture consisted of the little table at which the young couple had just been taking their simple meal, and of four chairs and a straw settee. This settee faced the chimney, and on the wall above, framed in black wood, hung a lithograph yellow with age, which represented "King Otho's Arrival at Nauplia." Opposite the front door were two other doors, one of which led to the bedroom and the other to the garden; between them was a large wooden chest painted green, upon which lay a small rug folded twice. Here the wall was ornamented by an unframed lithograph held in place by four pins. It was a rude picture of the Church of Our Lady of the Annun-

[1] By permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

ciation at Tenos, and evidently a souvenir of some pious journey made by the priest to that place of pilgrimage. On each side of the house door was a window with the shutters closed; the little door itself was divided horizontally into two parts, of which the lower was shut, while the upper was left open, and let in the dazzling light of the noonday sun.

Rising from the table, Father Narkissos went into the bedroom for his pillow, closed the door again, and put the pillow on the couch; then he shut the upper half of the front door to make the room dark and cool, and stretched himself on the settee. In a few minutes, however, he went to get the rug from the chest, and having unfolded it and spread it over the couch carefully, he lay down again with a sigh of content, while his wife quietly went on with her housework.

Father Narkissos had really earned the right to rest this Sunday afternoon, for he had been on his feet since daybreak. As there was no assistant priest, deacon, or even reader, he had chanted the matins and performed the service alone in the one church of his little village. The service over, he had trudged to a distant part of the island with the justice of the peace and some witnesses, to settle the boundaries of a field of his, a part of which had been claimed by a neighbor. He had won his point and come back satisfied; but the walk was long, and it had grown very hot. He reached home late, a little after noon, just as his wife was beginning to fear that her dinner would be spoiled; but the hungry priest found the fare savory, and to her delight did it ample justice. This, too, helped to make his eyelids heavy.

The midday heat, now pleasantly tempered by the darkness of the room; the deep silence broken only by the even hum of the grasshoppers outside, and indoors by the careful movements of the young wife as she arranged the plates upon the shelves; the fatigue and after-dinner heaviness of the priest; the soft rug on the couch,—all invited him to slumber. With half-closed eyes he followed his wife to and fro about the room, and his blond beard scarcely hid a smile of gladness, as he thought of the cradle that in a few months would have to be added to the furniture of their bedroom. It was only the night before that she had told him this joyous news; and as his sleepy eyes rested upon her, there quickly passed before him as in a dream many incidents of his life, which floated vaguely by and added to his placid sense of happiness.

II.

For only three months had Father Narkissos enjoyed the double honor of priest and husband. He had worn the cassock from his childhood, having been destined for the Church before his birth. From time immemorial the eldest sons of his mother's race had become priests, in order to take charge of the Church of the Presentation, which belonged to the family, and was at once the ornament, the pride, and the place of pilgrimage of the whole island. The predecessor and uncle of Narkissos had had no children, and so when the old priest arranged the marriage of his only sister, — who was younger than he, — it was agreed in the contract that the first son of the marriage should be both his priestly successor and his heir. The family were therefore more pleased at the birth of a boy than is usual even in Greece, where girl babies are unjustly held in small esteem.

Little Narkissos was brought up by his mother with all the respect due to a future priest. He had rosaries and crosses for his playthings, and when he began to talk, the first words that he learned after "Papa" and "Mamma," were "Kyrie Eleison." As soon as he could walk alone, he was allowed to carry the wax taper before his uncle, who showed him his A B C's in the rubrics of the Book of Hours, and afterward taught him to read out of the Psalms. Neither study, however, nor the offices of religion repressed the young clerk's love of fun; and his mother was often obliged to administer another and very different laying on of hands, when he came home with his frock torn on the sharp rocks that he had been climbing, or in too boisterous contests with his playfellows.

In accordance with the family custom, and to prevent familiarity lessening the respect of the parishioners toward their future pastor, the boy was sent away from home when he reached his twelfth year. An old uncle of his mother had retired to the island of Andros, after having been Bishop of Tremithous. He had resigned his sacred functions, — either of his own motion or otherwise, — but not until he had acquired a fortune that enabled him to pass his closing days comfortably in the Cyclades. It was to this prelate that Narkissos was sent. The ex-Bishop of Tremithous received the new-comer with favor, and bestowed upon him the title of reader; while in order to deserve this first step in the priesthood, Narkissos continued his lessons in the Andros school, and the Bishop's vicar-

in-waiting taught him in matters ecclesiastical. Under these auspices the lad was prepared for his destined career. Some years passed by, and the reader was about to be made a deacon when the news of his uncle's death reached Andros. The inhabitants of his native village invited him to assume his sacred heritage, for although very young for full ordination, he must succeed his uncle at once to prevent the family office from passing into stranger hands. While sorry to lose his reader and intended deacon, the ex-Bishop of Tremithous would not spoil his young charge's future, and so sent the youth away to be married before going into holy orders.[1]

Narkissos obeyed without the least unwillingness, for his choice had long been fixed. From his tenderest infancy he had been wont to regard the little Arétoula as his future wife. The parents had assented to this marriage half in earnest and half in jest; but the boy had taken the matter seriously from the first, and had always honored his sweet little playmate with a chivalrous protection. When he had to go away to Andros, they exchanged vows, and on his return after eight years of absence, he found Arétoula grown to be a beautiful and charming maiden; nor did his own fair face lack comeliness under his reader's cap. The old Bishop, who had accompanied his nephew home, blessed the young couple, ordained his reader first deacon and then priest, and returned to Andros.

III.

So Narkissos had been married and a priest for three months.

Everything went to his heart's content. Well pleased with his sonorous voice in church and with his fine presence and manners, the villagers showed their pastor a respect to which his years hardly entitled him; his wife promised him an heir; his fields gave assurance of a rich yield; the revenues of the parish had not decreased under his care, — what more could he desire? Besides all this, he had thus far been spared the most painful of a priest's duties; during these three months no one had died in the island.

Here, however, Father Narkissos felt a strange dread. Here was the only cloud — a very dark one — that cast its shadow

[1] No unmarried man can serve as a parish priest in the Greek Church; and no priest is permitted to marry after his ordination.

on a career in which he otherwise seemed to find nothing but peace and happiness. His childhood had been beset with a fear of death. From the time when, as a little boy, he had kissed his father's cold and sunken eyelids, an unreasoning terror of death had taken possession of him. Growing up in the Church and always living among priests, he had had to take part in funeral services; but he always managed to avoid the sight of the dead, sometimes by looking steadfastly at his candle or the prayer-book in his hands, and sometimes by keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground. He had never dared to look at the corpse lying on the bier; he had never complied with the ghastly custom of giving a last kiss to the soulless clay. Once a full priest, however, how could he avoid contact with death, or how inure himself to the dreadful sight? He had of course confessed his fears to the Bishop, had avowed his weakness, and explained his scruple. The old man had advised, encouraged, and upbraided him; had urged that time would accustom him, like all other priests, to this horror of death; had tried to inspire him by dwelling upon the sanctity and grandeur of his office at the bedside of the dying and the coffin of the dead. Narkissos allowed himself to be persuaded.

He had allowed himself to be persuaded, but his dread continued none the less. During these three months, when any one called to see him, his heart beat fast with fear that the visitor had come to announce a death. Even now, while his eyes were gently closing in sleep, the sweet images that passed before him were darkened by the vision of a last confession. But gradually all his ideas became confused and his senses dull; his half-open lids closed together, his hand fell heavy on the rug, his cheek sank deeper into the pillow, and the cool quiet of the room was filled with the sonorous and regular breathing of the priest.

When her work was done, the young wife went into the next room, on tiptoe so as not to disturb her husband's slumber, and brought out a little bundle. She sat down quietly on a stool by the empty fireplace, unrolled the bundle, and spread out its contents on her lap piece by piece. They were tiny garments, borrowed from a neighbor, to serve as patterns for the work that she was about to do. She examined them slowly; but they did not wholly fill her thoughts, for now and then she cast a look of dreamy tenderness toward her husband, who slept on peacefully.

IV.

Suddenly the silence outside was broken by heavy footsteps coming toward the house. They stopped before the door, the upper half of which was pushed ajar from without, and a bright ray of light shot into the room. The priest's breathing changed its rhythm, but did not stop; and his young wife, turning to the door, laid a finger on her lips in token of silence. In the square space of sunlight she saw the head and breast of an old peasant. Around his shabby fez was twisted a white cotton handkerchief, the ends of which hung down behind to protect his wrinkled neck. Below the fez shone the bright eyes of the old man from under his white and shaggy brows. The sweat was dropping from his forehead; over his right shoulder he held a staff, and from the top of it hung a basket covered with cabbage leaves. The priest's wife rose and went to the door without making any noise.

"Good day, Thanasi," she whispered; "the father is asleep."

"So I see," replied the old man, with a vain effort to soften his heavy voice. "I'm very sorry, but we must wake him up."

"Why, what's the matter? What do you want of him?"

"It isn't me, thank Heaven: it's the leper who wants him."

"*Kyrie Eleison!* The leper?" repeated the young wife; and she instantly thought of her husband's fear. The mere idea that his trials must begin with the death of a leper made her tremble, without thinking of the distance, although it was quite at the other end of the island that the poor wretch passed his solitary life, and the heat was almost unbearable that summer day.

"He's not long for this world, I think," said the old peasant.

"Kyrie Eleison!" again exclaimed the wife, looking anxiously toward the settee; she could find no other phrase to express her anguish.

The priest had heard it all, — as in a dream. The opening of the door had disturbed his sleep, but his senses were still torpid and his impressions confused; through his closed eyelids he had felt the light as it broke into the room: he knew that his wife was speaking to old Thanasi, and understood that the leper had sent for him; but when he heard the old man's last words and the second *Kyrie Eleison* of his wife, a cold sweat broke out on his brow. He raised his head, let his feet fall to the floor, and leaning with his hands upon the rug, he sat there

stunned and motionless, with parted lips and eyes fixed upon the door. He saw before him that lonely rock high up above the sea, that wretched hut to which years ago he had been drawn by childish curiosity to know what kind of thing a leper was. Once more he seemed to see the unhappy creature sitting on the ground under a cedar tree, dressing a meal of wild herbs in a coarse earthen pot; once more he saw that loathsome face as it turned toward him for a moment before he fled back to his playfellows, who were waiting at a safe distance.

"Pardon, father, for waking you," said old Thanasi; "but the leper is dying, and wants to see you. It's a long way over there, and perhaps you won't reach him in time after all."

Father Narkissos rose to his feet. "Wife, my cap and cloak."

Obeying without a word, she went into the bedroom and brought them out. "You surely aren't going on foot?" said she, gently.

"Oh, no," said old Thanasi, "I'm going to fetch a donkey. I'll be back in a moment."

"Are you going with me?" the priest asked him.

"Yes, indeed!" and the old man hurried off to get the donkey.

"There," said the priest to his wife, as he washed his face and hands at the sink, "there's old Thanasi come all the way on foot; he has seen the leper, he has ministered to the poor man's wants, and yet is ready to go back with me out of pure kindness of heart," and his voice trembled a little, "while I, — I keep thinking of the horror of seeing a Christian's dying agony, and falter at my duty."

The woman made no reply, but offered her husband a towel in silence. Having wiped his face and hands, he took his cloak, put on his cap, then kissed his wife on the forehead and went out with the church key in his hand.

His house was the last one in the village, and stood alone at the foot of a steep hill, up which straggled the other houses of the hamlet, one above another. In the middle was the little Church of the Presentation, an old Byzantine structure with a tower-like cupola rising above the humble roofs of the village. The narrow street wound up the hill from the priest's house to the church. The sun's rays fell vertically, and made the ascent even more toilsome than usual. The cottage windows on either side were tightly closed; but here and there the upper half of

a door was open, and the master or mistress stood leaning on the lower part, as if waiting for the priest. Thanasi had told them that the leper was dying, and the news spread quickly.

Father Narkissos greeted his parishioners: —

"Good day to you, friend Yanni. Good day, Dame Thano."

"Your blessing, father."

They would have been glad to have a chat, but the priest made haste. He reached the church in a sweat, unlocked the door, and entered the cool interior. Reverently he took from the altar the consecrated vessel and his prayer-book, and first wrapping them in his stole, he covered the bundle with a square piece of black cloth, and went out. He had hardly fastened the door when he heard the voice of old Thanasi urging on the donkey, who seemed disinclined to rapid motion in the heat. Narkissos went to the beast's head, patted it, and mounted, putting the precious parcel in the breast of his cassock; he then began his journey, the old peasant following on foot. Other house doors were opened, and the pious villagers, knowing what sacred things the priest carried under his robe, made the sign of the cross as he went by. On the threshold of his own home his wife was waiting for him, shielding her eyes with her hand. A smile of gladness shone on the face of the priest; he stopped the donkey at the door and started to speak, but the words would not come. She also said nothing, but tried to return his smile; then he nodded to her, and striking the donkey's neck with the cord that served as a rein, went on again with the old man.

His wife's smile faded, and with her thumb she brushed away a tear.

V.

The road led down between the fields and vineyards that bordered on the village, and then up again through a thick olive wood to the crest of the opposite hill, where two windmills stood waiting for a breeze to turn their sails. From here there stretched a sloping plain, which terminated in steep rocks at the southern end of the island. It was a rough and ill-kept road, but old Thanasi and the donkey seemed familiar with the stones that cumbered it. On each side a low wall of loose masonry skirted the vineyards, which farther on gave place to fields already harvested. Beyond the cultivated land the plain

rose at the left in a series of hills covered with brushwood, while on the right it slanted gently toward the seashore, from which spread the blue waves of the Ægean, dotted with the mountain tops of distant islands. It was a glorious view, but the priest did not see it; his eyes saw nothing but the hideous face of the leper.

When a man is following the steps of a robust donkey, under a broiling sun and along a bad road, he is hardly in the mood for conversation, even if he be younger than Thanasi; so the old man kept silent. At last he began to pant audibly. Father Narkissos pulled the cord to his breast and brought the animal to a halt.

The peasant hurried up to him. "What's the matter, father? What are you stopping for?"

"I'm going to get down, my friend; you must take my place, and then we'll change again when I am tired."

"What! I ride the donkey and let you go on foot?"

"But you are tired."

"I tired? Pshaw! I'm still fresh; don't worry about me. Who ever saw a priest carrying the holy sacraments, walking behind his donkey, and his donkey driver riding in the saddle! Go on, little beast!"

There was small opportunity to discuss the point, for the donkey, moved by the suasion of Thanasi's voice and a smart blow on the crupper from his fist, had started briskly again.

The priest soon slackened his pace again to allow the old man to follow more comfortably.

"Do you think we shall find him alive?"

"Who can tell? He was very low."

"Just how was he when you left him?"

"Why, like a dying man."

This was precisely what the priest wanted to know, — how a man looks when he is dying. The old peasant's reply gave him no help. He yearned to have some one describe the sight that he so dreaded before seeing it, for in that way perhaps he might hope to lessen the horror of it. In his soul a struggle was waging between fear and duty. The peasant's calmness in speaking of the matter, and eagerness to return to the dying leper, made the priest in his heart only the more ashamed of his own lack of courage.

"Tell me, Thanasi, why did you come back with me? Was it to keep me company?"

"Yes, — but more than that, to comfort the leper in his last moments. You, father, will give him the sacraments, and then you'll come away; I shall stay behind. The poor fellow has been alone all his life, and it's only right he should have a Christian with him at his death-bed."

The priest felt a choking in his throat.

"You are a good Christian, Thanasi, — God bless you; but that duty is mine; I shall close his eyes."

The old man made no reply, and the two kept on in silence. The road was no longer lined with walls, but passed through bushes of arbutus and wild myrtle as it descended toward the steep shore. Soon it made a turn to the left, winding around a bare hill; and all at once the priest saw the lonely cedar tree that shaded the leper's hut.

Fifteen years ago, in the shadow of this same cedar, he had seen the poor wretch whose solitary life had been spent at this solitary spot, — alone, abandoned, far from all human company, seeing the sun rise and set, day after day, without bringing any change to his sad existence, cursed with an hereditary disease, without aim, without consolation, without hope. A poor and friendless orphan, he had been stricken while yet young with the hideous malady. His fellow-villagers had forced him to isolate himself, and to take the place of another leper who had died in the same hut. In promising him food and clothing, they had assumed no heavy burden.

Old Thanasi owned some patches of land beyond the leper's hut, and brought him his supplies once a week; but the peasant's kindness did not stop there. The old man helped him to grow his little garden, mended his tools, found seed for him, and gave him advice. But Thanasi's mere presence was the greatest boon of all, for he was in the habit of talking with the poor outcast across the garden wall, — having at last grown used to the terrible disease, — and the leper would count the days and hours until his next visit. Thanasi was the only tie that joined him to the outside world; no other living creature dared come near him. Now and then, to be sure, some peasants passing by would speak to him from a distance, or even leave a penny for him on a rock where he could see it; but no one ventured to look upon him close at hand. In this way his life had passed, and one after another his days had rolled by, long and lonely.

The garden about his cottage was inclosed by a hedge which he had made himself, and in which he had planted myrtles,

laurel-roses, and furze. On the side toward the sea the hedge was partly open, and two stones marked the entrance. Seated on these stones, with the Cretan sea spread out before him, how often he had seen the waves break angrily on the rocks, or die away in a murmur at his feet! How often he had watched the white sails in the distance, and envied the lot of those strong, hardy sailors, battling with the elements, cruising from shore to shore, and at last returning to their dear ones at home, while he, bound to his barren rock, could only await his end in dreary solitude!

VI.

Father Narkissos dismounted at the entrance of the garden. Having hobbled the fore legs of the donkey with the cord, old Thanasi led the way toward the cabin, but came back after taking a few steps.

"Sit down a moment on this stone, father," said he; "I'll go in and see how he is."

The priest stopped, and drawing the precious packet from his robe, he undid the cord, — his hands trembling a little, — carefully placed the stole and its contents on the stone, then laid aside his cap, and stood bareheaded with his arms crossed upon his breast, waiting for the old man's return. He was very pale. In spite of himself, an eager wish, a guilty hope, filled his heart. "If the leper were but dead! If Thanasi would only come to tell me all is over!" He tried to keep down this wicked thought; he implored help from above; he made the sign of the cross, and taking the book from the folded stole, began to read the beautiful prayers in the service for the dead. His eyes saw the words, but his thoughts were in the hut. "Why does old Thanasi stay so long?" He started toward the door, but stopped half way, hesitating. He would have called to the old man, but was afraid to lift his voice. At last Thanasi came out, and the priest looked at him questioningly.

"He was drowsy; I could hardly wake him. You can just hear his voice; but he brightened up when I told him you were here. Go in, father."

The priest went back to the entrance of the inclosure, put on his stole, reverently took the holy sacraments in his hand, and walked firmly toward the hut. Only his paleness gave sign of the struggle within him. As he reached the door the

old man, who had followed him, touched his robe gently; the priest turned with one foot on the doorstep, his long hair floating about his neck.

"Father," said Thanasi, "don't move the linen that covers his face; he asked me to put it there, so that you might not see him."

"It is well," said the priest, gravely. "Do not come in until I call you;" and he went into the cottage.

The peasant sat on the stone by the entrance, and waited. He waited long, wondering that the priest did not come out or call. He would go and look, but he remembered the tone in which Father Narkissos forbade him, and dared not disobey. So he waited in patience, looking off over the blue sea rippled by the breeze that was springing up. The sun was setting; the bushes gave forth a sweet scent; the larks soared in the sky and filled the air with their song; everything was calm and peaceful, — while the leper lay dying in his hut.

Suddenly the old peasant heard a light footfall, and turning in surprise he saw the priest's wife coming toward him. He rose and went to meet her.

"But, mistress, what has brought you so far afoot?"

"I expected to meet you half way," she said, "but little by little I came on, and so I — I'm here. Where is the father?"

"Inside — with the leper."

"Is he still alive, or is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Won't you go and see?"

"The father has forbidden me."

The young wife was silent for a moment; then she began uneasily, "It will soon be night."

"That won't matter, there'll be a moon. But why did you come?"

"I brought his cloak," and she pointed to her husband's Sunday mantle carefully folded on her arm.

"What's that for? He has one with him, and it isn't cold."

"He may need it," said the wife.

After thinking some minutes Thanasi asked, "Perhaps you didn't care to touch the other?"

"Perhaps. It's a terrible disease."

They had now come to the entrance of the garden.

"Sit down here on this stone: you must be tired."

"No," she answered, "I'm not tired." Then after a moment, "What if I were to go in?" she asked.

"Well, if you think best; but the father mayn't like it."

She sat down on the stone, but kept glancing uneasily at the cottage. Her anxiety was plain. Perhaps the old man shared it; at any rate he pitied her.

"Just stay here," he said to her, "and I'll go very softly and see what's going on."

He went slowly toward the hut, bending forward to listen at every step, but he heard nothing. At the door he stopped. The priest was speaking, but in a voice so low that Thanasi could hardly distinguish the sound. Although he leaned inside, he could not see the head of the dying man, for it was hidden by the priest's shoulders. Father Narkissos was kneeling on the ground, his head bowed in prayer. The white linen placed by Thanasi over the leper's face had been thrown upon the ground, and lay there at his feet.

The old peasant drew back very softly and stepped toward the entrance of the garden. The young wife had followed him with her eyes, but had not stirred from her stone, waiting for his return.

"What did you see?"

"Nothing."

Just then the priest came out of the cottage and walked slowly across the garden. He had no cloak. In his upraised hands he carried the holy book and consecrated vessel. He came forward with head erect and look of peace, his long hair floating in the breeze. He looked like one transfigured.

He showed no surprise at seeing his wife with the old peasant, and neither of the two moved to meet him, or asked him any question; they waited for him to speak.

"He is dead," said the priest.

They made the sign of the cross.

"To-morrow morning we will come to bury him," he added. His voice had a grave and solemn tone that his wife had never heard before, and as she listened the tears came to her eyes. She felt that the trial had strengthened her husband's soul forever.

"Shall I stay for the night?" asked old Thanasi.

"Yes, stay if you will. I shall come early in the morning."

Then he saw the cloak which his wife offered him, and said,—

"You were right to bring it for me. I laid the other on the dead man — to cover him."

And the priest and his wife walked home side by side.

IN THE DAYS OF THE TURKS.

By IVAN VAZOFF.

[Ivan Vazoff, the chief of Bulgarian writers, was born in 1850 at Sopot in the Strema valley, near the Balkans; the son of a prosperous merchant who vainly tried to have him follow a business career. Besides native literary gifts and bent, he has also been ever an ardent patriot, devoted to uplifting Bulgarian national pride, and developing its intellectual standard on national lines. He was a schoolmate of the martyr patriot Boteff, who perished fighting the Turks in 1876. In 1870, the year of the recognition by Turkey of the Bulgarian Church, Vazoff published his first poem, "The Pine Tree," an allegory of the old Bulgarian kingdom destroyed by the Turks in the fourteenth century. In 1877 the Turks burnt his native village, put his father to death, and imprisoned his mother and sister in a monastery. He was now, however, in rapid literary production; he wrote the "Epic of the Forgotten" about this time, edited a paper called *Knowledge*, and collaborated in a large Bulgarian anthology, as well as in translating foreign classics into Bulgarian. After independence was won by the help of Russia, he became a deputy to the national assembly; but was banished in 1886 for his share in the movements that united East Rumelia to Bulgaria. In 1889, at Odessa, he finished his masterpiece, "Pod Igoto," (Under the Yoke), a novel of the futile struggle against the Turks which provoked the horrible massacres at Batak and brought on Russian intervention. The same year he was recalled and settled in Sofia, where he has since lived, a fertile producer of both prose and poetry in various kinds. Among them are "The Great Solitude of the Rilo" and "New Ground." In 1895, the quarter-centenary of his first poem, a national jubilee was held in his honor at Sofia.]

I.

Dripping with water and blinded by the lightning, while the crashing thunder still rang in his ears, Kralich wandered on at random among the fields, orchards, and gardens, where no refuge was to be had. At last the plashing of a waterfall overcame all other sounds and reached his ears. It was a mill-stream. On a sudden a new flash disclosed to him the roof of the mill, nestling among drooping willows. Kralich stopped under the eaves. He pushed at the door, which opened. He entered. The mill was dark and silent. Outside, the storm had calmed down: the rain was slowly ceasing, and the moon began to appear behind the clefts in the clouds. The night had cleared up. These rapid changes in weather are usual only in May.

Soon steps were heard approaching from outside, and Kralich hastened to hide in a narrow space between the granary and the wall.

"There now — the wind has blown the door open," said a

Bab-il, the Highest Mound in Babylon

rough voice in the darkness, and a petroleum lamp was at once lighted.

Kralich, hidden in his corner, stooped and saw the miller, a tall gaunt peasant, and with him a barefooted girl in a short blue dress, probably his daughter, who was closing and trying to bolt the door. She was about thirteen or fourteen years old, but still quite a child, and her black eyes peeped out with childish innocence from under her long lashes. Despite her neglected dress, her figure gave promise of future gracefulness. They seemed to have come from some mill close at hand, for they were dry. The miller added: —

"It's a good thing we turned off the flume, or this storm would have smashed it. Old Stancho's stories never come to an end. It's a blessing no robber came in." He looked round him. "Now, Marika, you go off to bed. I wonder why your mother sends you here? Only for me to have the more anxiety," added the miller, hammering down the plank in the flume, and humming a tune to himself. Marika, without waiting any longer, went to the far end of the mill, said her prayers, shook out some blankets, and lay down to sleep: in a moment she was slumbering peacefully.

Kralich watched the scene with lively curiosity. The miller's rough but kindly face inspired him with confidence. It was impossible that a traitor's soul could lurk behind that straightforward and honest countenance. He decided to come out and ask him for aid and counsel. But at that very minute the miller stopped humming, drew himself up, and listened to sounds of voices outside. A loud knock was heard at the door.

"Open the door, miller," cried some one in Turkish.

He went to the door, fastened the bolt securely, and returned pale with terror.

The hammering at the door continued, and a fresh summons was made, followed by the bark of a dog.

"Turks out hunting," muttered the miller, whose ear had recognized the bark of a greyhound. "What do the brutes want? It must be Yemeksiz Pehlivan."

Yemeksiz Pehlivan, the wildest of midday and midnight marauders, was the terror of the neighborhood. A fortnight before he had murdered the whole family of Gancho Daghli in the village of Ivanovo. They said — and not without some ground — that it was he who had cut off the child's head which had been brought to the town the day before.

The door shook under the knocking.

The miller remained for a moment plunged in thought, clasping his head with both hands, in doubt as to what course he should follow. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Suddenly he moved to a dusty shelf from under which he took an ax, and then went to the door, which was nearly beaten in by the knocking. But his momentary decision vanished as soon as he glanced at his daughter. A terrible hopelessness, torture, suffering, were depicted on his face. The paternal feeling overcame his perturbed conscience. He thought of the Bulgarian proverb: "The sword does not strike the bowed head," and decided, instead of resistance, to beg for mercy — from the merciless. He hurriedly replaced the ax behind the granary, where Kralich was hidden, covered up Marika carefully, and opened the door.

On the threshold stood two armed Turks in hunting costume. One held a greyhound in a leash. The first, who was in truth the bloodthirsty Yemeksiz Pehlivan, cast an inquisitive glance round the mill, and entered. He was tall, lame, cadaverously thin, and beardless. His face was not as terrible as his name and his deeds would imply; but his small, gray, almost colorless eyes twinkled with evil cunning, like a monkey's. His companion was a short, thick-set, muscular man, with a face of bestial expression, in which the lowest animal instincts and ferocity were apparent; this man followed with the greyhound, and stood by the door.

Yemeksiz Pehlivan looked angrily at the miller.

The two men took off their dripping overcoats.

"Why didn't you open, miller?" he asked. The miller muttered some excuse, bowing to the ground, and casting an uneasy glance at the end of the mill where Marika lay sleeping.

"Are you alone here?" and Yemeksiz looked round.

"Quite alone," was the hurried reply; then, thinking a lie was useless, the miller added, "and the child is asleep over there."

Just then Marika moved, and turned her face towards them. The pale light of the lamp shone on her white throat. The Turks cast eager glances at the sleeping girl. A cold sweat moistened the miller's forehead.

Yemeksiz turned to him with an assumed kindliness. "Guv'nor," he said, "sorry to trouble you. Go and buy us a bottle of raki."

"But, Pehlivan Aga, all the shops are shut now — it's midnight," answered the miller, trembling at the terrible idea of leaving Marika alone in such company.

The lame man replied: "Go along with you! no shop will refuse to serve you if you say it's for me. I want you to treat us — that's the way to make friends."

He said this in jest, being certain of obtaining his end. He did not even seek to hide his intention from the unhappy father.

Yemeksiz glanced at the sleeping child in her careless and innocent attitude. Seeing that the miller did not move, he began to grow impatient, but still retained his assumed gentleness, and said quietly: —

"Mashallah! that's a pretty girl of yours, guv'nor. Off you go; we're your guests, you know — you must treat us. You fetch the raki, and we'll look after the mill." Then he added in a threatening tone: "Don't you know Yemeksiz Pehlivan?"

The miller had understood from the first the abominable design screened by that shallow trick. His whole nature revolted at the thought. But he was caught in the trap — he was alone against two armed men. To resist was foolish and useless: his death, which was now a matter of indifference to him, could not save his child. He tried again by prayers to soften his enemies: —

"Gentlemen, I'm an old man — take pity on my poor old bones. I'm worn out by my day's work: let me sleep in peace. Don't blacken my face."

He was addressing deaf ears. The lame Turk exclaimed: "Come, come, man, we're thirsty — you talk too much. Don't you live in the mill? Go for the raki!" And he pushed him to the door.

"I won't leave my mill at this time of night! Let me alone!" said the miller, hoarsely.

The two Turks then threw aside their feigned gentleness of manner, and their eyes flashed furiously on the miller.

"What! he shows his tusks, the pig!" cried Yemeksiz, drawing his yataghan, while his eyes became bloodshot.

"You may kill me, but I won't leave my child alone," said the miller, humbly but decidedly.

Yemeksiz stood up. "Topal Hassan," he said, "throw the dog out — I don't want to dirty my knife."

The other rushed at the miller, seized him, and forced him to the door, whence he tried to spurn him with his foot. The

miller rose to his feet and sprang in again, crying, "Mercy! mercy!"

The noise woke Marika, who stood up in terror. When she saw the Turk's drawn sword she shrieked and fled to her father.

"Mercy, mercy, gentlemen!" cried the unfortunate father, clasping his child in his arms.

At a sign from Yemeksiz the powerful Topal Hassan threw himself like a tiger on the miller, seized his hands, and bound them.

"That's it, Topal Hassan; let's tie up the old rat of a miller; since he wants to stop here, let him stay and see the show — that's what a fool like that deserves. He shall remain tied up, and when we set fire to the mill it'll be our turn to look on and enjoy ourselves."

And the two brigands, paying no attention to his cries, forced the miller up to a beam and began to tie him with ropes.

The miller, frenzied with terror at the thought of what he was going to see, roared for help like a wild beast; but no help was to be hoped for in that lonely place.

Marika opened the door and began to shriek and wail. But only the echoes replied.

"Here, miss, you come in. We want you," cried Yemeksiz, as he fetched her in. "Help, help!" cried the miller in despair. "Is there no one? Marika, come, dear," he shouted in his frenzy — calling on his child for help.

Kralich had all the while been watching the scene motionless; his legs trembled unnaturally, his hair stood on end, and the cold dew was on his face.

All that he had seen and undergone that evening, from leaving Marko's house till that moment, was so strange and fearful that it seemed to him like a dream. The whistling of the bullets, the roar of the thunder, were still echoing in his ears. His thoughts were confused. At first he had made sure the Turks had come for him, and that his fate was sealed. The conviction of his utter helplessness had quenched all his energy, and left him only enough to give himself up to the Turks, so as to save the miller. But now that he saw he was to be a spectator of something far more terrible, and when he heard the miller call Marika to his assistance, a blind rage and despair fired his very soul. He had never looked on blood before, but

the Turks seemed to him like flies. Fatigue, weakness, doubt — all disappeared. He stretched out his hand mechanically and seized the ax; he passed along mechanically, stooping behind the wheat-sacks; rose up, pale as death, rushed at Yemeksiz, who stood with his back to him, and plunged the ax into his body. All this he did as in a dream.

The Turk fell to the ground without a groan.

At sight of this sudden and dangerous foe, Topal Hassan left the rope with which he was fastening up the miller, drew his pistol, and fired it at Kralich. The mill was filled with smoke, the action of the shot put out the lamp, and all were plunged in darkness. Then in the dark began a terrible struggle, with the hands, nails, feet, teeth. The combatants, at first two, but soon three in number, rolled in the dark with wild cries and groans, mingled with the loud bark of the dog. Topal Hassan, as strong as a bullock, resisted desperately his two antagonists, who on their part knew they must conquer or meet a fate which was only too certain.

When the lamp shone again, Hassan was writhing in his death-agony. Kralich had during the fight managed to get hold of his knife and plunge it in his breast. The two bodies were weltering in blood.

Then the miller rose and looked with wonder at the unknown assistant who had come to his rescue. Before him stood a tall young man, deadly pale, thin, with piercing black eyes, long shaggy hair, covered with dust; his coat was torn, stained with mud, and wet; his waistcoat had lost its buttons, and showed that he had no shirt; his trousers were in rags, and his boots scarcely held together. In a word, it was a man either just out of jail or on his way thither. The miller took him as such. But he cast a look of sympathy on him, and said earnestly: —

"Sir, I don't know who you are or how you come to be here. But as long as I live I can't pay you back for this. You've saved me from death and from worse than death; you've spared my gray hairs from shame. May God bless and reward you. The whole nation will honor you for what you've done. Do you know who he is? (pointing to Yemeksiz). He's made mother and daughter weep before now. Now the world's free of the monster. God bless you, my son!"

Kralich listened with tears in his eyes to these simple and sincere words — then, much moved, he said: —

"I haven't done much, father: we have killed two, but there are thousands and thousands more such monsters. The Bulgarian nation can only free itself and live in peace if all seize their axes and cut down the enemy. But tell me, where are we to bury these bodies, so as to leave no trace?"

"I've got a grave ready for the unbelievers: only help me to carry them out," said the old man.

Then the two men, between whom that night of blood had placed an eternal bond of union, carried the corpses out to an old pit behind the mill, and threw them in, covering them over carefully with earth so as to leave nothing showing. On returning to the door with the pickax and shovel, something white bounded round them.

"Ah, the dog!" cried Kralich; "it will lurk round here and betray us. I must knock it over the head," and he struck it with the ax. The dog fell yelping by the water. Kralich pushed it into the mill-stream with his ax, and it sank there.

"We ought to have buried it by the other two dogs," said the miller.

They removed the blood-stains from their clothes, and covered the ground over with leaves.

"Why, what's that running from you?" asked the miller, seeing that Kralich's hand was bleeding.

"Nothing; only where the brute bit me while I was stabbing him in the heart."

"Let me bind it up for you at once," said the miller, tying it up with a rag. Then, leaving his hand, he looked him straight in the face, and said:—

"I beg your pardon, my son, but where do you come from?" And he cast another look of surprise at the stranger.

"I'll tell you later on, father; and all I can say is that I'm a Bulgarian, and a good Bulgarian. Have no doubts on my score."

"My God! I should think you were. You're a real Bulgarian and no mistake, and for such as you I'd give my life."

"Tell me now where I can get clothes and find a shelter for the night?"

"Let's go to the monastery to Deacon Vikenti. He's a relation of mine. That man has done no end of good. And he's a real Bulgarian too. Come along; we'll all sleep there. It's a good thing no one saw us." Father Stoyan was mistaken: behind the walnut-tree the moon now showed a tall human

figure which had witnessed, motionless, the burial of the two Turks. But neither he nor Kralich had noticed it.

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II.

As they walked on the two came to the mill of the terrible night. The mere sight of it brought deep furrows to Ognianoff's brow.

The mill was now closed. Stoyan the miller had left it and taken another, situate, as we have already seen, on the monastery stream.

The mill, deserted and covered with moss, resembled a grave in that beautiful spot.

At that moment Mouncho had stealthily approached; he stopped and fixed his eyes on Ognianoff. A strange smile played over his idiot's countenance. In that look, bereft of reason, could be read the mingled affection, fear, and surprise which Boïcho [Ognianoff] had awakened in his mind. Years before, he had cursed Mohammed before an on-bashi [corporal of police], who had beaten him till he lay senseless on the ground. From that time his obscured conscience had retained only one feeling, one thought — a terrible, demoniacal hatred of the Turks. He happened to witness the slaughter of the two ruffians in the mill and their burial afterwards, and had conceived an unbounded admiration and reverence for Ognianoff. This feeling amounted almost to worship. He called him the Russian for some inexplicable reason. The first night he had been terribly scared by confronting him on the veranda, but he had since become accustomed to Ognianoff's frequent visits to the monastery. He seemed fascinated by him — could not take his eyes off him, and regarded him as his protector. Whenever the servants teased him he would threaten them with the Russian. "I shall tell the Russian to kill you too," drawing his fingers across his throat. But nobody understood what he meant by these words; fortunately, for he would repeat them in the town when he went there. The higoumen [prior] and Boïcho paid no heed to Mouncho, who continued shaking his head and smiling amiably.

"Look! there's the on-bashi coming this way," said the higoumen.

In truth, the on-bashi was approaching with his gun on his shoulder and a knapsack slung round his back. He was going out shooting.

The on-bashi was about thirty-five years of age, with a yellow, bloated face, a high projecting forehead, small gray eyes, and an inert, sleepy look. He was evidently an opium-eater. After a few words of greeting and a little talk on the prospects of sport that year, the on-bashi took the higoumen's rifle, examined it carefully, as every sportsman does, and said: —

"That's a good rifle, your worship — what are you going to fire at?"

"Well, I was just thinking, Sherif Aga. I haven't had it in my hand for a year, and I thought I'd have a shot this morning."

"What's to be the mark?" asked the on-bashi, eagerly taking his Martini from his shoulder and evidently desirous of showing his skill.

"Well, that great thistle on the bank, near the clay-pit there," said the higoumen.

The on-bashi looked surprised.

"That's a very long way off," he said: however, he walked to a rock in the field, steadied his rifle on it, aimed for about ten seconds, and fired. The bullet struck some paces distant from the mark.

Sherif Aga reddened and showed some uneasiness.

"Let's have another shot," he said, again leaning against the stone and aiming for nearly a minute. When the gun went off he rose and ran towards the bank, but the thistle was still towering above it.

"Confound the thing," he said angrily, "it's no good aiming at a mark so far off. You fire now, Higoumen Effendi, only I warn you that you're wasting your cartridge. However, try and hit the thistle!" he added ironically.

The higoumen raised his gun to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, and fired.

The weed had disappeared.

"The good old gun hasn't played me false," said the higoumen.

"It's a fluke," cried the on-bashi, "try again."

The higoumen now aimed at the next thistle and fired. The bullet again struck the mark. The on-bashi grew pale with rage: —

"Your eye's wonderfully true, Higoumen Effendi, but I'd lay a wager it's not a year since you fired that rifle. Well, you might give a few lessons to these youngsters of yours who're here firing all day long." Then he added maliciously, "They seem very excited about something. But in the end they'll get a devilish good hiding — mark my words." And the on-bashi's look became fiercer and more ominous, as he turned to Ognianoff.

All this time Mouncho had stood at a respectful distance, but his features were distorted out of all shape with abject terror accompanied at the same time by bestial hatred. He now cast a threatening look at the on-bashi, gnashing his teeth and clenching his fists like a man about to attack some one. The on-bashi mechanically turned towards him and glanced at him contemptuously. The idiot thereupon became still more fierce of aspect, and cried, foaming with rage: —

"The Russian'll kill you too!" cursing him and his mother. The on-bashi understood a little Bulgarian, but could make nothing of Mouncho's gibberish.

"What's the matter with the fool?" he asked of the higoumen.

"He means no harm, poor fellow!"

"What's Mouncho so excited about now when he's here? In town he's always quiet enough."

"Why, every cock crows on his own dunghill!"

Just then a huge greyhound, with a leather collar round its neck, from which hung the fragments of a leash, ran towards them across the field.

They all turned to look at the dog.

"The dog's run away from somewhere," said the higoumen. "There must be some sportsmen near."

Ognianoff trembled involuntarily.

The hound had run to the mill and sniffed at the door, after which it wandered round the house, whining piteously.

"Why, that's poor Yemeksiz Pehlivan's dog!" cried the on-bashi.

The dog, which Ognianoff recognized only too well, was wandering round and round the mill, sniffing suspiciously, and every now and then scratching with his paws, Finally, it raised its head in the air and began to howl piteously. The sound struck on Ognianoff's ear like a knell. He glanced anxiously at the higoumen. The on-bashi watched the scene

with surprise, and his face was expressive of doubt and suspicion.

Suddenly the dog rushed at Ognianoff. He recoiled, growing deadly pale. The dog made a wild spring at him, growling desperately.

He drew his knife mechanically to defend himself against the infuriated animal, which the higoumen was unsuccessfully trying to frighten away.

The on-bashi watched the scene in silence, casting suspicious and evil glances at Ognianoff and his glittering knife. But seeing that Ognianoff would perhaps in self-defense wound the dog, he interposed and drove it away. Then he turned to Ognianoff, who was red and heated by his efforts and anxiety.

"That's odd! How comes this dog to be so furious against you?"

"I think I must have hit it with a stone once," replied Ognianoff, with assumed unconcern.

The on-bashi looked at him incredulously and inquisitively. He was evidently not satisfied with the reply. An undefined suspicion formed in his mind. But he determined to look into the matter, and, in order to show that he thought Ognianoff's answer quite satisfactory, added: "That breed of dog is very vindictive." He saluted the higoumen and proceeded on his way, soon disappearing in the Balkan ridge.

The greyhound was already beyond the field on its way to rejoin its new master.

"Didn't you kill the brute?" asked the higoumen.

"I threw it half dead into the stream to drown, but here it is alive again, worse luck," muttered Ognianoff, angrily. "Old Stoyan was quite right in saying we ought to have buried it with the other two dogs. Just my luck for that lout of a Sherif to come to this very spot, too. Trouble comes when you least expect it."

"Are you sure you killed them thoroughly, and that they won't rise again like the dog?" asked the higoumen, severely. "When a man undertakes a business of this kind he ought to carry it out to the bitter end, and leave nothing undone. You're a novice at the trade as yet, Boïcho. However, there's no cause for dismay. The rumor we spread at the time calmed people down. But I shall keep my eyes open."

Meanwhile Ognianoff was carefully inspecting the place where the two Turks were buried. To his surprise he saw that

a considerable heap of stones was now on it. Neither he nor the miller Stoyan had put the stones there. He expressed his astonishment to the higoumen, who tried to calm him by suggesting that they had probably been put there by chance. They did not know that Mouncho went there every day, stone in hand, to fling at the grave of the Turks, so much so that quite a heap had by this time been raised there.

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III.

Tsanko hastened to Ognianoff in the dark closet.

"Well, Boïcho, how did you like our party?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, delightful, Tsanko."

"Did you take down the words of the songs?"

"How could I? There's no light to write by."

In came Tsanko's wife with a candle in her hand.

"There's some one knocking at the door," said she.

"That'll be some one from Staïka, most likely. Perhaps she wants our Donka to go to her, you must send her."

But Donka came in and said that there were two zaptiés outside, brought by old Deïko, the village mayor.

"The devil take them, zaptiés, old Deïko, and all! Where am I to put the swine? They've not come after you," he said to Ognianoff, reassuringly, "but you'd better hide. Wife, just show the teacher where to go."

And Tsanko went out. Soon he brought in the two zaptiés, muffled up in their cloaks, and drenched with snow. They were furious.

"What do you mean by keeping us an hour at the door, you cuckold?" cried the first, a one-eyed zaptié, as he shook the snow from his cloak.

"You left us freezing outside while you were making up your mind to open," grumbled the other, a short, stout man.

Tsanko muttered some excuse.

"What are you muttering about? Go and kill a chicken for us, and get some eggs fried in butter at once!"

Tsanko tried to say something. The one-eyed zaptié burst out:

"None of your talk, ghiaour; go and tell your wife to get supper ready at once. Do you suppose we're going to finish up your d—d jam tart crumbs and nutshells for you?" he said,

with a contemptuous look at the remains of the little feast, not yet cleared up.

Tsanko moved helplessly towards the door to carry out his orders. The short one called after him: —

"Stop a minute, what have you done with the girls?"

"They went home long ago; it's late," answered Tsanko, trembling all over.

"Just you go and fetch them back to have supper with us and pour out our raki. What do you mean by sending them home?"

Tsanko gazed at him in terror.

"Where's your daughter?"

"She's gone to bed, Aga."

"Make her get up to wait on us," said the one-eyed zaptié, taking off his boots to dry them at the fire, while the water dripped from them and a cloud of steam rose.

The mayor just then came in and stood humbly by the door.

"You infernal pig! you've led us round twenty houses, knocking at door after door, like beggars — where have you hidden your — "

And he called the girls by a foul epithet.

The Bulgarians remained silent. They were used to this. Centuries of slavery had taught them the proverb, so degrading for humanity, "The sword does not strike the bowed head." Tsanko only prayed Heaven that they might not molest his daughter.

"Look here," asked the one-eyed zaptié, "are you preparing for a rebellion?"

Tsanko boldly denied the charge.

"Well, what's this doing here, then?" asked the short one, taking up Petr Ovcharoff's long knife, which had been forgotten on the floor.

"Oh! you're not preparing for a rebellion, aren't you?" asked the first, with a diabolical smile.

"No, Aga; we're peaceful subjects of his Majesty," answered Tsanko, trying to keep calm; "the knife must have been left behind by one of the guests."

"Whose is it?"

"I don't know."

The zaptiés began examining the blade, which was engraved with letters inlaid with gold, surrounded by a fancy pattern.

"What do these letters mean?" they asked Tsanko.

He looked at the knife: on one side there was a wreath of flowers engraved, towards the blunt edge, containing the words "Liberty or Death"; the other side bore the owner's name.

"It's only an ornament," said Tsanko.

The one-eyed zaptié struck him in the face with his muddy boot.

"Ghiaour! Do you suppose I'm blind because I've got only one eye?"

Tsanko's reply had aroused their suspicions.

"Mayor, just come here."

The mayor came in with a cake of bread on a brass platter, which he was bringing to be baked in Tsanko's oven. He trembled when he saw the naked dagger in the zaptié's hand.

"Read this!"

The mayor looked at it and drew himself up in dismay.

"I can't make it out properly, Aga!"

The short one took his Circassian whip. The lash hissed in the air and curled twice round the mayor's neck. A stream of blood flowed from his cheek.

"You're all a set of traitors."

The mayor wiped away the blood silently.

"Read it out, or I'll stick the knife into your throat!" cried the zaptié. The bewildered mayor saw there was no help for it — he must bow before them.

"Petr Ovcharoff," he read with assumed hesitation.

"Do you know him?"

"He belongs to our village."

"Is that the fellow they call Petr the shepherd?" asked the one-eyed one, who evidently knew a little Bulgarian.

"Yes, Aga," said the mayor, handing him the knife, with a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity that the terrible words on the other side had been passed over. But he went too fast.

"Now see what it says on the other side," said the zaptié.

The mayor bent in abject terror over the other side. He hesitated for some time. But when he saw that the short zaptié was getting his whip ready again, he cried: —

"It says, 'Liberty or Death,' Aga."

The one-eyed zaptié started. "What, liberty, eh?" he said, smiling ominously. "Who is it who makes these knives? Where 's Petr the shepherd?"

"Where should he be, Aga? At home, of course."

"Go and fetch him."

The mayor moved off.

"Wait; I'll come with you, you fool!"

And the short zaptié took up his cloak and went out with him.

"That's right, Youssouf Aga: this shepherd seems a thorough brigand," said the other.

Meanwhile, Tsanko passed into the kitchen, where his wife was preparing the supper, cursing the Turks as she did so: "May God destroy them — may he cut them off root and branch — may the pestilence fall on them and rot their bones — may they die of poison! To think that I should be cooking meat and butter for them just before Christmas! What brought the accursed heathen here, to terrify and destroy us?"

"Donka, dear," said Tsanko to his daughter, who stood, pale and terrified, at the door, "you'd better slip out by the back way and go and sleep at your uncle's."

"And what does Deïko mean by bringing them here again? It was only last week he brought us two," murmured his wife.

"What's he to do, poor fellow?" said Tsanko. "He took them everywhere. They wanted to come here — they'd heard the songs. As it is, he's had five or six cuts of the whip."

Tsanko went back to the one-eyed zaptié.

"Chorbaji, where have you been to? Just bring a little salad and some raki."

"The shepherd's not there," cried the short zaptié at that moment, as he returned with the mayor.

"Well, we must find the rascally 'Komita,' if we have to turn the whole village upside down," said the one-eyed man, drinking.

"What do you say to giving the old boy another taste of the stick?" asked the short one, in a low voice, adding something in a whisper. His comrade winked with his only eye, in assent.

"Mayor, go and fetch the father here: we want to ask him something — and fill this at the same time," said Youssouf Aga, handing him the empty raki bottle.

"It's too late for that, Aga — the shop's shut."

The only reply was a blow in the face from the one-eyed zaptié. He was naturally a little more humane than the other, but drink, or the desire for it, maddened him in a moment.

A quarter of an hour afterwards old Stoïko appeared. He

was about fifty years of age, with a sharp and intelligent countenance, expressive of determination and obstinacy.

"Stoïko, tell me where your son is — you know where you've hidden him — or it will be the worse for you."

As the one-eyed zaptié said this, he poured out and gulped down a glass of raki. His eye flashed as he did so. Then he handed the glass to his comrade.

"I don't know where he is, Aga," replied the old man.

"You do, ghiaour; you know quite well," cried the zaptié, enraged.

The old man again repeated his denial.

"You know, and you'll tell us, or we'll pull out your eye teeth for you; and if you won't say then, I'll tie you behind my horse, and you'll come with us to-morrow," roared the infuriated zaptié.

"You can do what you like to me, I've only got one life," answered the old man, firmly.

"Go over there and think it over a little, then we'll talk to you again," the one-eyed zaptié said with pretended gentleness. Their object was to extract a bribe from old Stoïko, to be suggested to him by the mayor. It was brigandage of the worst description, but they wished to give it the appearance of a voluntary gift; it was the system usually followed in such cases.

But old Stoïko did not move.

They looked at each other, astonished at his firmness, and cast ferocious glances at the old man.

"Did you hear what I said, you old fool?" cried the one-eyed zaptié.

"I've nothing to think about — let me go home," he answered, hoarsely.

The zaptiés could not contain themselves. "Mayor, throw the old fool down," cried the one-eyed ruffian, seizing his kourbash.

The mayor and Tsanko begged for mercy for the old man.

The only reply was a kick, which felled Stoïko to the ground.

Then blows followed fast on his body. Old Stoïko groaned heavily for some time, then became silent: he had fainted; his forehead was drenched with a cold sweat, he was worn out by his day's work.

They undressed him to bring him to his senses.

"When he comes to himself, let me know — I'll make him speak."

"For God's sake, Hajji Aga, I entreat you, have pity on the poor old man, he can't stand any more pain, he'll die," said Tsanko, entreatingly.

"Long live the Sultan, you rebel!" cried the short zaptié in a passion. "You deserve to be hanged yourself for harboring rebels in your house; you're very likely hiding the shepherd here somewhere. Let's search the house!"

Tsanko's face fell involuntarily. Although frenzied with drink, the zaptiés saw his confusion. He turned at once to the short one: —

"Youssouf Aga, there's something wrong here — let's search the ghiaour's house." And he rose.

"At your service," said Tsanko, hoarsely, showing the way with a lantern.

He led them all over the house, leaving the closet to the last. Finally, he lighted them there too. In the blackened ceiling there was a trap-door which led to the rafters and so outside on to the roof. When it was closed it could not be noticed. Tsanko knew that Ognianoff had climbed up through it to the rafters and replaced the cover. So he led the Turks in with the utmost confidence. His first glance was towards the ceiling.

What was his surprise to find the trap-door open!

Tsanko remained petrified where he stood. The Turks searched the closet.

"Where does that opening lead to?"

"To the rafters," muttered Tsanko. His legs trembled under him and he had to cling to the wall for support.

The short zaptie noticed his terror.

"Just give a light here while I get up, will you?" he said; but a sudden thought crossed his mind, and he called to his comrade: —

"Hassan Aga, you're taller than I am, get on the mayor's back."

Hassan Aga knew no fear when he had got his skinful; drink made a hero of him. He at once climbed up over the mayor's shoulders.

"Now then, bring the light, confound you!"

Tsanko, white as a sheet, handed him the light mechanically.

The zaptié first held the lantern in front of him, then put his head within the opening. From the motion of his body one could see he was searching with the light on every side.

At last he reappeared, jumped down, and said: —

"Who is it you've been hiding there?"

Tsanko looked blankly at him. He did not know what answer to give; he had suffered so much that evening that he had almost lost his senses. His thoughts became confused; the question was repeated, he stammered out some meaningless reply.

"The rebel will give a proper answer at Klissoura. There's a better prison there: he can stop here for the night." And the zaptiés locked him up in the dark and chilly closet.

Tsanko was so overwhelmed with terror and confusion that it was some minutes before he could collect his thoughts. He clasped his head with both hands, as if to retain his presence of mind. He was lacking in determination, and suffering had at once crushed him. He sobbed and groaned in despair.

There was a knock at the door, and Deïko's voice was heard: —

"What are you going to do now, Tsanko?"

"I don't know, Deïko. Tell me what's best."

"Come, you know the Turks' weakness. You must give them something; it's the only way to get out of it; else they'll drag you from one court-house to another till you're utterly ruined. Poor old Stoïko could have spared himself this with a trifle. Give, Tsanko! give 'em your white silver to get off black sorrow."

His wife came too, weeping bitterly: —

"Let's give them what we can! Never mind, Tsanko; it's the only way to get out of the murderers' hands. They've killed poor old Stoïko. Dear, dear! to think I should live to see it."

"But what are we to give, wife? You know we haven't any money."

"Let's give the necklace!"

"What? Donka's necklace, with the coins?"

"Yes, yes; it's all we have; it's the only way to get rid of them. Why, they're asking for Donka now, the cursed brutes."

"Do what God thinks best, wife. I'm all of a muddle," muttered Tsanko from his prison.

His wife and Deïko went away.

Soon after a light shone through the chinks in the boards of the closet, and the door was unlocked.

"Come out, Tsanko, you're free," said Deïko. "The Agas were good fellows after all. They've given you back the knife as well, so there's no cause for fear. You've got off cheap."

And, bending to his ear, he whispered low: —

"It can't last much longer; either they'll finish us off, or we must them. This life can't go on like this."

TO MY GODSON.

By LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE.

(Translated for this work.)

[LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE, the chief of French Canadian poets, was born in Quebec about 1839. He has written several volumes of narrative and lyric poems, cdes, etc.; his "Flowers of the North" and "Snow-Birds" were crowned by the French Academy. Among others are "The Legend of a People" and "My Leisure Hours." He has also translated several of Shakespeare's plays for the Théâtre Français.]

THOU! scarce down-fluttered from life's wing of snow,
That still within thine eyes the rosy glow
Of innocence dost keep!
Babe! all whose days are full of soft delight,
Nor seest the rosy visions of the night
That lean above thy sleep!

Thou who dost still her infinite tenderness taste
Before whom like a shadow are effaced
Our friendships of an hour, —
Who, sateless and with pure devotion rife,
Gives her blood to us, and makes sweet our life
As kisses in love's bower!

Thou who but know'st thy haps, not whence they rise,
And smil'st to see the gloom in older eyes
Lift at thy frolic play; —
Whose soul is like to waters crystal clear,
And ignorant still thy simple trust that here
Such sorrows have their way!

List! a time cometh in our human stage
When, weighted by the burden of old age,
The forehead bows with care;

When the heart withers, when the spirit dead,
Even as a flower uprooted, can but shed
Its petals on the air!

A time when cares with naked talons trace
Their lines of weary struggle on the face
Amid a pallor new;
When the sere frame that toward its ending sinks
Behind it trails a shadowy chain, whose links
Are forged of grief and rue!

An epoch often when with wail and wounds,
Though from the sky that sole its fancy bounds
It saw white visions glide,
The human soul, lost on the devious route,
Gropes blindly through the copsewood paths of doubt,
No more illusion's bride!

Thou know'st not yet by what mysterious doom
On features of the mighty ones are gloom
And thought's deep shadow flung:
Trust me, not even these need envied be,
For oft the comeliest fruits from life's fair tree
Lie bitter on the tongue!

Ah! could the angel that thy thread must sever,
Halting the current of thine years forever
By sovereign grace and power,
Eternal 'neath thy moistened lids one day
Fix in thine eyes the pure and holy ray
From thy white soul their dower!

If thou couldst but thine infant softness save!—
But thou wilt age too, and thy brow grow grave;
Soon will thy reason sorrow
At earthly secrets that we all must learn
Soon or late, angel! — It may be thy turn
To suffer on the morrow!

No! with gold honey still thy cup is brimmed;
Smile on the future; see the dawn undimmed
Shine with a splendor wild!
But not on over-blindness be thou set,
And late arrive the day thou shalt regret
The days thou wast a child!

PRETTY DICK.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

[Marcus Andrew Clarke, the leading novelist of Australia, was born at London in 1846, a lawyer's son; emigrated to Victoria in 1863, and spent four years on a ranch to qualify him for sheep farming; but changed his purpose, and in 1867 went to Melbourne and joined the staff of the daily *Argus*. While so engaged, he wrote a series of papers collected in 1868 as "The Peripatetic Philosopher," in 1869 the novel "Long Tom," and in 1870 a pantomime, "Little Bo-Peep." Still retaining his work as dramatic critic of the *Argus*. and writing for the other leading papers of the city, he became in 1872 secretary to the trustees of the Public Library, and in 1876 assistant librarian. He produced the successful drama "Plot" in 1873, and at Christmas of the same year the most successful pantomime ever given in Australia, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." In 1874 he published his masterpiece, "His Natural Life," a powerful story, and terrific indictment of the prison and convict system of Australia; it was reprinted in several countries, and the author entirely rewrote it for a second edition. In 1878 he issued a volume of collected sketches called "Holiday Peak"; the one given below is said to be the best description ever written of Australian scenery. He died in 1881.]

A HOT day. A very hot day on the plains. A very hot day up in the ranges, too. The Australian sun had got up suddenly with a savage swoop, as though he was angry at the still coolness of early morning, and was determined to drive the cattle, who were munching complacently in the long rich grass of the swamp, back up under the hill among the thick she-oaks. It seemed to be a settled thing on the part of the sun to get up hotter and hotter every morning. He even went down at night with a red face, as much as to say, "Take care, I shall be hotter than ever to-morrow!"

The men on the station did not get into smoking humor until he had been gone down at least an hour, and as they sat on a bench and a barrel or two outside the "men's hut" on the hill, they looked away across the swamp to that jagged gap in the ranges where he had sunk, and seeing the red flush in the sky, nodded at one another, and said, "We shall have a hot day to-morrow." And they were right. For when they had forgotten the mosquitoes, and the heat, and the many pleasant things that live in the crevices between the slabs of the hut, and gone to sleep, up he came again, hotter than ever, without the least warning, and sent them away to work again.

On this particular morning he was very hot. Even King Peter, who was slowly driving up the working bullocks from

the swamp, felt his old enemy so fierce on his back that he got up in his stirrups and cracked his whip, until the hills rang again, and Strawberry and Punch, and Doughboy, and Damper, and all (except that cynical, wicked Spot, who hated the world and always lived away by himself in a private clump of she-oak) straightened their tails and shook their heads, and galloped away up to the stockyard in mortal terror. The horses felt the heat; and King Peter's brother, who was looking for them on the side of the Stony Mount, had a long ride up and down all sorts of gullies before he found them out, and then they were unusually difficult to get together. The cockatoos knew it was hot, and screamed themselves away into the bush. The kangaroos, who had come down like gigantic shadows out of the still night, had all hopped away back into the scrub under the mountains, while the mist yet hung about the trees around the creek-bed. The parrots were uneasy, and the very station dogs got under the shadow-lee of the huts, in case of a hot wind coming up. As for the sheep — when Pretty Dick's father let them out in the dawn, he said to his dog, "We shan't have much to do to-day, old woman, shall we?" At which Lassie wagged her tail and grinned, as intelligent dogs do.

But who was Pretty Dick?

Pretty Dick was the seven-year-old son of Richard Fielding, the shepherd. Pretty Dick was a slender little man, with eyes like pools of still water when the sky is violet at sunset, and a skin as white as milk — that is, under his little blue and white shirt, for where the sun had touched it it was a golden brown, and his hands were the color of the ripe chestnuts his father used to gather in England years ago. Pretty Dick had hair like a patch of sunlight, and a laugh like rippling water. He was the merriest little fellow possible, and manly too! He understood all about milking, did Pretty Dick; and could drive up a refractory cow with anybody. He could chop wood too — that is, a little, you know, because he was not very strong, and the ax was heavy. He could ride, not a buck-jumper — that was his ambition — but he would take Molly (the wall-eyed mare) into the home station for his father's rations, and come out again quite safely.

He liked going into the station, because he saw Ah Yung, the Chinaman cook, who was kind to him, and gave him sugar. He had all the news to hear too. How another mob of traveling sheep were coming through the run, how the gray mare

had slipped her foal; how the bay filly had bucked off Black Harry and hurt his wrist; how Old Tom had "got the sack" for being impudent to the overseer, and had vowed to fire the run. Besides, there was the paper to borrow for his father, Mr. Trelawney's horses to look at, the chat with the carpenter, and perhaps a peep at the new buggy with its silver-mounted harness (worth, "oh, thousands of pounds!" Pretty Dick thought); perhaps, too, he might go down to the house, with its garden, and cool veranda, and bunches of grapes; might get a little cake from Mary, the cook; or even might be smiled upon by Mrs. Trelawney, the owner's young wife, who seemed to Dick to be something more than a lady — to be a sweet voice that spoke kindly to him, and made him feel as he would feel sometimes when his mother would get the big Bible, that came all the way from England, and tell him the story about the Good Man who so loved little children.

He liked to go into the station, because every one was so kind to him. Every one loved Pretty Dick; even Old Tom, who had been a "lag," and was a very wicked man, hushed the foul jest and savage oath when the curly head of Pretty Dick came within hearing; and the men always felt as if they had their Sunday clothes on in his presence. But he was not to go into the station to-day. It was not ration-day; so he sat on the step of his father's hut door, looking out through a break in the timber-belt at the white dots on the plain that he knew to be his father's sheep.

Pretty Dick's father lived in the log hut, on the edge of the plains, and had five thousand sheep to look after. He was away all day. Sometimes, when the sheep would camp near home, Pretty Dick would go down with some fresh tea in a "billy" for his father, and would have a very merry afternoon watching his father cut curious notches on his stick, and would play with Lassie, and look about for 'possums in the trees, or, with craning neck, cautiously inspect an ant-hill. And then, when evening came, and Lassie had got the sheep together, — quietly, without any barking, you know, — when father and son jogged homeward through the warm, still air, and the trampling hoofs of the sheep sent up a fragrance from the crushed herbage round the folding ground, Pretty Dick would repeat long stories that his mother had told him, about "Valentine and Orson," and "Beauty and the Beast," and "Jack the Giant Killer"; for Pretty Dick's mother had been maid in the rector's

family in the Kentish village at home, and was a little above Pretty Dick's father, who was only a better sort of farm laborer. But they were all three very happy now in their adopted country. They were alone there, these three — Pretty Dick, and mother and father — and no other children came to divide the love that both father and mother had for Pretty Dick. So that when Pretty Dick knelt down by his little bed at night, and put his little brown hands together, and said, "God bless my dear father and mother, and God bless me and make me a good boy," he prayed for the whole family, you see. So they all three loved each other very much — though they were poor people — and Pretty Dick's mother often said that she would not have any harm happen to Pretty Dick for Queen Victoria's golden crown. They had called him Pretty Dick when he was yet a baby on board the *Star of Peace*, emigrant ship, and the name had remained with him ever since. His father called him Pretty Dick, and his mother called him Pretty Dick, and the people at the home station called him Pretty Dick; and even the cockatoo that lived on the porch over Lassie's bark kennel would call out "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!" over and over again.

Now, on this particular morning, Pretty Dick sat gazing between the trunks of the gum trees into the blue distance. It was very hot. The blue sky was cloudless, and the sun seemed to be everywhere at once. There was a little shade, to be sure, among the gum-tree trunks, but that would soon pass, and there would be no shade anywhere. The little fenced-in water-hole in the front of the hut glittered in the sunlight like a piece of burnished metal, and the tin milk-pail that was turned topsy-turvy on the pole paling was quite dazzling to look at. Daisy, the cow, stood stupidly under the shade of a round, punchy little she-oak close by, and seemed too lazy even to lie down, it was so hot. Of course the blow-flies had begun, and their ceaseless buzz resounded above and around, making it seem hotter than ever, Pretty Dick thought.

How hot father must be! Pretty Dick knew those terrible plains well. He had been across them two or three times. Once in the early spring, when it was pleasant enough with a cool breeze blowing, and white clouds resting on the tops of the distant mountains, and the broad rolling levels of short crisp grass land sweeping up from their feet to the horizon unceasingly. But he had been across them once in the summer, when

the ground was dry and cracked, when the mountains seemed so close that he almost thought he could touch them with his hand, when the heavens were like burning brass, and the air (crepitant with the ceaseless chirping of the grasshopper) like the flame of a heated furnace. Pretty Dick felt quite a fresh accession of heat as he thought of it, and turned his face away to the right to cool himself by thinking of the ranges. They were deep in the bush, past the creek that ran away the other side of the sandy rises; deep in the bush on the right hand, and many a weary stretch of sandy slope, and rough-grassed swamp, and solemn wood, and dismal, deserted scrub, was between him and them. He could see the lofty purple peak of Mount Clear, the highest in the range, grandly rising above the dense level tops of the gum-tree forest, and he thought how cool it must be in its mighty shadow. He had never been under the mountain. That there were some strange reaches of scrub, and sand, and dense thickets, and tumbled creeper-entwined rock in that swamp-guarded land, that lay all unseen under the shadow of the hills, he knew, for he had heard the men say so. Had he not heard how men had been lost in that awesome scrub, silent and impenetrable, which swallowed up its victims noiselessly? Had he not heard how shepherds had strayed or slept, and how at night the sheep had returned alone, and that search had been in vain, until perhaps some wandering horseman, all by chance, had lighted upon a rusty rag or two, a white skull, and perhaps a tin pannikin with hopeless scratchings of name and date? Had he not been told fearful things about those ranges? How the bushrangers had made their lair in the Gap, and how the cave was yet visible where their leader had been shot dead by the troopers; how large sums of stolen money were buried there, hidden away behind slags and slabs of rock, flung into fathomless gullies, or crammed into fissures in the mountain side, hidden so well that all the searching hands and prying eyes of the district had not yet discovered them? Did not Wallaby Dick tell him one night about the murder that had been done down in the flat under the large Australian moon — when the two swagmen, after eating and drinking, had got up in the bright, still night, and beaten out the brains of the traveling hawker who gave them hospitality, and how, the old man being found beside his rifled cart, with his gray hairs matted with blood, search was made for the murderers, how they were taken in a tap-room in distant Hamilton town,

bargaining with the landlord for the purchase of their plunder?

What stories had he not heard of wild cattle, of savage bulls, red-eyed, pawing, and unapproachable? What hideous tales of snakes, black, cold, and deadly, had not been associated in his mind with that Mountain Land? What a strange, dangerous, fascinating, horrible, wonderful place that Mountain Land must be, and how much he would like to explore it! But he had been forbidden to go, and he dismissed, with a childish sigh, all idea of going.

He looked up at his clock — the sun. He was just over the top of the big gum-tree — that meant ten o'clock. How late! The morning was slipping away. He heard his mother inside singing. She was making the bread. It would be very hot in the hut when the loaf was put in the camp oven to bake. He had nothing to do either. He would go down to the creek, it was cool there. So he went into the hut and got a big piece of sweet cake, and put it in the pocket of his little jumper.

"Mother," said Pretty Dick, "I am going down to the creek."

"Take care you don't get lost!" said she, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Lost! No fear!" said Pretty Dick.

And when he went out, his mother began to sing again.

It was beautifully cool down by the creek. Pretty Dick knew that it would be. The creek had come a long way, and was tired, and ran very slowly between its deep banks, luscious with foliage, and rich with grass. It had a long way to go too. Pretty Dick knew where it went. It ran right away down to the river. It ran on into the open, desolate, barren piece of ground where the road to the station crossed it, and where its bright waters were all red and discolored with the trampling of horses and cattle. It ran by the old stockyard, and then turned away with a sudden jerk, and lost itself in the Five Mile Swamp, from whence it reappeared again, broader and bigger, and wound along until it met the river.

But it did not run beyond the swamp now, Dick knew, because the weather had been so hot, and the creeks were all dried up for miles around — his father said — all but this one. It took its rise in the mountains, and when the rainfall was less than usual, grew thinner and thinner, until it became what it was now, a slender stream of water, trickling heavily between

high banks — quite unlike the dashing, brawling, black, bubbling torrent that had rushed down the gully in flood-time.

Pretty Dick took off his little boots, and paddled about in the water, and found out all kinds of curious gnarled roots of old trees, and funny holes under the banks. It was so cool and delicious under the stems and thick leaves of the water frondage, that Pretty Dick felt quite restored again, and sang remembered scraps of his mother's songs, as he dodged round intervening trees, and slipped merrily between friendly trunks and branches. At last he came out into the open. Here his friend, the creek, divided itself into all sorts of queer shapes, and ran here, and doubled back again there, and twisted and tortured itself in extraordinary manner, just out of pure fun and frolic.

There was a herd of cattle camped at this place, for the trees were tall, and big, and spreading. The cattle did not mind Pretty Dick at all, strange to say. Perhaps that was because he was on foot. If he had been on horseback, now, you would have seen how they would have stared and wheeled about, and splashed off into the scrub. But when Pretty Dick, swinging a stick that he had cut, and singing one of his mother's songs, came by, they merely moved a little farther away, and looked at his little figure with long, sleepy eyes, slowly grinding their teeth from side to side the while. Now the way began to go up hill, and there were big dead trees to get over, and fallen spreading branches to go round, for the men had been felling timber here, and the wasted wood lay thick upon the ground. At last Pretty Dick came to the Crossing Place. The Crossing Place was by the edge of the big swamp, and was a notable place for miles round. There was no need for a crossing place now though, for the limpid water was not a foot deep.

Pretty Dick had come out just on the top of a little sandy rise, and he saw the big swamp right before him speckled with feeding cattle, whose backs were just level with the tall rushes. And beyond the big swamp the ranges rose up, with the sunlight gleaming here and there upon jutting crags of granite, and with deep, cool shadows in other places, where the noble waving line of the hills sank in, and made dark recesses full of shade and coolness. The sky was bluer than ever, and the air was heavy with heat; and Pretty Dick wondered how the eagle-hawk that was poised — a floating speck above the moun-

tain top—could bear to swoop and swing all day long in that fierce glare.

He turned down again, and crossing the creek, plunged into the bush. There was a subtle perfume about him now; not a sweet, rich perfume like the flowers in the home station garden, but a strange intoxicating smell, evolved from the heat and water, and the many-coloured heath blossoms. The way was more difficult now, and Pretty Dick left the bank of the creek and made for the open space—sandy, and hunched with coarse clumps of grass. He went on for a long time, still upwards, and at last his little feet began to tire; and, after chasing a dragon-fly or two, and running a long way after a kangaroo cat, that started out from a patch of bloom, and ran in sharp diagonal lines away to hide itself in among the roots of a she-oak, he began to think of the piece of sweet cake he had in his pocket. So when, after some little time, emerging from out a dense mass of scrub, that scratched and tore at him as though it would hold him back, he found himself far up in the hills, with a great gully between him and the towering ranges, he sat down and came to the conclusion that he was hungry. But when he had eaten his sweet cake, he found that he was thirsty too, and that there was no water near him. But Pretty Dick knew there was water in the ranges; so he got up again, a little wearily, and went down the gully to look for it. But it was not so easy to find, and he wandered about for a long time, among big granite bowlders, and all kinds of blind creeks, choked up with thick grass and creeping plants, and began to feel very tired indeed, and a little inclined to wish that he had not left the water-course so early. But he found it at last—a little pool, half concealed by stiff, spiky rush-grass, and lay down, and drank eagerly. How nice the first draught was! But at the second, the water felt warm; and at the third, tasted quite thick and slimy. There had been some ducks paddling about when he came up, and they flew away with a great quacking and splashing, that almost startled him. As soon as they had disappeared, though, the place was quite still again, and the air grew heavier than ever. He felt quite drowsy and tired, and laid himself down on a soft patch of mossy grass, under a tree; and so, after listening a little while to the humming of the insects, and the distant crackling of mysterious branches in the forest, he put his little head on his little arm, and went fast to sleep.

How long he slept Pretty Dick did not know; but he woke up suddenly with a start, and a dim consciousness that the sun had shifted, and had been pouring its heat upon him for some time. The moment he woke he heard a great crashing and plunging, and started up just in time to see a herd of wild cattle scouring off down the side of the range. They had come up to drink while he was asleep, and his sudden waking had frightened them. How late it must be! The place seemed quite changed. There was sunlight where no sunlight had been before, and shadow where had been sunlight. Pretty Dick was quite startled at finding how late it was. He must go home, or mother would be frightened. So he began to go back again. He knew his way quite well. No fear of his losing himself. He felt a little tired, though, but that would soon wear off. So he left the little pool and turned homewards. He got back again into the gully, and clambered up to the top, and went on sturdily. But the trees did not seem familiar to him, and the succession of dips in the hills seemed interminable. He would soon reach the Big Swamp again, and then he could follow the creek. But he could not find the swamp. He toiled along very slowly now, and at last found the open plot of ground where he had stopped in the morning. But when he looked at it a little, it was not the same plot at all, but another something like it, and the grim ranges, heavy with shadow, rose all around him.

A terrible fear came into poor little Pretty Dick's heart, and he seemed to hear his mother say, quite plainly, "Take care you don't get lost, Pretty Dick!" Lost! But he put the feeling away bravely, and swallowed down a lump in his throat, and went on again. The cattle track widened out, and in a little time he found himself upon a jutting peak, with the whole panorama of the bush at his feet. A grand sight! On the right hand towered the ranges, their roots sunk deep in scrub and dense morass, and their heads lifted unto the sky, that was beginning to be streaked with purple flushes now. On the left, the bush rolled away beneath him — one level mass of tree tops, broken here and there by an open space of yellow swamp, or a thin line of darker foliage that marked the meanderings of some dried-up creek. The sun was nearly level with his face, and cast a long shadow behind him. Pretty Dick felt his heart give a great jump, and then go on beating quicker and quicker.

But he would not give in. Lost! — Oh no, he would soon be home, and telling his mother all the wonders of the walk. But it *was* so late! He must make haste. What was that? — somebody on horseback. Pretty Dick shaded his eyes with his little hand, and peered down into the valley. A man with a white puggaree on his hat was moving along a sort of cattle-track. Joy! — It was Mr. Gaunt, the overseer. Pretty Dick cooeed. No answer. He cooeed again, and again, but still the figure went on. Presently it emerged from the scrub, and the poor little fellow could see the rays of the setting sun gleam redly for an instant on a bright spur, like a dying spark. He gave a despairing shout. The horseman stopped, looked about him, and then, glancing up at the fast-clouding heavens, shook his horse's bridle, and rode off in a hard gallop.

Poor Pretty Dick! He knew that his cry had been unheard — mistaken, perhaps, for the scream of a parrot, the cry of some native bear, or strange bird; but in his present strait the departure of the presence of something human felt like a desertion. He fairly gave way, and sat down and cried. By and by he got up again, with quite a strange feeling of horror and terror and despair; he ran down the steep side of the range in the direction in which Mr. Gaunt had gone, and followed his fast-fading figure, calling, and crying with choked voice. Presently he lost him altogether, and then he felt his courage utterly fail. He had no idea of where he was. He had lost all power of thought and reason, and was possessed but by one overpowering terror, and a consciousness that whatever he did, he must keep on running, and not stop a moment. But he soon could run no longer. He could only stagger along from tree to tree in the gloomy woods and cry, "Mother! Mother!" But there was no mother to help him. There was no human being near him, no sound but the hideous croaking of the frogs in the marshes, and the crackling of the branches under his footsteps. The sun went down suddenly behind the hills, and the air grew cool at once. Pretty Dick felt as if he had lost a friend, and his tears burst forth afresh. Utterly tired and worn out, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and sobbed with sheer fatigue. Then he got up and ran round and round, like some hunted animal, calling, "Mother! Mother!"

But there was no reply. Nothing living was near him, save a hideous black crow who perched himself upon the branch of a

withered tree, and mocked him, seeming to the poor boy's distorted fancy to say, "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

In a burst of passionate, childish despair, he flung a piece of stick at the bird, but his strength failed him, and the missile fell short. This fresh failure made him cry again, and then he got up and ran — stumbling, and falling, and crying — away from the loathsome thing. But it followed him, flapping heavily from tree to tree, and perched quite close to him at last, croaking like an Evil Presence — "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

The sweet night fell, and the stars looked down into the gullies and ravines, where Pretty Dick, all bruised, bleeding, and despairing, was staggering from rock to rock, sick at heart, drenched with dew, hatless, shoeless, tear-stained, crying, "Mother! mother! I am lost! I am lost! Oh, mother! mother!"

The calm, pitiless stars looked down upon him, and the broad sky spread coldly over him, and the birds flew away, terrified at him; and the deadly chill of loneliness fell upon him, and the cold, cruel, silent Night seemed to swallow him up, and hide him from human sympathy.

Poor Pretty Dick! No more mother's kisses, no more father's caresses, no more songs, no more pleasures, no more flowers, no more sunshine, no more love — nothing but grim Death, waiting remorselessly in the iron solitude of the hills. In the sad-eyed presence of the speechless stars, there amid the awful mystery and majesty of Nature, alone, a terrified little human soul, with the eternal grandeur of the forests, the mountains, and the myriad voices of the night, Pretty Dick knelt trembling down, and, lifting his little tear-stained face to the great, grave, impassable sky, sobbed: —

"Oh! take me home! Take me home! Oh! please, God, take me home!"

The night wore on — with strange sounds far away in the cruel bush, with screamings of strange birds, with gloomy noises, as of the tramplings of many cattle, with movements of leaves and snapping of branches, with unknown whirrings as of wings, with ripplings and patterings as of waterfalls, with a strange heavy pulsation in the air as though the multitudinous life of the forest was breathing around him. He was dimly conscious

that any moment some strange beast — some impossible monster, enormous and irresistible, might rise up out of the gloom of the gullies and fall upon him ; that the whole horror of the bush was about to take some tangible shape and appear silently from behind the awful rocks which shut out all safety and succor. His little soul was weighed down by the nameless terror of a solitude which was no solitude, but a silence teeming with monsters. He pictured the shapeless Bunyip lifting its shining sides heavily from the bottomless blackness of some lagoon in the shadow of the hills, and dragging all its loathsome length to where he lay. He felt suffocated ; the silence that held all these indistinct noises in its bosom muffled him about like a murderous cloak; the palpable shadows of the immeasurable mountains fell upon him like a gravestone, and the gorge where he lay was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He screamed to break the silence, and the scream rang around him in the woods, and up above him in the mountain clefts, and beneath him in the mute mystery of the glens and swamps, — his cry seemed to be reëchoed again and again by strange voices never heard before, and repeated with indistinct mutterings and moanings in the caverns of the ranges. He dared not scream a second time lest he should wake some awful sound whose thunder should deafen him.

All this time he was staggering on, — not daring to look to right or left, or anywhere but straight on, — straight on always. He fell, and tore his hands, and bruised his limbs, but the bruises did not hurt him. His little forehead was cut by a sharp stone, and his bright hair was all dusty and matted with blood. His knees shook and trembled, and his tongue clove to his mouth. He fell at every yard, and his heart seemed to beat so loud that the sound filled the air around him.

His strength was leaving him ; he tottered from weakness ; and at last emerging upon a little open platform of rock, white under the moon, he felt his head swim, and the black trunks, and the masses of fern-tree leaves, and the open ground, and the silent expanse of bush below him, all turned round in one crimson flash ; and then the crimson grew purple-streaked, and spotted with sparks, and radiations, and bursting globes of light and color, and then the ranges closed in and fell upon him, and he was at once in his little bed at home — oh, so-fast-asleep !

But he woke at last, very cold and numbed, and with some feeling that he was not himself, but that he had been dreaming of a happy boy named Pretty Dick, who went away for a walk one afternoon many years ago. And then he felt for the blankets to pull them up about his shoulders, and his little fingers grasped a prickly handful of heather, and he woke with a terrible start.

Moonlight still, but a peaceful, solemn, sinking moon. She was low down in the sky, hanging, like a great yellow globe, over the swamp, that rose from far beneath him, straight up, it seemed, to a level with his face. Her clear-cut rim rested on the edge of the morass now. He could almost touch her, she looked so close to him ; but he could not lift his little arm so high, and besides, he had turned everything upside down before he went to sleep; and the moon was down below him and the earth up above him ! To be sure ! and then he shut his eyes and went to sleep again.

By and by it dawned. The birds twittered, and the dew sparkled, and the mists came up and wreathed themselves all about the trees, and Pretty Dick was up in the pure cool sky, looking down upon a little figure that lay on an open space among the heather. Presently, slowly at first, and then more quickly, he found out that this little figure was himself, and that he was in pain, and then it all came back with one terrible shock, and he was lost again.

He could bear to think of it now, though. His terrors, born of darkness, had fled with the uprising of the glorious golden sun. There was, after all, no reason to be afraid. Boys had been lost before, and found again. His father would have missed him last night, and the station would be speedily roused. Oh, he would soon be found! He got up, very painfully and stiffly, and went to look for water. No difficulty in that ; and when he had drunken and washed his face and hands, he felt much better. Then he began to get hungry, and to comfort himself with the thought that he would soon be found. He could almost hear the joyful shout, and the welcome, and the questioning. How slowly the time went on ! He tried to keep still in one place, for he knew now that his terror-driven feet had brought him to this pass, and that he should have kept still in the place where he saw Mr. Gaunt the night before.

At the recollection of that bitter disappointment, and the thought of how near he had been to succor, his tears began afresh. He tried hard to keep his terrors back — poor little fellow, — and thought of all kinds of things — of the stories his mother told him — of the calf-pen that father was putting up. And then he would think of the men at the station, and the remembrance of their faces cheered him; and he thought of Mrs. Trelawney, and of his mother. Oh, suppose he should never see his mother again! And then he cried, and slept, and woke, and forgot his fears for a while, and would listen intently for a sound, and spring up and answer a fancied shout, and then lie in a dull, stupid despair, with burning eyes, and aching head, and a gnawing pain that he knew was hunger. So the hot day wore out. The same heat as yesterday, the same day as yesterday, the same sights and sounds as yesterday, but oh! how different was yesterday to to-day, and how far off yesterday seemed. No one came. The shadows shifted and the heat burnt him up, and the shade fell on him, and the sun sank again, and the stars began to shine, and no one came near Pretty Dick. He had almost forgotten, indeed, that there was such a boy as Pretty Dick. He seemed to have lived years in the bush alone. He did not know where he was, or who he was. It seemed quite natural to him that he should be there alone, and he had no wish to get away. He had lost all his terror of the night. He scarcely knew it was night, and after sitting on the grass a little longer, smiling at the fantastic shadows that the moonlight threw upon the ground, he discovered that he was hungry and must go into the hut for supper. The hut was down in the gully yonder; he could hear his mother singing; so Pretty Dick got up, and crooning a little song, went down into the shadow.

* * * * * * *

They looked for him for five days. On the sixth, his father and another came upon something, lying half-hidden in the long grass at the bottom of a gully in the ranges. A little army of crows flew away heavily. The father sprang to earth with a white face. Pretty Dick was lying on his face, with his head on his arm.

God had taken him home.

THE TWINS OF THE HOTEL CORNEILLE.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

(Translated for this work.)

I.

When I was a Normal School candidate (it was in October 1848), I contracted an intimacy with two of my rivals, the brothers Debay. They had been pupils at the college of Vannes, in Brittany. Though of the same age, they resembled each other in nothing, and I have never seen twins so ill-matched. Matthew Debay was a little man of twenty-three, rather homely and stunted. His arms were too long, his shoulders too high, and his legs too short. His brother Leonce was a type of aristocratic beauty : tall, well built, of fine figure, Grecian profile, haughty eye, superb mustache. His heavy black hair quivered on his head like a lion's mane. Poor Matthew was not carroty, but he had a narrow escape ; his beard and his hair presented a set of multicolored samples. The pleasing feature in him was a pair of small gray eyes, full of delicacy, innocence, and sweetness. When the two brothers came to the examinations, Leonce was swishing a small silver-headed cane which excited many jealousies ; Matthew philosophically bore under his arm a big red umbrella, which conciliated the good-will of the examiners for him. Nevertheless he was turned down like his brother : the college at Vannes had not taught them enough Greek. Matthew was regretted at the school : he had the vocation, the desire to instruct, the passion for teaching ; he was a born professor. As to Leonce, we held unanimously that it would be a great shame for so well made a fellow to immure himself in the university cloisters like us.

The two brothers were not penniless. We even considered them rich when we compared their fortune with ours : they had Uncle Yvon. Uncle Yvon, an old coasting captain, then proprietor in the sardine fisheries, owned several boats, many nets, some real estate, and a pretty house on Auray Harbor. As he had never found time to get married, he had remained a bachelor. He was a man of big heart, surpassingly kind to the poor, and especially to his own family, who had sore need of it. This worthy man had welcomed into his house M. and Mme.

Debay, and he saved out two hundred francs a month for the children.

Thanks to this munificence, Leonce and Matthew were able to have quarters in the Hôtel Corneille, highly renowned in the Latin Quarter. Their room cost fifty francs a month. You could see two mahogany beds with red curtains there, two easy chairs, many common chairs, a glazed press to keep their books in, and even a carpet! These gentlemen boarded in the house; the board was not bad for seventy-five francs a month. The board and lodging absorbed Uncle Yvon's two hundred francs; Matthew provided for the other expenses. His age did not permit him to make a second trial at the Normal School. He said to his brother: "I am going to prepare for the examinations for Licentiate in Letters. Once I have my diploma, I will write my thesis for the doctorate, and Doctor Debay will some day or other obtain an assistant professorship in a university. As for you, take medicine or law — you have full liberty."

"And the money?" asked Leonce.

"I will scour up money. I have presented myself at Sainte-Barbe, and asked for a chance to give lessons. They have agreed to take me as tutor in the third and second grade; two hours' work every morning, and two hundred francs a month. I shall have to get up at five o'clock, but we shall be rich."

"And besides," added Leonce, "you belong to the family of early birds, and it is a pleasure for you to wake up the sun."

Leonce chose law. He talked like an oracle, and no one doubted that he would make an excellent advocate. He attended lectures, took notes, and made careful digests of them; after which he dressed up, strolled about Paris, and passed his evening at the theater. Matthew dressed in a snuff-colored paletot which I still see, listened to all the professors at the Sorbonne, and worked evenings at the Sainte-Geneviève library. The entire Latin Quarter knew Leonce; nobody in the world suspected the existence of Matthew.

I went to see them on almost all my leaves of absence; that is, Thursdays and Sundays. They lent me books: Matthew worshiped George Sand; Leonce was a fanatic on Balzac.

We sometimes went out together. Leonce took us to walk on the Boulevard des Italiens and in all the fine quarters of Paris. His passion for horses was so violent, that his brother had subscribed for twenty lessons at the riding-school in his

behalf. Matthew, when we left him the task of showing us around, took his way toward the woods of Meudon and Clamart. He professed to believe the country lovelier than the city, even in winter ; and the crows on the snow struck his vision more charmingly than the citizens in the mud. Leonce followed us murmuring and heavy-footed.

On my part, I had my friends take some curious rambles. A small charity bureau has been founded at the Normal School. An assessment of a few sous a week, the proceeds of an annual lottery, and the old clothes of the school, constitute a modest fund on which drafts are made every day without ever exhausting it. A few tickets for wood, bread, and soup, some garments, a trifle of underwear, and a great many kind words, are distributed in the quarter. The chief usefulness of this little institution is to remind young people that poverty exists. Matthew accompanied me oftener than Leonce into the tortuous stairways of the Twelfth Ward. Leonce said : "Poverty is a problem of which I wish to find the solution. I will take my courage in both hands, I will overcome every distaste, I will penetrate to the depths of those wretched dwellings where neither sun nor bread enter every day." He said excellent things, but it was Matthew who went with me.

He followed me one day, in the Rue Traversine, to the house of a poor man whose name does not recur to me. I recall only that he was nicknamed *Little Gray*, because he was little and his hair was gray. He had a wife and no children, and he re-seated cane chairs. We made our first visit to him in July 1849. Matthew felt chilled to his marrow on entering the Rue Traversine.

It is a street of which I do not care to speak evil, for it will be demolished in less than six months. But meantime, it resembles the streets of Constantinople rather too much. It is situated in a quarter of Paris which Parisians hardly know. Perhaps it is paved or macadamized, but I cannot be sure ; the ground is covered with straw litter, refuse of all sorts, and very lively urchins who tumble around in the mud. To right and left arise two rows of houses, high, bare, dirty, and pierced by small windows without curtains. Sufficiently picturesque rags decorate every house-front, waiting for the wind to take the trouble of drying them. Little Gray told us about his poverty : he was earning a franc a day. His wife plaited straw mats, and earned fifty to sixty centimes. Their lodging was a room

on the fifth story; their floor a bed of trampled earth; their window a collection of oiled papers. I drew from my pocket some orders for bread and soup. Little Gray received them with a slightly ironical smile.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "excuse me if I meddle in what is none of my business, but I fancy you won't cure poverty with these little pasteboards. You might as well put lint on a wooden leg. You've taken the trouble to climb up my five stories with your friend here, to bring me these tickets. There's two days' supply. But will you come back day after to-morrow? It's impossible: you've got something else to do. In two days, then, I shall be in the same hole as if you hadn't come. If I was as rich as you people," — here Matthew dug his elbow into my side, —"I'd fix things so as to get folks out of their scrape for the rest of their lives."

"And how? — if the receipt is good, we will profit by it ourselves."

"There are two ways: buy them a business all stocked, or get them a government job."

"Keep still," said his wife to him; "I always told you you'd do yourself a mischief by your ambition."

"Where's the harm, if I'm capable? I confess I have always had the notion of asking for a place. If I should be offered ten francs to set myself up as a licensed vendor, I certainly shouldn't refuse it, but I should always feel a little sorry over the job I have in mind."

"What job, if I may ask?" inquired Matthew.

"Street sweeper in Paris. You earn your twenty sous a day, and you get through by ten in the morning at latest. If you could get me that, gentlemen, I should double my earnings, I should have enough to live on, you would get off from climbing up here with little cards in your pockets, and it's me that would come to your houses to thank you."

We knew no one at the prefecture, but Leonce had met the son of a police commissioner; he used his influence to obtain Little Gray's nomination. When we came to congratulate him, the first article of furniture that struck our eyes was a gigantic broom whose handle was ornamented with an iron ring. The master of this broom thanked us warmly.

"Thanks to you," he told us, "I am above need; my chiefs already appreciate me, and I don't despair of getting my wife enrolled in my brigade; that will be riches. But there are two

ladies on our landing who are in great need of your help; unluckily their hands are not made for swinging a broom."

"Let us go and see them," said Matthew.

"Let me tell you first. They are not persons like my wife and me; they have had misfortunes. The lady is a widow. Her husband was a wholesale jeweler. He went off last year for California with a machine he had invented, a machine for finding gold; but the boat was shipwrecked on the way, with man, machine, and all the rest. The ladies read in the papers that there wasn't a match saved. Then they sold what little they had left, and went to live in Rue d'Enfer [Hell Street]; then the lady took a sickness that ate up all their money. Then they came here. They do embroidery morning to night till it kills their eyes, but they don't earn anything heavy. My wife helps them do their housework when she has time; folks may not be rich, but they can be charitable by lending a helping hand to the ones that have too big a load. I tell you this to make you understand that these ladies don't ask anything of anybody, and that you have got to go through all the forms to make them take anything. Besides, the young lady is pretty as a peach, and that makes her shy, you understand."

Matthew became red all over at the thought that he might have been indiscreet.

"We will look for a means," he said. "What is this lady's name?"

"Madame Bourgade."

"Thank you."

Two days later, Matthew, who had never sought private tutoring, undertook to prepare a young man for the baccalaureate. He threw himself into it with such zeal that his pupil, who had been rejected four or five times, was admitted on the 18th of August, at Commencement. It was then only that the two friends started out for Auray, their native town. Before his departure, Matthew handed me fifty francs. "I shall be gone five weeks," said he; "I have to return in October to take up the classes and examinations for the licentiate again. You are to go for the mail every Monday, and you will find an order for ten francs, made out to Mme. Bourgade: you know the address. She thinks it is one of her husband's creditors who is paying her off by installments. Don't show yourself in the house; the ladies mustn't have their suspicions awakened.

If one of them is taken sick, Little Gray will let you know it, and you will write to me."

I have already assured you that nothing but good sentiments could be read in Matthew's small gray eyes. Why did I not keep the letter he wrote me during his vacation! It would give you pleasure. He pictured to me with innocent enthusiasm the country, and the oyster and sardine fishery. It all seemed new to him, after a year's absence. His brother was rather tired of it, and thinking of Paris. As for himself, he found nothing but pleasure. His relatives were so well! Uncle Yvon was so big and so fat! The house was so fine, the beds so soft, the table so plentiful!

Matthew came back in October, and carried off the Licentiate in Letters with flying colors. The notes of the examiners on him were so favorable that he was offered a chair in the fourth grade at the lyceum of Chaumont; but he could not make up his mind to quit his brother in Paris. He gave me news from time to time of the Rue Traversine: Mme. Bourgade was ill. You will not fully comprehend the interest he took in his invisible protegées unless I initiate you into the great secret of his youth: he had never loved any one. As his comrades had not been sparing of their jokes to him on his ugliness, he was modest to the point of regarding himself as a monster. If you had tried to tell him that a woman could love him just as he was, he would have believed you were laughing at him. The day he became the unknown benefactor of a beautiful girl, he felt a humble and tender satisfaction at the bottom of his heart.

It was an unforeseen accident that brought him into the presence of Mlle. Aimée Bourgade. He was in Little Gray's asking the news, when she entered crying for help. Her mother had fainted. Matthew hurried in with the others. He brought a doctor for these friends the next day. Mme. Bourgade was sick only from exhaustion; she was cured. Little Gray's wife was installed with her in the capacity of nurse. She went in quest of medicines and food; and she knew how to bargain so well that she got them for nothing. Mme. Bourgade drank an excellent Medoc wine; she ate chalybeated chocolate. It was Matthew who did these miracles, and did not boast of them. Nothing was to be seen in him but an obliging neighbor; they thought his quarters were in Rue St.

Victor. The sick woman grew quietly wonted to the presence of the young professor, who showed her the delicate attentions of a girl. Her maternal prudence never put her on her guard against him. From the plainness of his dress, she judged that he was poor; she was interested in him as he was interested in her. On a certain Monday in December, she saw him come in the snuff-colored paletot, without a cloak, through a very sharp cold. She told him, after long circumlocutions, that she had just received a payment of ten francs, and she offered to lend him half of it. Matthew did not know whether to laugh or cry; — he had pawned his cloak that very morning for those luckless ten francs. This is how they stood at the end of a month's acquaintance.

Mme. Bourgade told Matthew what he already knew in part, thanks to the indiscretions of Little Gray. Her husband was doing but moderately in business, and earning barely enough to live on, when he learned of the discoveries in California. Like a man of sense, he divined that the first explorers of that fortunate land would look for nuggets of gold and solid pieces scattered through the ore, without taking time to exploit the auriferous sands. He said to himself that the surest and most lucrative speculation consisted in washing the crushed ore of the mines and the sand of the ravines. With this idea, he constructed a most ingenious machine, which he called, after himself, the "Bourgade separator." To make trial of it, he mixed thirty grams of gold dust with one hundred kilograms of earth and sand [= $9\frac{3}{5}$ oz. to the ton]; the separator brought out all the gold save about two decigrams [$\frac{2}{3}$ of one per cent]. Fortified by this experiment, M. Bourgade collected the little he owned, left his family enough to live on for six months, and embarked on the *Belle Antoinette* from Bordeaux. Two months later, the ship was lost with all on board, while making the passage from Rio de Janeiro.

Matthew surmised that without making a voyage to California, the invention of the late Bourgade could be exploited to the profit of the widow and her daughter. He begged Mme. Bourgade to intrust him with the plans she had preserved, and I was commissioned to show them to a pupil of the Central School. The consultation was not long. The young engineer told me, after a second's examination: "Already familiar! This is the Bourgade separator. It is public property, and the

Brazilians make ten thousand a year of them at Rio de Janeiro. Do you know the inventor?"

"He was drowned in a shipwreck."

"The machine must have floated ashore: that happens every day."

I returned wofully to the Hôtel Corneille, to render account of my embassy. I found the two brothers in tears. Uncle Yvon was dead of apoplexy, bequeathing them all his property.

II.

I have preserved a copy of Uncle Yvon's will. Here it is:—

"On this fifteenth of August, 1849, the day of the Assumption, I, Matthew Jean Leonce Yvon, sound in body and mind and furnished with the sacraments of the Church, have drawn up the present will and testament of my last wishes.

"Foreseeing the casualties to which human life is exposed, and desiring, that if misfortune happens, my property may be shared between my heirs without contest, I have divided my fortune into two parts as equal as I can make them, to wit:

First. A sum of fifty thousand francs bearing five per cent interest, and placed in the care of Maître Aubryet, notary in Paris;

Second. My house situate at Auray, my lands and real estate of every sort; my boats, nets, fishing tools, arms, furniture, clothes, linen, and other movable objects, the whole valued at fifty thousand francs.

"I give and bequeath the totality of these goods to my nephews and godsons, Matthew and Leonce Debay, enjoining each of them to choose one of the two parts above designated, without recourse on any pretext to men of law.

"In case I should chance to die before my sister Yvonne Yvon, Debay by marriage, I confide to my heirs the care of her old age; and I assume that they will let her want for nothing, following the example I have always given them."

The partition was not long in making. Leonce chose the money, and Matthew took the rest. Leonce said: "What would you have me do with my poor uncle's boats? I should have to live at Auray, and it makes me yawn just to think of it. You would soon learn that I was dead, and that boulevard homesickness had killed me. Do I know how to rent a farm,

let a fishery, or settle partnership accounts with half a dozen sailors? I should let myself be cheated out of my eye-teeth. If Matthew will leave me the money, I will put it into a solid investment that will bring me back twenty for one. That is how I understand business."

"Just as you like," responded Matthew. "I don't think you would have been forced to live at Auray. Our parents are well, thank God! and perhaps they are able to carry on the work. But now tell me, what is the miraculous investment you expect to put your money into?"

"My face. Listen to me, quietly. Of all roads that lead a young man to fortune, the shortest is neither commerce, nor industry, nor art, nor medicine, nor law pleading, nor even speculation; it is — it is marriage. I shall marry an heiress."

"Which one?"

"I don't know that, but I shall find her."

"With your fifty thousand francs?"

"Stop there! You understand that if I set out in quest of a wife with my little pocket-book containing fifty bank bills, all the millions would laugh in my face; all the more if I should find the daughter of a dry-goods dealer or the presumptive heiress of a hardware merchant. In the society where I wish to marry, a woman will marry me for myself without trying to find out what I have. When a coat is well made and well worn, my dear fellow, no girl of condition tries to find out what is in the pockets."

Thereupon, Leonce explained to his brother that he should employ his Uncle's Yvon's broad pieces to open the doors of society. A long experience, acquired in romances, had taught him that with nothing you can do nothing, but that with dress, a handsome horse, and exquisite manners, you are always able to make a love match.

"Here is my plan," he said: "I am going to eat up my capital. For one year I shall have fifty thousand francs capital in effigy, and I shall be much surprised if I don't make a girl love me who possesses them in reality."

"But, you wretch, you will ruin yourself!"

"No, I will put my money out at twenty for one."

Matthew did not take the trouble to argue with his brother. After all, the money devised would not be disposable till June; there was no imminent danger.

The heirs of Uncle Yvon changed nothing in their mode of life; they were no richer than before. The boats and nets kept the house at Auray going. Maître Aubryet gave them two hundred francs a month, as in the past; the private lessons at Sainte-Barbe and the visits to Rue Traversine went their wonted way. Truth obliges me to say that Leonce was less attentive to the lectures at the School of Law than to dancing and fencing lessons. Little Gray, still ambitious, and I fear a little intriguing, obtained his wife's appointment, and enthroned a second broom in his apartment. This was the sole event of the winter.

In May, Mme. Debay wrote to her son that she was in great trouble. Her husband had a great deal to do and was not able to do it all; one man more in the house would not have been too much. Matthew was afraid his father might be tiring himself overmuch; he knew him to be hard-working and courageous beyond his age, but one is no longer young at sixty, even in Brittany.

"If I took my own counsel," he said to me one day, "I should go and pass six months down there. My father is killing himself."

"What holds you back?"

"First, my lessons."

"Pass them over to one of your mates. I can point out half a dozen to you that need them more than you do."

"And Leonce, who will commit such follies!"

"Keep cool; if he is to commit them, your presence won't restrain him."

"And then —"

"And then what?"

"Those ladies!"

"You left them alone well enough in your vacations. Give them to me to take care of again; I'll see that they lack for nothing."

"But I shall miss them myself," he replied, blushing up to the eyes.

"Ah ha! Confess now! You didn't tell me there was love in the case."

The poor fellow stood in a daze. He divined for the first time that he loved Mlle. Bourgade. I helped him make an investigation of his consciousness; I wrenched from him one by one all the little secrets of his heart, and he remained stricken

and convicted of a passionate love. In all my life I have never seen a man more confused. But when I asked him if he thought he was requited, he had a redoubling of confusion which gave me pain. He placed himself modestly in the lowest rank of the scale of beings, and he saw in Mlle. Bourgade perfections above humanity. I tried to raise him in his own esteem by unveiling to himself the treasures of goodness and tenderness that were in him ; to all my reasonings, he responded by showing me his countenance, with a little resigned grimace which drew the tears from my eyes.

"Come," I said to him, "how does she act with you?"

"She is never with me. I am in the room, and so is she ; and yet we are not together. I speak to her, she answers me, but I cannot say that I have ever talked with her. She does not shun me, and she does not seek me. — And yet I think she does shun me, or at least that I am disagreeable to her. When you are made like this, you know — "

"Does Mlle. Bourgade know that you have had a legacy?"

"No."

"She thinks you are as poor as she is?"

"If she had not, she would have shown me the door long ago."

"But if — Don't blush. If, for the sake of argument, she loved you as you love her, what would you do?"

"I — would tell her — "

"Come, no false shame ! She isn't here : would you marry her?"

"Oh, if I could ! But I shall never dare marry."

This took place one Sunday. The following Thursday, though I had firmly promised to avoid Rue Traversine, I paid a visit to Little Gray. I had put on my finest uniform coat, with entirely new palms in the buttonhole.[1] Little Gray went to notify Mme. Bourgade that a gentleman wished the favor of conversing with her a few minutes alone. She came as she was, and our host went out on pretext of buying some coal.

Mme. Bourgade was a large, handsome woman, reduced to skin and bone; she had long sad eyes, beautiful eyebrows and magnificent hair, but hardly any teeth left, which aged her

[1] The Minister of Public Instruction in France has a University decoration thus designated : "Academic Palms (officer of academy and officer of public instruction)." The insignia are a violet ribbon with two crossed palms, fixed in the buttonhole.

looks. She stopped in front of me, a little abashed; poverty is timid.

"Madame," I said to her, "I am a friend of Matthew Debay; he loves your daughter, and has the honor of asking you for her hand."

That is how diplomatic we are in the Normal School.

"Sit down, sir," she said gently to me. She was not surprised at my action, — she was expecting it; she knew that Matthew loved her daughter, and she confessed to me with a sort of maternal shamefacedness that her daughter had loved Matthew for a long time. I was quite sure of it! She had maturely reflected on the possibility of this marriage. On one side, she was happy to confide the future of her daughter to an honorable man, before dying. She thought herself dangerously ill, and attributed to organic causes a feebleness brought on by privations. What frightened her was the fancy that Matthew himself was not very robust, and that he might one day take to his bed, lose his tutorship, and remain penniless with a wife, and perhaps with children — for it was necessary to foresee everything. I could have reassured her by a single word, but I did not care to. I was too happy to see a marriage concluded with that sublime imprudence of the poor, who say, "Let us love each other first, each day brings its own bread!" Mme. Bourgade only argued against me for form's sake, for she held Matthew in her heart.

She took me into her own rooms, and presented me to her daughter. The fair Aimée was dressed in ill-dyed cottonade, whose color had run. She had neither cap, collar, nor ruffles: laundering is so dear! I could admire a great mass of magnificent blond hair, a neck rather thin, but of rare elegance, and hands a great lady would have paid high for. Her face was her mother's, minus twenty years.

She was frankly happy, the little pearl of Rue Traversine, when she learned the news I brought. In the very midst of her joy, Matthew happened in; he did not expect to find me there. He would not believe he was loved for himself until it had been repeated to him thrice. We all talked together; then, as the door had remained half open, I slipped out, without taking leave.

He was married the first Thursday in June, and I acted as his witness. I shared that honor with a young writer who was then beginning in *L'Artiste*. Aimée's witnesses were two of

Matthew's friends, a painter and a professor: Mme. Bourgade had lost her old acquaintances from view. The city office of the Eleventh Ward is opposite the church of St. Sulpice: there is only the square to cross. The entire wedding party, including Leonce, was contained in two large cabs which took us to dine near Meudon. Our dining-room was a châlet [imitation Swiss cottage] surrounded with lilacs, and we discovered a little bird which had made its nest in the moss above our heads. We drank to the prosperity of the winged family: we are all equals in presence of happiness. Believe me who will, but Matthew was no longer homely. I had already noted that forest air has the gift of beautifying. There are faces that please only in a drawing-room; you will find others which charm only in the fields. He announced to us at dessert that he was about to depart for Auray with his wife and his mother-in-law; he would write his thesis at leisure, and be doctor and professor when the sardines permitted.

"As for me," said Leonce, "I invite you all for next year. You will assist at the marriage of Leonce Debay with Mlle. X——, one of the richest heiresses in Paris."

"Health to Mlle. X——, the glorious Unknown!"

"While waiting to make her acquaintance," resumed the orator, "you will be told that I have squandered a fortune. Bear in mind what I promise you: I shall fling gold around, but as a sower flings grain. Let them talk, and await the result!"

But the following Sunday, at the railroad station, Matthew seemed less assured of his brother's future. "You are to play for high stakes," he said to him as he pressed his hand: "remember, whatever happens, there is a bed for you in the house at Auray."

After Matthew's departure, Leonce took me by the arm and carried me off to dinner with him: he was gay and full of fine hopes.

"The die is cast," he told me: "I have burned my ships. I rented yesterday a delicious entresol in Rue de Provence. The painters are there; in a week I shall send in the decorators. That is where, my dear boy, you will come Sundays to eat a friendly chop."

"What is your idea of beginning your campaign in midsummer? There isn't a cat in Paris."

"Let me manage! As soon as my nest is lined, I shall set out for the waters of Vichy. Acquaintances are quickly formed at the waters: you become intimate, and you are invited for the coming winter. I have thought of everything, and my siege is begun. In a fortnight I shall have finished with this infernal Latin Quarter!"

"Where we have had such good times!"

"We thought we were being amused, because we didn't know any better. Do you find this fowl eatable?"

"Excellent, my dear fellow."

"Atrocious! By the way, I have a woman cook: a bachelor dines out, but breakfasts at home. It only remains to find a man-servant. Can you recommend any one?"

"By George! I am sorry I have to be at the School for eighteen months longer. I would have suggested myself, I find you will make such a munificent master."

"My dear fellow, you are neither short enough nor tall enough: I must have a colossus or a gnome. Have you given any thought to liveries? It is a serious question. What would you think of a sky-blue capote with red cuffs?"

"We have the uniform of the Pope's Swiss guards too, — yellow, red, and black, with a halberd. What do you say to that?"

"You make me tired. I have passed all the colors in review. Black is gentlemanly, with a cockade, but it is too severe. Chestnut is not youthful enough. Dark blue is discredited by trade; all the bill collectors have blue coats with white buttons. I will think it over. Look at my new visiting cards a moment."

"Leonce de Baÿ, and a marquis' crown! I will forgive you the marquisate, for that doesn't harm anybody; but I think you would have done better to respect your old father's name. I am no precisian, but it always makes me a little sorry to see a worthy man disguise himself as a marquis, outside of carnival time. It is a delicate way of renouncing your family."

"Why do you take things so tragically? My excellent fellow of a father would laugh with all his heart at seeing his name so tricked out. Don't you think that dieresis over the y is an admirable invention? There's how you give names an aristocratic color! Now I lack nothing but a coat-of-arms. Have you any acquaintance with heraldry?"

"Not very much."

"Still, you know enough of it to get me up an escutcheon."

"Waiter, some paper! — Well, here are the arms I give you. You bear gold and red quartered. This one represents lions gules on a field or, and that one merlets or on a field gules. Are you satisfied?"

"Enchanted. What is a merlet?"

"A duck" [*canard* — "whopper"].

"Better and better. Now a rather swaggering motto."

"BAŸ DE RIEN NE S'EBAYT."[1]

"Magnificent! from this moment I do you homage as my suzerain."

"All right! trusty and well-beloved marquis. Let's light a cigar and go back to the School."

III.

Leonce passed the summer at Vichy, and came back in October. He brought with him a big blond servant and a magnificent black horse; it was the heritage of an Englishman who died of the spleen between two glasses of water. He had his return announced to me by the superb Jack, whose mouse-gray livery excited my admiration. Jack wore on his buttons the arms of Baÿ.

This handsomest of my friends received me in an apartment stamped with masculine coquetry. Nothing was visible there of these knickknacks that betray the intervention of a woman, not even a tapestried chair! The dining room furniture was oak; the drawing-room of red brocade, with a rich and comfortable air. The study was full of dignity: you would have said it was the sanctuary of an author writing the history of the Crusades. In the bedchamber was seen an enormous tapestry representing the Clemency of Alexander, a toilet table with white marble top, a magnificent dressing-case spread out in the most perfect order, four moquette easy-chairs, and a pillared bed three feet wide at most.

The decoration did not belie the assurances of the furniture. In the drawing-room, landscapes. In the dining room, a hunting picture, birds, still life. In the study, a trophy of arms, canes, and whips, and four large aquafortis etchings. In the bedchamber, five or six family portraits, picked up from time

[1] "Baÿ is *bayed* (astonished) by nothing."

to time among the second-hand stores of Rue Jacob. The furniture, the paintings, the engravings, and the books of the library, selected with a scrupulous care, sang in unison the praises of Leonce. Mothers-in-law might come at will!

My first thought on entering was to look for cigars, but Leonce did not smoke. He said the cigar, which unites men one with another, had no virtue in arranging marriages, and that tobacco equally offends women and bees, both winged creatures. He recounted his summer campaign, and triumphantly showed me twenty-five or thirty calling cards which represented as many invitations for the winter.

"Read all these names," he said, "and you will see if I have wasted my powder on small game!"

I was surprised at seeing there only industrial and banking names. "Why this preference? Balzac's heroes go to the Faubourg St.-Germain" ["Beacon Street"].

"They had their reasons," said Leonce; "I have mine for not going there. In the Chaussée D'Antin [street of bankers and capitalists] my name and my title can be of use to me: they would perhaps do me harm in the Faubourg St.-Germain. Announce a marquis in a Rue de Laffitte [street of rich business men], and fifty persons will look at the door: in Rue de l'Université nobody will lift an eye. The very flunkeys there are cloyed on marquises. And besides, all these old nobility know and understand each other: they will soon see that I am not one of theirs. Besides, large fortunes are rare in the noble quarter. I have informed myself: there are a hundred or a hundred and fifty so old that everybody has heard them spoken of; so clear, so evident, so well established in broad daylight, that everybody wishes for them: thence, twenty suitors for one heiress. Fine game for me to make the twenty-first! you don't catch me there. Look at the right bank [of the Seine]: what a difference! In the drawing-room of the smallest banker or the pettiest stockbroker, you will see dancing in the same quadrille a dozen colossal fortunes the public is ignorant of, and which are not known by each other. In this mob resounding with the clink of gold, all glittering with diamonds, a couple meet, love, are married, in less time than a duchess would need to open her snuff-box."

I saw him pretty often in the course of the winter: he showed himself everywhere at the hours when society shows itself. He galloped in the woods every evening, as punctually

as if his course had been paid for. He missed no first representation at the best theaters; he attended the Italiens [opera] as assiduously as if he had loved music. He refused no invitation, lost no ball, and never forgot a dinner call. In which I admired him. His toilette was exquisite, his foot-gear perfect, his linen miraculous. He had hired for six months a brand-new coupé, on which the carriage-maker had provisionally painted his arms.

In society he recommended himself from the first by two talents which are rarely found together: he was a dancer and a converser. He danced the best in the world, to the point of having it said that he had intellect at the ends of his feet. All the girls who danced with him were enchanted with themselves, and consequently with him. The mothers, on their part, always feel grateful to the man who makes their daughters shine. But when, after a quadrille, he went to seat himself in the midst of women of a certain age, the inclination they had for him changed to enthusiasm. He had too much good taste to fling compliments at people's heads, but he made his fair neighbors find ideas in themselves, and the most foolish became clever at the friction of his mind. He sternly refused himself the delights of backbiting, never noticed anything ridiculous, never revived any folly, and jested about everything without wounding any one; which is not always easy. He had no opinions in political matters, not knowing into what family love might make him enter. He observed himself, watched over himself, and kept track of himself constantly without seeming to do so.

By as much as he was gracious with women, he was cold in his relations with men. His coldness bordered on insolence, and brought several quarrels on him. He fought three times, and chastised his adversaries gallantly at the end of his sword: the worst hurt of the three kept his bed a fortnight. Society bore good will to Leonce for his moderation as well as his courage, and he was recognized as a fine swordsman who squandered his own life in husbanding those of others.

He threw money around with both hands, but well knowing for what. He refused to take neither concert ticket nor lottery ticket. He knew when to empty his pocket-book into the purse of a church collector, or to write down his name for twenty louis on the note-book of a charitable lady. He spent much for show and very little for pleasure, counting as useless all disbursements made without witnesses.

Despite such praiseworthy efforts, in three months of winter he swallowed up thirty-five thousand francs without finding what he was in search of.

When I made him my New-Year visit, he passed in review the time which had just gone by. He had as yet found only unavailable matches: a widow half ruined, a Russian princess rich enough but saddled with three children by a first marriage, and the daughter of a shady speculator.

"I can't understand it at all," he said to me with a certain bitterness. "I have friends and no enemies; I know and am known by all Paris; I go everywhere, I please everywhere; I am launched, I am even established, but I don't get anywhere! I march straight for my goal, without stopping on the way: one would say the goal receded before me. If I were seeking the impossible, it could be explained by that; but what is it I ask? A woman of my station, who loves me for myself. That isn't anything supernatural! Matthew has found in his set what I am vainly pursuing in mine. And yet I am fully on a par with Matthew."

"Physically, at least. Do you have news of them?"

"Not often: the happy are egotists. The licentiate is cultivating the soil; he sows buckwheat and plants trees. His wife is well."

"I need not ask you if they still love each other?"

"As in Noah's Ark. Papa and mamma are on their knees before their daughter-in-law. Mme. Bourgade has taken well: it seems she is decidedly a distinguished woman; everybody occupies her attention, amuses her, and adores her; they are very happy."

"You have never had the notion to go and join them with the rest of your gold pieces?"

"Good heavens, no! I prefer my *ennuis* to their pleasures. And besides, it isn't time to go into hiding yet."

In fact, a week afterward he came all radiant into the parlor of the School.

"Brrr!" said he, "you aren't hot here."

"Fifteen, my dear fellow [59° Fahr.] is a regulation."

"The regulation isn't as chilly as I am, and I did well to get plucked, all the more that I have reached my goal."

"You are on the road?"

"I've got there!"

Leonce had noted the grace and elegance of a very slight

woman, so slender and so delicate that her perfections should have been admired under the microscope. He had waltzed with her, and had almost lost her several times, she was so light and so little felt by the hand; he had chatted with her, and had remained under the charm; she prattled in a very melodious little bird tone, and glanced from one subject to the other with a charming volubility. Leonce asked the name of this young lady who so closely resembled a humming-bird: he learned that she was called Mlle. de Stock. Gossip credited her with twenty-five years and a large fortune. With this information, Leonce set himself to loving her. He had them show him the Baron de Stock, who played at écarté and lost sums with the indifference of a millionaire. At this moment Mlle. de Stock appeared handsomer still to him. The baron wore a fine enough string of foreign decorations. "His daughter is adorable!" thought Leonce. He had himself presented to the baroness, a noble German doll, covered with old smoky diamonds. This worthy lady pleased him at first sight. Perhaps he would have found her slightly ridiculous had she not had so clever a daughter. Perhaps also he would have judged Mlle. de Stock to be somewhat lacking in distinction if he had not known so majestic a mother to her.

He danced an entire evening with the pretty Dorothée, and murmured in her ear expressions of gallantry which strongly resembled words of love. She answered with a coquetry which did not resemble dislike. The baroness invited Leonce to her Wednesdays: he was assiduous at them. M. de Stock lived on Rue Rochefoucauld, in a small private house between a court and a garden of which he was proprietor. Leonce understood furniture, as he had bought house-furnishings. Without being an expert, he had a feeling for elegance. He could be deceived, like everybody; nevertheless, he was not of the stuff that dupes are made from, and the baron's interior charmed him. The servants, in amaranth livery, had fine square heads, and a German accent that grated deliciously on the ear. The household arrangements represented an expense of sixty thousand francs a year. The day when Leonce was welcomed by the baron, banqueted by the baroness, and regarded tenderly by the daughter, he might say without presumption, "I've got there!"

Toward the middle of January, he learned that Dorothée was to collect for the poor at Notre Dame de Lorette. He, who was often absent at Mass, exhibited an exemplary punctuality. He

had me breakfast on the jump, and dragged me off with him at the stroke of the clock. I have forgotten the details of his toilette, but I well remember that it was dazzling. I recognized Mlle. de Stock from the portrait he had given me of her, although he had forgotten to tell me she was dusky as a Maltese. A dark German is a phenomenon rare enough for mention to be made of it. At the end of the Mass, the faithful defiled one by one before the collectresses, who knelt at each door of the church. Dorothée solicited the charity of passers by an interrogative glance with a grace all worldly. I put two sous into her velvet purse, the poor scholar's mite. Leonce saluted the collectress as in a drawing-room, giving her a thousand-franc bill, folded in four.

"How much have you left?" I asked him in the vestibule.

"Thirteen thousand francs and some centimes."

"That isn't much."

"It's enough. The alms I have just given will be rendered back to me a hundred-fold."

I made no answer.

Leonce found on returning home a letter from his brother, very short: —

"What can I tell you?" wrote Matthew. "Our life is smooth as a mirror; the days all resemble each other like drops of milk in the same cup. Work is stopped by the winter, and we pass the day in the chimney-corner. You know whether the chimney is wide; there is a place for you; we could even put in an easy-chair extra by squeezing up a little, if you liked. Papa pokes the fire zealously: you know his passion, the sole passion of his life. If his tongs were taken away it would make him miserable. Mamma Debay and Mamma Bourgade pass the day in sewing. We have hung your portrait in our chamber; you know, the handsome portrait that Boulanger painted before he left for Rome. I show it to Aimée every morning and every evening. As to myself, I am always the same, and yet I do hardly anything. Ah, brother! if you knew how insipid your pleasures are by the side of ours, you would come by the diligence: you are the only thing we miss, you are our one anxiety. Papa gives a fierce scowl when anything is said about Rue de Provence. Well! I reassure him by telling him that if a man in the world can succeed, it is you."

"They are good people," said Leonce, throwing the letter on the desk. "They will soon have news of me."

A few days after, the baron unexpectedly happened in at ten in the morning. Such a step was of good omen. M. de Stock visited the apartment informally, and inwardly took an inventory of the furnishings. Any man of good sense would have believed he was at a rich heir's; the baron was enchanted. That German was a likable man. Everybody knew he had been a banker at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and yet he never spoke of his fortune. No one disputed his nobility, and yet he never spoke of his titles. His halls, his lands, his forests were things he seemed to have the least care about. He said no word of them to Leonce, and Leonce recognized that *this* marquis was a real rich man and a real gentleman.

On his side, Leonce was too scrupulous to credit himself with a bogus fortune. He let people's imagination take its course, and did not dispute those who said, "You who are rich." But he boasted of nothing. When he spoke of his family, he said without emphasis, "My parents live on their lands in Brittany;" in which he told no untruth. I observed to him that everything would be found out in the end, and he would be forced to confess the origin of his nobility and the mediocrity of his fortune. "Let me alone for it," he answered: "the baron is rich enough to permit his daughter a marriage of love. Dorothée loves me, I am sure of it; she has told me so. When the parents see that I am necessary to their daughter's happiness, they will pass over many things. Besides, I shall not deceive any one, and they will know everything before the marriage."

In the last days of February, Leonce took his courage in both hands; he made his demand. M. and Mme. de Stock, notified by Dorothée, received him in solemn audience.

"Baron and baroness," he said, "I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter. Not to leave you in any ignorance as to my situation —"

The baron interrupted him with a lordly gesture: —

"Stop there, marquis, I beg you. All Paris knows you, and my daughter loves you: I wish to know nothing more. Your name might be obscure, your father might have spent his fortune, yet I should still say to you, 'Dorothée is yours.'"

He embraced Leonce, and the baroness gave him her hand to kiss: "You do not know," said the baroness, "our romantic Germany. We are all thus — at least in the higher orders."

In the midst of the maddest joy, Leonce felt in his heart something like a revolt of honesty. "I cannot deceive these worthy people," he said, "and I should be a scamp if I abused their confidence." He resumed aloud, "Baron, the noble trust you have evinced in me lays me under the obligation of giving you some details of —"

"Marquis, you will seriously distress me by insisting further. I should believe that you only persisted in giving me this information to compel me to furnish proofs of my rank and fortune."

"Come," thought Leonce, "it is only put off. We shall make a clean breast of it willy-nilly on the day of the contract."

But the baron would hear no talk of the contract.

"Between gentlemen," he said, "these engagements, these signatures, these guarantees, are humiliating precautions. Do you love Dorothée? Yes. Does she love you? I am certain of it. Then what is the good of putting a lawyer between us? I fancy your love will go far beyond stamped paper."

"Nevertheless, monsieur, if they have deceived you as to my position —"

"But, you dreadful child, they have not deceived me, for they have not told me anything. I know nothing about you except that you please my daughter, my wife, myself, and everybody in existence. I don't wish to know anything more. Do I need your money? If you are rich, so much the better. If you are poor, so much the worse. Say as much to me, and we shall be quits. Come, here is what will give repose to your conscience: you have nothing, my daughter has nothing; you call yourself Leonce, she calls herself Dorothée, and I give you my paternal blessing. Are you satisfied?"

Leonce wept for joy. They called in Dorothée.

"Here, daughter," said the baroness, "come and tell the marquis that you are marrying neither his name nor his fortune, but his person."

"Dear Leonce," said Dorothée, "I love you madly!"

She told not a syllable of falsehood.

Leonce was married in March. It was time: the *corbeille* [bridegroom's wedding gift] devoured the last thousand-franc bill. I did not serve as witness this time; the witnesses were important personages. Matthew could not come to Paris; he charged me with giving him an account of the wedding, and I

fulfilled with joy my task as historiographer. Dorothée, dressed in her gown of white terry velvet, had an adorable success. They called her the little brunette angel. After the ceremony a dinner of forty covers was served at the baron's, and Leonce approved his friendship by inviting me. He presented me to his wife on leaving the table. "My dear Dorothée," he said to her, "this is one of my old schoolfellows, who will be our children's professor some day or other. I hope you will always give him a warm welcome; the best friends are not the most shining, but the most solid."

"Professor," said the fair Dorothée, "you will always be welcome with us. I wish Leonce to bring me all his friends as a marriage portion."

The conversation with the pretty marquise and the pleasure of dancing with my big shoes caused me to forget the school regulations. I returned an hour late, and was kept in for a fortnight. As soon as I was free, my first call was on Leonce. I found him entirely alone, occupied in tearing his hair, which was very handsome, as you know.

"My dear fellow," he said to me in a doleful voice, "I have been cruelly tricked!"

"Already!"

"My father-in-law is rich as I am, noble as I am; he is called Stock, in one syllable [no *de*], and his entire stock of property is twenty thousand francs of debts!"

"Impossible!"

"The thing is beyond doubt: my wife confessed everything to me on the wedding night. There was not five hundred francs in the house."

"But the house alone is worth a hundred thousand!"

"It isn't paid for. M. Stock was rich five or six years ago; he held a fair position in Frankfort, and his bankruptcy left him more than thirty thousand francs invested income. But he has lost it all at roulette and trente-et-quarante. At the beginning of the winter, all that was left of his splendor was a file of decorations bought cheap in the little northern courts, some honorable relations, the habit of expense, the gambling fever, and fifty thousand francs. He thought it clever to place all his capital on Dorothée, and come to Paris to stake everything on that throw. He counted on fishing up in troubled waters, in the Chaussée d'Antin society, a son-in-law rich enough to take his daughter off his hands, board him

and his wife, and give him every summer a few rolls of louis to lose on the banks of the Rhine. Isn't it infamous?"

"Take care," said I. "Do you know how he is talking about you at this moment?"

"But it was so different! I didn't deceive him. I wanted to show him frankly the state of my affairs. It was he who stopped me, and shut my mouth. Now I know why, and his confidence no longer astonishes me!"

"Have you had an explanation together?"

"I rushed to him to confound him, and you may well believe I wasn't sparing of my eloquence. Do you know what he answered me? Instead of recriminating, as I expected, he took my hand and said in a voice full of emotion: "We have been unfortunate. We might each of us have found a fortune; it is very provoking we met."

"Wisely observed."

"What is to become of me?"

"Are you asking my advice?"

"Of course, as you can't give me anything else!"

"My dear Leonce, I know but one honorable means of getting out of your scrape. Liquidate heroically; go and hide in some working quarter; finish your law course, and become an advocate. You have talent; you cannot have lost entirely the habit of work; the connections you have made in these six months will be useful to you later; you will regain your lost time, and the money too."

"Yes, if I were a bachelor!"

"Then do something else. Take your new family to Brittany. Uncle Yvon's house is large enough to lodge you all; they will put another leaf into the table and add a dish at dinner."

"We should ruin them!"

"Not at all. Aimée will buy one gown less every year, and Matthew will prolong the existence of the famous snuff-colored paletot."

"Oh, I know their hearts! But you don't know my father- and mother-in-law. If my wife loves society, her parents are mad for it. Mme. Stock passes her time before the glass making salutes! M. Stock would never be an endurable Breton. He would resent hospitality, he would humiliate our dear house; he would reproach us for the bread we gave him!"

"Well, leave your parents to get out of their tangle in Paris. Carry off your wife: she is young, and you will form her character."

"But just realize how the old fellow is riddled with debts! He is my father-in-law, after all; I can't desert him."

"Let him sell his belongings! he has twenty thousand francs' worth of them."

"And what will the poor devils live on?"

"I see with pleasure that you pity them. But I should say in my turn, 'What are you to do?' I don't know any other kind of advice to give you, — I am at the end of my string."

"I am going to ask for a place. They think I don't need one, so they will give it to me."

He solicited a long time, and lost more than a month in futile endeavors. In the depth of his low spirits, he received a letter from Matthew announcing that he had a son. "You are to be his godfather," he added, "and his pretty aunt Dorothée will not refuse to be his godmother. We are waiting for you; your room is ready; make haste and come."

Leonce had not yet told his relatives of his mischance. What was the good of clouding their happiness with a piece of bad news? The poor fellow was braver than I had expected. While he sold his paintings for living expenses, he was tender and ardent with his wife. He had the good taste to conceal his mortification. It is just to say that Dorothée consoled him her best. If she wept sometimes, it was on the quiet. She returned to the dealers a part of her marriage corbeille. I feel sure the honeymoon would have been brighter if the young household had lacked for nothing, and if M. Stock had had no debts; but despite embarrassments of every sort, and the importunity of creditors, they loved each other. Leonce and Dorothée clung close to each other like children overtaken by a storm. I saw them regularly during all my leaves of absence, and every call showed them to me better and rendered them dearer.

One Thursday, about half-past one, I was leaving the school to visit them, when I encountered in the middle of Rue d'Ulm a small man in a velvet waistcoat. He was an old acquaintance whom I had neglected somewhat since Matthew's marriage.

"Good morning, Little Gray," I said. "Put your cap on again. Were you coming to see me?"

"Yes, monsieur, and I am very glad I met you, to ask your advice."

"Nothing has happened with you? Is your wife well? Are you still working for the city of Paris?"

"Still, monsieur, and I venture to say that my wife and I have a broom touch that does you honor. Nobody will find fault with you for having got us jobs."

"It isn't I, Little Gray, it is a young man among my friends for whom I would much like to render the same service."

"M. Matthew is still happy? The ladies are not sick?"

"Thanks. Matthew has a boy, and the entire family is doing as well as possible."

"For the time being, monsieur, this is what has happened: This morning, as we were coming back from work, a gentleman came in, not very tall, rather undersized, — a man of my build, in short, and not far from my age. He asked me if I was in the house in Mme. Bourgade's time. I told him what there was to tell, seeing as I have nothing to hide, and I don't do any mischief, and I don't owe anybody anything. But when he found I knew those ladies, he began to question me about this and about that, and who mademoiselle had married, and what her husband did, and what she ate for dinner, and how long she had stayed in the quarter, and finally where she was living. When I saw he had the notion of drawing me out, I didn't want to give him any answer. He didn't suit me, that man didn't! He looked at the house with a rich man's eyes; you'd have said our room made him sick at heart. I understood very well that he was anxious to have M. Matthew's address; but I didn't know what he wanted to do with it. I said I didn't know it, but perhaps it could be got for him. He left me his address, which I didn't read, you know well enough why, and I've come to show it to you, to know what's to be done."

Little Gray drew a fine glazed card from his pocket, on which I read: —

LOUIS BOURGADE,
Hôtel des Princes.

"Louis Bourgade!" said Little Gray; "it's a relation."

"Hôtel des Princes! It is a rich relation."

"He could perfectly well have come sooner, when his poor ladies were dying of starvation! Now they don't need him any more."

"That is probably why he is showing himself, my dear Little Gray: he must have heard of Mlle. Aimée's marriage. But pity for every sin: we must give him her address."

"All right, I'll go there. Is the Hôtel des Princes far?"

"Don't put yourself out; it is on my road, and I will go in there as I pass and talk with this gentleman."

On the way I thought: "A rich relative! Such a windfall couldn't drop for Leonce!"

I asked for M. Bourgade, and soon a servant of the house came to show me in. M. Bourgade occupied a magnificent apartment on the second floor, overlooking the street. This gentleman made me wait for ten minutes, which I conscientiously employed in vilifying him.

When the door opened, I hardly took the trouble to look at my interlocutor; my eyes served me only to dart lightnings. I proudly introduced myself as an old friend of Mme. and Mlle. Bourgade. I recounted how I had made my way into their intimacy, without having the honor to be of their family; I drew a pathetic picture of their penury, of their courage, of their work, of their virtue.

My indictment produced its effect. M. Bourgade did not look me in the face; he hid his head in his hands, and seemed overwhelmed. To finish him, I apprised him of Matthew's conduct; I told him the history of the cloak pawned for ten francs, and all the privations that worthy young man had imposed on himself. To end with, he had married that deserted orphan; he had taken her to Auray, the home of his ancestors; he had given her a name, a fortune, a family! To-day, Aimée Bourgade, happy wife, happy mother, had no further need of any one.

M. Bourgade removed his hands, and I saw his face bathed in tears.

"It is my daughter," he said: "I thank you greatly for loving her so. My dear child! let me kiss you!"

I did not make him tell me twice. I asked him neither how nor why he was alive; I put neither questions nor objections to him; I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him four or five times on both cheeks. I was quite sure of not

being deceived: a father's tears may be recognized everywhere!

Yet when the first emotion had passed, I regarded him with an air of profound astonishment, and he perceived it. "I will explain everything to you," he said, "when I have seen my wife and my daughter. On to Auray! Thank you; good-bye; see you again soon!"

"Hold on, if you please! I can't let you go yet. First, you cannot start till this evening by the seven o'clock train; next, there are precautions to take, and you will not hit the bull's-eye by going straight to Auray. You will kill your wife and your daughter. Sit down and tell me your story. Then I will tell you the precautions you have to take. But how does it happen that you escaped from that shipwreck?"

"Good heavens! nothing is simpler. When the vessel was lost, I was not on board. You know what I went to America to do. We stopped a week at Rio de Janeiro to take on passengers and cargo. I went ashore like all the rest. I had letters for some French people settled there, and among others for a dye-wood dealer named Charlier. We talk; I explain my system to him; he is struck with it; all minds were turned toward California. Charlier assures me that my invention is excellent, but that I am not strong enough to handle it alone, and that I shall find no workmen. 'Do better,' he says to me. 'Come ashore bag and baggage; set yourself up as a machine manufacturer, and exploit the *Bourgade separator* here. The apparatus complete will cost you five hundred francs, you can sell it for a thousand: all the miners going to San Francisco will equip themselves at your establishment as they pass. Believe me, this is the true California. You have not money enough to begin the undertaking, but it shall be raised for you; a good business always finds capital, especially in America. If you need an associate, here am I.' So it was that we founded the house of Charlier, Bourgade & Co., whose shares are quoted on the Bourse at Paris. We have issued them at a par of five hundred francs, and I have a thousand for my share. They have increased tenfold in value, and they will not stop there. They are talking of new mines in Australia."

"What!" I said to him, "you are worth five millions?"

"Better than that, but what odds! Now tell me by what miracle of bad luck all my letters have remained unanswered?"

"You will find them at the post-office. The wrecking of the *Belle Antoinette* was speedily known in Paris. Your first letter must have arrived a few days later, when these ladies had quitted Rue d'Orléans. I believe I remember that they broke up their household without leaving their address; they wished to hide their poverty, and besides, they were expecting no more news from anybody. How could the post have been able to discover them? The carrier does not enter Rue de Traversine once a week."

"You have no idea of what I have suffered, to write for more than two years without receiving any answer!"

"Come! come! I have seen two women who suffered as much as you."

"No; they wept over a positive misfortune; for me, I saw a thousand imaginary ones. I knew them to be without means, exposed to every privation; I was rich, and I could do nothing for them! The cholera of 1849 made me pass many sleepless nights. I wanted to come to Paris, to interrogate the police, to rummage the entire city; but I was confined to the house! I had a note inserted in the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*, but no one answered. You don't read those papers, then?"

"Not often; and these ladies, never."

"I read them both, and much good it did me. It was the *Siècle* that told me of Aimée's marriage."

"The question now is about announcing your return. If you will take my word, have yourself preceded by an ambassador. I happen to know a young man who is in search of a position; it is Matthew's brother, Aimée's brother-in-law; moreover, a man of intellect, and worthy of representing a great power. If you are satisfied with his services, I will call your attention to a means of remunerating them. Shall we go to his place?"

A few hours later M. Bourgade, Leonce, and Dorothée took their places in a handsome post-chaise, which followed the railroad as far as Angers. At Vannes M. Bourgade descended and went to a hotel. The lately married couple pursued their way, and arrived in the carriage. When Dorothée broached, in vague terms, the idea that M. Bourgade might not be dead, the widowed matron responded, "Perhaps!" She was so well accustomed to happiness that nothing seemed impossible. Leonce recalled what the student at the Central

School had formerly said apropos of the "separator": if the invention had survived, the inventor might have escaped the shipwreck. Hope entered again into these brave hearts; and the day when M. Bourgade appeared at Auray, his wife and daughter cried out innocently, "We knew quite well you weren't dead!"

M. Bourgade had not the bearing of a great lord, far from it! but neither had he the manners of a parvenu. If you met him on foot, you would believe you saw a worthy jeweler of Rue d'Orléans. That excellent little man deserved to have a son-in-law like Matthew. He gave his daughter a dowry of two millions, to the great confusion of Matthew, who said, "I am an adventurer; I have abused my personal advantages to make a rich marriage." The Debays built themselves a princely habitation; what adds to the beauty of their mansion is that there are no paupers in the neighborhood. Matthew finished his theses, and obtained his doctor's diploma; we have not two doctors in France as rich as he, we have not four as laborious. Leonce has two daughters, and lives in Brittany in the midst of his family. He has a hundred thousand francs income, since Matthew has it. M. and Mme. Stock have crossed the ocean; M. Bourgade has given them a place in his manufactory. Dorothée's father is still intelligent, and still a gambler; he wins largely, and loses all he wins. Little Gray and his wife no longer inhabit Rue Traversine; if you wish to make their acquaintance, you must take the Auray road. They have not lost that admirable broom touch they were so vainglorious over; they keep the château clean, and wage implacable war on dust. I receive news of my friends five or six times a year. Only yesterday they sent me a basket of oysters and a box of sardines.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL HISTORY OF HITHER ASIA, INCLUDING EGYPT.

By JOHN PUNNETT PETERS.

(Written for this work.)

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By ARCHÆOLOGY is meant the history of man as preserved in material facts — implements, utensils, remains of habitations, architecture, and art — as over against written records. In common use, certain classes of written records are also generally included in the province of archæology — inscriptions on stone, brick, and the like. In this somewhat broader sense we use archæology here. We are to deal not only with the material facts preserved to us in unwritten records of art and the like, but also with the records preserved in inscriptions; and indeed we shall at times pass over into the history of hither Asia, as preserved to us both in archæological and literary remains.

The earliest evidences of man's existence on the earth yet known consist of stone implements. These have been found in geological deposits evincing great antiquity, in most parts of Europe, in Egypt, in South Africa, in India, and in America, on both sides of the continent. In general, it may be said that we now have evidence of the existence of man at the same primary stage of development in all parts of the world. Presumably man first supplemented his natural tools and weapons of teeth, hands, nails, and toes, by branches torn from the trees and stones picked up from the ground. From this period we can of course expect no archæological remains, as our definition of archæology will show, other than an occasional rough unformed stone, which may exhibit on its surface scratches, abrasions, or rubbing caused by use. The next step in man's development was, presumptively, the fashioning of the stones

and branches into shapes more convenient for use. Naturally the first work in this direction was extremely rude, so rude that it is often difficult to determine whether there was any workmanship other than use. This first archæological period of man is now designated as Eolithic, and to it are ascribed rude flint implements found on the hills of Kent, in the southeast of England, in river deposits some six hundred feet above the present river beds, so rude in character that it was long a subject of debate whether they were implements or merely unworked stones.

Next follows what is now known as the Palæolithic period, to which belong the chipped flints found in geological deposits. These are found in practically identical shapes in all parts of the world, so that, in the case of the ruder forms at least, it is impossible to determine from the appearance and working in what part of the world a specimen was discovered. This period has been tentatively divided into subperiods, as follows : —

I. The period of massive flints, very little less rude than the Eolithic, found in gravel deposits as high as two hundred feet above the present river beds. These seem to antedate the possession of any sort of dwellings by men other than the casual shelter of trees, overhanging stones, caves, and the like.

II. Flints found in cave dwellings, some very rude and unworked, like the preceding, and others showing more flaking and working but still rough and unfinished. Here we have man occupying for long periods the same abode. He has not yet reached the point of building houses, but he has attained the stage of permanency of dwelling.

III. The second period of cave dwellers, where flints are well worked and finely shaped.

IV. The third period of cave dwellers, where, in addition to flint implements, we find bone working and drawings on implements and cave walls.

Remains of man, showing all these stages of development, have been found in geological deposits of the Quaternary period, along with fossil remains of animals of that period, long since extinct, — mammoths, cave-bears, cave-lions, saber-footed tigers, etc.

From the physiological standpoint, man, as found in these remains, is the same from the outset as he is at present ; that is, from the time that he began to use any sort of implements

down to the present time, he was man. How long he remained in the primitive stages of development is a question of some uncertainty, geologists assigning dates varying from 100,000 to 300,000 B.C. for the earliest deposits in which man is found — the gravel deposits of the Kent Hills, the lava beds of California, and the stalagmitic and other deposits of the caves of southern England. All these stages of development may be found, of course, among men in historic times and at any period of the world's history up to the present. And at the present time men may be found in different countries substantially at every stage of development, from the Eolithic onward to the highest stage that has yet been reached.

Development or the rate of development differed, according to the conditions prevailing. A region like the chalk hills of Kent tempted men of itself to mine flints, and furnished in those flints the best material for stone implements. A region of flints may be said to have possessed, for primitive man, the same value in the matter of material development which coal and iron regions possess for us of the present day. On the other hand, such a region was likely to have been a fertile source of dispute, to have led to struggles for possession, an occasional overwhelming and blotting out, by an invasion of more numerous outsiders, of the fewer owners or possessors who had reached a certain stage of progress, involving a recommencement almost from the beginning. On the more peaceful side it would lead to broader intercourse, and at a very early period it is clear that flints from such regions were widely distributed, doubtless largely in return for material products of one sort or another from other regions. But, furthermore, the very conditions which fostered a certain development would prevent, after a certain stage had been reached, further development. It was not in the flint regions that the highest development could be reached. It was not until well-worked flints were in sufficient numbers in possession of peoples in a different locality, with different environments, that better results could be obtained in the cultivation of the soil, construction of houses, tools, etc. Contact with peoples with different material products living under different conditions, and therefore with diverse wants and ideas, was necessary to progress. The process by which men were brought in contact with one another, organizations of groups of men effected, wants developed, needs supplied, etc., was of necessity very slow. But slow as this process must have been, in consid-

Tower of Babel

eration of the relatively brief history of civilization, it seems at first sight incredible that man should have existed on the earth in this rude state from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand years. Nevertheless, while these dates assigned by geology must be accepted with the greatest caution and as no more than tentative, it should, on the other hand, be remembered that the progress of civilization becomes immensely accelerated as it advances. Civilization has made more progress in the nineteenth century than in all the preceding centuries of its existence combined. It is in the earliest stages that progress is most painfully slow.

Following the Palæolithic age of man comes the period of polished stone weapons and tools, no longer found in geological deposits but on or near the surface of the ground. This is the age of Neolithic man. Whereas Palæolithic man had made his flint implements by chipping off flakes only, Neolithic man further ground or rubbed his tools to the required form, thus producing a tool or weapon with a smooth surface, and hence more effective. These remains, like the preceding, are found in many parts of the world, and belong of course to very many eras. It is now generally assumed that man first reached this condition, in any part of the world, not later certainly than 10,000 B.C. From the Eolithic and Palæolithic periods we have no remains of human habitations other than caves. It is with the Neolithic period that we begin to find remains of human constructions. Along with the polished flints of this stage of development we find enormous earthworks, constructed in some places for defense, in others for burial purposes. To this stage of civilization belong also the Kitchen-middens of the Baltic and the earlier lake-dwellings, villages erected upon piles in lakes, such as have been found in many parts of Europe. The remains of these earlier lake-dwellings show us man in the pastoral and agricultural stage. He cultivated grapes and planted grain and flax; he knew how to spin and weave; he had domestic animals; he made pottery, and his artistic instincts were so far developed that this pottery was ornamented with geometric patterns. In England he mined flint out of the chalk deposits, and the finish of some of his tools and weapons shows considerable development of the æsthetic taste, and that he must have had leisure to devote to the slow and tedious work of finishing and ornamenting them. These Neolithic remains reveal, furthermore, the development of a tribal or clan organ-

ization. This stage of civilization, as already stated, men attained independently in many parts of the world; and here again, as in the case of Palæolithic man, we are dealing with a stage of development rather than with a period. Some of the lake-dwellings in Europe, for instance, were certainly inhabited into historic times, to give way, ultimately, to a higher civilization which came from without.

To understand the line of progress in those early days, we may profitably consider the way in which inferior civilizations have been affected in historic times by contact with higher civilizations. The arts and industries of savage peoples are so manifestly inferior to our own as to disappear before them, and there is a strong tendency toward the destruction, not only of the civilization of the inferior race by the superior, but even of the race itself; and the greater the difference in degree between two civilizations thus coming in contact, the stronger is this tendency. In some cases the inferior civilization gives way only in part, and the new type which is developed may be said to be a graft of the more highly advanced civilization on that of the primitive stock, an experience more common where the differing degrees of civilization are not so great. Studying the history of civilized man, we observe, moreover, that there is a tendency toward the arrest of development provided there be not intercourse with other people possessing different material products, different environments, and consequently different ideas. The most noteworthy instance of this arrested development is found in China, both because of the high degree of civilization attained there before the arrest of development, and also because of the vast area over which this arrested civilization extends. It is not only human needs which give the impetus to development, but also contact with fellow human beings. In its way the history of man in the prehistoric ages was the same as that of man in the historic period. A certain stage of development was reached here and there. Where there was contact and interchange of products and ideas, there was a more rapid and greater advance. The contact of early peoples with one another was sometimes hostile and sometimes friendly. Wars and invasions retarded or effaced progress, but in general, contact of one group of men with another had the same effect in those days as in historic times; except that as the differences of civilization were not so great, so was there less tendency toward the destruction of one civilization by

another. Man was, as it were, experimenting in many different places at one and the same time; and those things which finally prevailed were the result, not of an experiment in one place only, but of numerous conjunctions of experiments and experimenters. It was, so far as we now know, in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates-Tigris that these experiments first developed the type which, in the narrower sense, we call civilized man, and the earliest civilization yet discovered is the civilization of these two valleys.

Civilization in the Euphrates-Tigris valley dates, presumably, from a period not later than about 7000 B.C. Into the Persian Gulf there pours, at the present time, the Shatt-el-Arab, the joint stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, coming from Mesopotamia and Armenia, and of the Karun coming from the Persian highlands. These streams bring down an immense amount of sediment, and are filling up the Persian Gulf with great rapidity, the land at the head of that gulf forming at an average annual rate of something like one hundred feet a year. This rate has been determined for a period of more than two thousand years, by comparing the situation of Charax, founded by Alexander the Great, with the present situation of the same site, which seems to be reasonably determined. According to the historian Arrian, this city was built a little less than one mile from the sea. It is now about forty-seven miles inland, away from the head of the gulf.

The alluvial deposit of the two great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, extends from the head of the Persian Gulf northwestward to about the latitude of the present city of Baghdad. At no very remote period in prehistoric times this plain was a gulf of the sea, bounded by the Persian mountains on the east, the Arabian plateau on the west, and the Mesopotamian plateau on the north. Little by little this narrow gulf, surrounded by rocky shores, was filled up by mud brought down by the Tigris and Euphrates from the north, and by the Karun and other smaller Persian streams from the east. This alluvial deposit is fine mud. There are absolutely no stones in the soil; and, like the somewhat similar valley of the Nile, in its northern part this alluvial mud is almost incredibly fertile when irrigated. For man, after he had reached a certain stage of progress, with tribal organization and some knowledge of cultivation of the soil, possessed of flocks and herds of some description, in commercial relations which enabled him to

secure wood and flint implements, this region would seem to have been a kindergarten, or if we count the former stages of his progress a kindergarten, this would be a primary school in which everything was provided to teach him to advance to a higher stage. Vegetable food of the highest nourishing quality seems to have been native to the country, namely, the wheat and palm. Nature herself showed men how to make bricks with which to build houses and cities, larger and more pretentious than the caves of the mountains or the wigwams of the forest. By spreading the waters over the land and then withdrawing them so that the fine clay cracks and dries in lumps and clods, she suggested to him the manufacture of bricks; while the marshes furnished reeds and the palms mats for roofs and furniture, or for the erection of simpler abodes for the poorer folk.

Babylonia would seem to have been designed by nature as a birthplace of civilization and culture. The American excavations at Nippur have given us facts which, combined with the geological data of the rate of alluvial deposit in that region, enable us to determine, with an approximate degree of accuracy, what we may fairly call the beginnings of civilized man. The written records found at Nippur, as also those found at Lagash or Sirpurla, the modern Tello, carry us back, as I shall endeavor to show later, to a time somewhat antedating 3000 B.C. Now at Nippur the written records of that period lay at about the middle of the mounds. There was as great an accumulation, representing as many different settlements, below as above those records. It is true, of course, that ruin mounds grow at unequal rates. One period may leave a very large deposit and another period a small deposit, so that, even taking so long a period, one cannot be certain of an average rate of deposit. On the other hand, it is almost invariably the very last ruins which leave the largest deposits, and so at Nippur the deposits covering the last four or five hundred years before the Christian era were many times greater than the deposits or strata of any other period which we could date. Out of the 30 feet or thereabouts between the surface and those strata containing the ruin records of 3000 B.C. and somewhat earlier, 16 to 18 feet belong to that 400 or 500 years, so that only 12 to 14 feet are left for the period of 2500 to 3000 years preceding. It would, therefore, seem to be reasonably safe to calculate that the earliest remains found at Nippur

belonged as long before 3000 B.C. as did the latest remains after that date. Roughly speaking, this calculation would carry us back to a period somewhere in the seventh millennium B.C.

Now much farther southward than Nippur lay the two cities of Ur and Eridu, represented at the present day by the ruined mounds of Mughair and Nowawis or Abu-Shahrein, both on the western side of the Euphrates, quite close together, the former near the present bed of the river and the latter on the edge of the Arabian plateau. At the latter city, Ea, the god of wisdom, was worshiped. In the later Babylonian legends this god is represented as the father of mankind and the originator of civilization. He came out of the Persian Gulf and taught the savage natives arts and sciences, and each evening he disappeared in the waves of the sea. We cannot be absolutely certain that this later legend is based on earlier conceptions, — it may be the product of reflection; but it shows us that at the period of its composition, certainly, the Babylonians regarded this extreme southern country as the source of their civilization. Now Babylonian tradition represents Ur and Eridu as situated on the shore of the Persian Gulf. This is apparently an early tradition, representing a primitive physical condition, and would seem to furnish satisfactory evidence that those two cities did actually stand at one time on the shores of the Persian Gulf. In fact, until a late period there was nothing south of them, unless we count the traditional ship-city Surippak, mentioned in the legend of Gilgamesh, which legend, in the earliest form in which it has come down to us, dates from the latter half of the third millennium. The evidence of Babylonian tradition would seem to be fairly conclusive as to the fact that Ur and Eridu once stood on or very close by the shores of the Persian Gulf. They are now, in a direct line, about one hundred and twenty miles from the head of that gulf, and must, therefore, at the rate of deposit mentioned above, have been founded not later than the seventh millennium B.C. The earliest Babylonian traditions mentioned Nippur, Eridu, and Ur together. They are the oldest known cities; and, indeed, the special god of Nippur, En-lil, is the father of Sin, the special god of Ur. Now we have seen that an estimate of the rate of deposit of the strata of cities at Nippur suggests a date for the earliest remains found there not later than the seventh millennium B.C., and the evidence of tradition and geology combined

suggests a similar date for the foundation of Ur and Eridu. It would, therefore, seem to be safe to give, roughly, as the date of civilized man in Babylonia, 7000 B.C. The three cities already mentioned, Nippur, Ur, and Eridu, existed, as it would seem, at that period. To about the same period, also, probably, belonged the foundation of the city of Erech.

A tablet containing the story of creations was found by Hormuzd Rassam at Abu Habba in 1881–1882, in which is contained this reference to Erech, Nippur, and Eridu: —

"Incantation: the glorious house, the house of the gods, in a glorious place had not been made,

"A plant had not been brought forth, a tree had not been created,

"A brick had not been laid, a beam had not been shaped,

"A house had not been built, a city had not been constructed,

"A city had not been made, the foundation had not been made glorious;

"Nippur had not been built, E-kur had not been constructed;

"Erech had not been built, E-ana [the temple of Ishtar, at Erech] had not been constructed;

"The Abyss had not been made, Eridu had not been constructed."

Other very old Babylonian towns are Sirgulla (Serghul), Girsu, the site of which has not been discovered, Larsa (apparently the biblical Ellasar, the modern ruin mound of Senkareh), Nisin or Isin (site undiscovered), Agade or Akkad, Sippar (Abu Habba), Kish, Kutha (Tel-Ibrahim), Barsip (Borsippa, modern Birs-Nimrud), and Babylon, also called Gish-galla, Tintir, and Ka-dingirra. All these appear in very early inscriptions, but as to their existence in the prehistoric period we are able to say nothing, on account of the lack of excavations covering that period in any city except Nippur. The American excavations conducted at that point show that the people inhabiting Babylonia in the earliest civilized period, from the seventh millennium onward, were organized into nations, building fortified towns, the central point of importance in which was the temple of the god of the town. They made pottery, and apparently understood the use of the potter's wheel. We have found, from the prehistoric period, finely colored ware, showing that pottery manufacture was by that time in a fairly advanced state, and that the æsthetic sense in its manufacture

was well developed. Indeed, the very early pottery is superior in many regards to the pottery of later manufacture, and especially is this true of its ornamentation. The city walls and the temple were built of unbaked bricks for the most part; baked bricks, however, were used, but scantily, apparently, on account of the lack of fuel in the country. The bricks of this early period are as good in form and manufacture as any of those of later periods which have been found. The binding material used is sometimes straw and chaff, and sometimes fragments of potsherds are made use of just as in all periods of brick manufacture in Babylonia. Roughly, we may say that from the very earliest time of which we have any remains onward, the manufacture of pottery and the manufacture of bricks show no advance in Babylonia. In the art of construction we find that very early — as early, apparently, as 5000 B.C. — the principle of the arch had been discovered; the earliest arch which has yet been found being that in a sewer or drain of about this period, underneath the ziggurat or temple of Bel En-lil, at Nippur. Evidently, also, the town communities, peoples, or nations were sufficiently large and sufficiently well organized socially and politically to undertake constructions of great size, involving the work of large numbers of men extending over a long period. The earliest remains show that these buildings were built on careful plans, and with recognition of the possibilities and the needs of the material of which they were constructed. A system of drainage, to prevent the water from soaking into and ruining the foundations of buildings, had been developed, as had also the use of pitch or bitumen, which is found at various places on the edge of the Babylonian plain and in the plateaus adjoining. It is not to be supposed, of course, that Nippur was the only place in existence at this early period. We have shown already that Ur and Eridu belonged to the prehistoric period, and we may well suppose that those were only some of the various cities with which the Babylonian plain was dotted.

As to the language or racial connections of the people inhabiting the plain at that period, the remains found give us no indications, and we can only reason backward from the written records which begin to meet us somewhere, probably, in the latter half of the fourth millennium B.C.

The invention of writing for purposes of communication was an enormous step forward in the history of civilization. It was

taken independently at a great many different places in the world, among a number of different peoples and races, but always in the same manner, by the use of pictures. In some places we have the picture writing in its rudest form, out of which it never developed, as among some of the North American Indians. From these lowest stages on, up to the alphabet which we now have, we find writing in all possible stages of development; but where we find the higher stages, the earlier have naturally disappeared.

The first inscriptions which we find in Babylonia represent a stage considerably removed from the most primitive picture writing, and it is doubtful whether we shall ever find anything more primitive than this in that region. A few signs in these earlier inscriptions were evidently pictures, and prove — if, in view of the universal history of writing elsewhere, it were necessary to prove it — that the origin of the early Babylonian script was picture writing. For instance, heaven was designated by a star, which is readily recognized as such even in the very latest writing. Man was rudely represented by a profile sketch of man's form recumbent on the ground. It may be remarked, in passing, that the outline of this character is exactly similar to the outline of the earliest clay statuettes of the gods, which look almost like mummies, with the feet swaddled together. But even those signs which we can distinctly recognize as pictures display, in the earliest inscriptions yet found, a large degree of conventionalization. So the symbol for a house is the representation of the cross lines of a brick wall, but only part of them are drawn to represent the whole. The fish would probably not be recognized as such at all, if it were not for the value attached to the sign. Not only this, but in the very earliest inscriptions these signs have already syllabic values in addition to their ideographic value. So, for example, the sign for house may also have the value of the syllable *ê*.

We find, also, in this earliest writing, a system of conventional or arbitrary marks applied to convert a given sign to a new meaning. So, for instance, the sign for "man" becomes "king" or "great man," by the addition of a certain crownlike appendage, which is used in other characters also to indicate "great."

All this, when we study it in comparison with the development of writing out of pictures among various peoples in various places, as we are now able to do, shows us conclusively that

there was a long period of development of writing before the stage was reached which we find in the earliest inscriptions yet discovered. Indeed, the entire development of the Babylonian script from this point onward was much less than the development before this point was reached ; and according to the ordinarily followed rule, there would presumably be a longer period of time, relatively, for the earlier than for the later developments. The Babylonian script does not appear exactly in a stereotyped form in the first inscriptions which we have, but it is rapidly approaching that condition, which it may be said to have reached within a thousand years thereafter. How long the period of development of writing may have been which antedates our earliest discovered inscriptions, it is, with our present data, entirely impossible to calculate, as also the original home of the people who invented it. On the latter point there are conflicting views. There are indications which point to mountain regions and indications which point to the alluvial plain, indications which point to a people occupying settled homes of brick and understanding the arts of agriculture, and indications which point to a nomadic people, dwelling in huts and tents. It may be that this indicates a development covering more than one stage of progress in civilization.

Some of the earliest writings found in Babylonia are mere scratchings on stone, others are quite carefully cut ; but all the writing is what may be called linear, in distinction from the cuneiform or wedge-shape which it later assumed. This latter form was, presumably, due to the use of clay as the writing material, the characters on which were cut by means of a square-headed stylus, which made incisions broad at one end and tapering off at the other, the shape of a wedge. If any one will endeavor to write upon clay, he will find that this is the form which lines tend to assume on that material. The wedge-shaped characters show themselves on the first clay tablets which we possess, going back to a very early period. Now clay plays a most important part in Babylonian civilization. Out of it the buildings were constructed and the household utensils fashioned, and naturally it was made use of for writing tablets also. This use of clay tablets as the common material for writing induced in time a modification of the characters written on stone, the linear giving way to the wedge-shape ; and in fact at an early age all Babylonian writing, whether on clay or on stone, is wedge-shaped ; although, as already said, there is a still earlier

period from which the characters in the stone inscriptions are linear.

The early Babylonian records are, in part, in a Semitic language, closely related to that northern branch of the Semitic family to which Hebrew belongs, and in part in a non-Semitic tongue. At a later date we find bilingual tablets, the earlier non-Semitic script appearing side by side with the later Semitic-Babylonian. Roughly, we call this non-Semite language Sumerian, and its existence gives proof of the occupation of Babylonia by a Sumerian people who antedated the Semites, and from whom the Semites borrowed their writing and a large part, certainly, of their civilization and their religion.

The racial connections of these Sumerians are not yet known. Their language was agglutinative. A study of the script itself has made it clear that it was these Sumerians, and not the Semitic Babylonians, who invented this system of writing and brought it to that development at which we find it at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. The period of development reached was this : Out of picture writing had been developed a system of signs, some of them of pictorial origin, others mere conventional marks which indicated sometimes an idea, sometimes a syllable, so that the same character might have several meanings. This system of writing the Semitic-Babylonians took over, rendering it more complicated in applying it to their language, more significations being given to the individual signs ; gradually also more signs were formed by compositions of wedges; but, as already pointed out, the later developments of the script under the Babylonians were in matters of detail only, a development of principles already discovered. At the close of the fourth millennium B.C. the Babylonian system of writing may be said, therefore, to have been fully developed. It must not be understood, however, that at this period the Semitization of Babylonia was complete. Sumerians and Semitic-Babylonians lived side by side until after the middle of the third millennium B.C., by which time the Sumerian tongue had altogether given place to the Semitic. With their system of writing the Semitic-Babylonians also took over the literature of the Sumerians, at least so far as that literature was religious. There have been preserved to us, therefore, numerous hymns, prayers, incantations, and rituals in the original Sumerian. In fact, the Sumerian may be said to have become the Church language of Babylonia, just as in the Middle Ages Latin was the Church language of

England. The religious material was retained in its ancient tongue, because a special efficacy was attributed to it in that language ; but as Sumerian became a dead language, it was necessary to provide these religious texts with interlinear translations in the current Semitic speech of the Babylonians. We have, accordingly, the numerous bilingual texts to which I have already referred. Finally Sumerian became a language of the learned classes ; so that, although a dead language, it was used by the scribes for writing historical texts, precisely as Latin was used in Europe in the Middle Ages. Such, at least, is the explanation now given to the phenomena of late Sumerian texts, which seem to have been composed by persons who did not speak Sumerian as a living language.

Besides the Sumerian civilization in Babylonia, we have in the valley of the Karun, in Persia, evidences of an early civilization, which we call Elamite, which is only beginning to be explored. Whether Elamites and Sumerians were akin, and how early Elamite civilization was, we do not yet fully know; but certainly the cuneiform script was in use there also at a very early period.

Before proceeding to note what we know of the chronology and the history of the earliest periods after writing commenced to be used, a word should be said about the method in which these dates are determined. Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon, undertook the restoration of the temple of the sun god at Sippara, which was said to have been built by Naram-Sin, and which "no king had built for eight hundred years, since Shagarakti-Buriash, king of Babylon, son of Kudur-Bel." This king's foundation inscription he found, and proceeded still further to search for the original archives of the erection of E-Du-Bar, the temple of the sun god. It was necessary to remove everything from the temple, and so great was the work of excavation that he called up his army from Gaza and set them at the task. Finally he was successful, and "the foundation stone of Naram-Sin, which no king before me had found for thirty-two hundred years, Shamash, the great Lord of E-barra . . . showed to me." Now as Nabonidus reigned about 550 B.C., this would put Naram-Sin, if we accept Nabonidus' figures literally, at 3750 B.C., and Naram-Sin's father, the famous Sargon I., approximately at 3800 B.C.

These dates were at first accepted by most Assyrian scholars, and are still accepted by some. But it should be observed that

the number of the years mentioned by Nabonidus in this inscription, namely thirty-two hundred, is a round number, and that, further, it is a multiple of forty. Now forty is always a suspicious number. Among the Hebrews, as we learn from the Old Testament, it was used sometimes as meaning an indefinitely long period, and sometimes as meaning a generation. It appears to me that it is used here in the latter of these two senses, and that Nabonidus meant to say, to translate his words into our idiom, that Naram-Sin lived eighty generations before his time. Other explanations of the number have been given; but while the explanations differ, the conclusions of most scholars to-day are the same, namely, that Sargon and Naram-Sin lived more nearly at 2800 and 2750 B.C. respectively than at 3800 and 3750 B.C. All the grounds for this conclusion cannot be enumerated here, but to one argument we may be permitted to refer. The American excavations at Nippur showed absolutely no gap between the stratum containing the inscribed bricks of Naram-Sin and that containing those of Ur-Gur, king of Ur, which would seem to show that the two kings were separated certainly by no considerable period of time; the former are found immediately under the latter, with no strata intervening. But Ur-Gur is generally assigned to a period somewhere from 2700 to 2900 B.C. It was Nabonidus' inscription, with its reference to Naram-Sin, which was supposed to give us a fixed date of 3800 B.C. for the age of Sargon. Inscriptions found beneath the level of Naram-Sin and Sargon were dated from this as a fixed point, by a comparison of strata and also on palæographic grounds.

Assuming the date of 3800 B.C. for Sargon as definitely ascertained, these inscriptions were, at one time, supposed to go back as far as 4500 B.C. Transferring the date of Sargon, as we apparently must do, from the early part of the fourth to the early part of the third millennium B.C., the date of those inscriptions would in the same manner be advanced from 4500 to 3500 B.C., — perhaps a little earlier, perhaps a little later, for these earlier dates are all of them merely approximate.

At that period the Semites are already in possession of the land, and have appropriated the earlier Sumerian script, civilization, and religion, modifying all of them in the process. Sumerians still dwelt among them, however, and in some parts of the country were apparently still dominant, or at least the

Sumerian language was. It is clear that already at that time Babylonian civilization had a very long history behind it.

Perhaps the earliest inscription yet found is one which mentions a king "En-shag-kush-an-na of Kengi," from which we learn that Kengi, the name evidently of a territory or city of Babylonia, which ceased to exist at an early period, was engaged in conflict with a rival country or city called Kish. Very nearly as early as En-shag-kush-an-na of Kengi were, perhaps, some of the first kings of Shirpurla or Lagash, whose inscriptions and other remains have been found by the French at Tello-Urukagina, Ur-Nina, E-annatum, Ente-mena, etc., contemporary with whom were Mesilim, Alzuzua, etc., of Kish, and Ush, Enakalli, etc., of Gishba or Gishukh. (We do not attempt to give a complete list of these early kings, and would warn the reader that the readings of these names are merely tentative, since the method of writing is such as to render the pronunciation of proper names written in it uncertain.) One of these kings, Ur-Nina of Lagash, would seem to have brought cedar from Amanus or the Lebanon for his palaces, a practice common with all great Babylonian potentates of later times.

At an early period Uruk, the biblical Erech, becomes prominent. We have from Nippur a long inscription of a certain Lugal-zaggisi, "high priest of the land of the bow" (Gishban or Gishukh), who conquered Kengi and established his seat of empire at Erech. He calls himself: "King of Erech, king of all the world, prophet of Anu (god of heaven), hero of Nidaba, son of Ukush, patesi (high priest) of the Land of the Bow." To quote the most important part of this inscription, which was inscribed on a number of vases dedicated to En-lil, found by the American explorers broken into countless fragments: "When En-lil, king of the lands, gave Lugalzaggisi the kingdom of the world and granted him success before the world, when he filled all lands with his renown and subdued from sunrise to sunset, at that time he directed his path from the Lower Sea of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Upper Sea. En-lil made his hands receive gifts from sunrise to sunset, and caused his hands to dwell in peace." These inscriptions are of great importance because they show that at this early period Babylonia was not the only civilized country of western Asia, but that it was in contact, sometimes warlike and sometimes industrial, with other surrounding territories. As early as the close of the fourth millennium B.C. there was even a quasi-empire,

stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea, with Erech for its center. Experience shows us that such an empire may mean merely that tribute or booty was secured from countries as far remote from one another as the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and that the king of Erech was the great man over all that region. It is clear, however, that the parts of this great region were in communication with one another, and that this whole territory was at this period already civilized.

A little later comes a certain king whose name is tentatively read as Lugal-Kigub-niduchi, "who added lordship to kingdom, establishing Erech as the seat of lordship, and Ur as the seat of kingdom." His votive inscriptions were found at Nippur, consisting of vases dedicated to Bel En-lil and his divine spouse, Nin-lil, and rough blocks of marble inscribed with his name and a dedication to En-lil. Some of these were later reinscribed and rededicated to other kings, a custom common enough in all antiquity.

It will be noted that the kings so far mentioned were none of them rulers of Nippur, but, on the other hand, from En-shag-kush-an-na, lord of Kengi, who conquered Kish, onward, all these kings dedicated votive offerings, consisting often of part of their spoil, to Bel En-lil, the god of Nippur, while several of them assume the title of patesi, high priest or over-priest of En-lil. It is evident that, as a religious center, Nippur was a place of great importance, from the very earliest period of which we have records. As already stated, the god of Nippur, En-lil, is declared in later inscriptions to have been the father of Sin, the moon god resident at Ur, which relationship would seem to indicate either a greater dignity or a greater antiquity, or both, as attaching to the temple of En-lil.

En-lil, the god of Nippur, was the god of the storm spirits, the god of the air, the god of the earth's surface, but he was also recognized as the great Bel, the great lord. He had a female half or spouse called Nin-lil, and practically every god in Babylonian mythology has this feminine half, his belit or beltis.

Other prominent divinities whom we find in the earlier period are Anu, the heaven god, worshiped at Sippara, where also Shamash, the sun god, had his special shrine; Ea, the earth god or god of the waters under the earth, whose special sacred city was Eridu; Sin, the moon god, worshiped, as already

stated, especially at Ur (and at Harrani in Mesopotamia); and Ishtar, whose city was Erech. We find at each city some special god, many of whom are connected with the sun or the moon, phases of the cult of the heavenly bodies and the nature forces. These were ultimately arranged in some sort of rude system of mythology; but it is clear that originally they were the gods of the separate cities, all of which alike worshiped the heavens or the heavenly bodies, the powers of nature, which were personified in their various city gods, with their consorts or female parts.

The final differentiation of the gods took place later, as the cities came in contact with one another, and peoples borrowed each from the other. As a result of this the gods came to be thought of as different, and to be assigned to different provinces in the great nature domain, until finally a mythology was developed. That point had been reached at a time preceding the earliest of our inscriptions, a further evidence of the long development of civilization in Babylonia before 3500 B.C. As already stated, the Semite occupants of the country, coming apparently from Arabia, roughly speaking at about this time, adopted the religion and mythology of the country, with additions and adaptations of their own. The mightiest and most powerful of all the gods was considered to be En-lil, to use his Sumerian proper name, the Bel (the common Semitic name of a god) or lord of Nippur. Nippur was evidently at this time the religious center, the place of greatest sanctity, although neither at this time nor any other of which we have knowledge was it the center of political power. With Bel En-lil were especially associated Anu and Ea, as forming a sort of trinity of earth and air, sky, and under earth. In the temple of En-lil, associated with him, were, at the time of the earliest inscriptions, not only his spouse Nin-lil, but numerous other gods and goddesses. It is clear that, in origin, the Babylonian religion as we find it in the earliest inscriptions was a combination of local and nature cults. En-lil of Nippur was originally a local deity, a lord of demons, which is the meaning of his name. His spouse seems to have been Allat, the goddess of the hole, in later mythology the mistress of the underworld. But at the date of the earliest inscriptions known to us, En-lil had already become the great god of earth, and the Bel, or lord, of the gods, recognized at Lagash, Ur, and probably elsewhere, as the parent or head of the gods of these towns, and worshiped there along

with them. In Nippur, also, these other gods had shrines, forming, as it were, a court about the great lord En-lil. Apparently Allat, once the mere female shadow of Bel En-lil, had become, sharing in his glory, a separate personality, as she certainly was in later times, one of the few goddesses possessing attributes of her own. Our object here is not, however, to go into the mythology of the religion of Babylonia, but merely to show that the gods of different places had already been brought into relations with one another, and some sort of a pantheon worked out, which involves speculation, reflection, and philosophizing; in fact, that the religious stage reached 3500 B.C. gives evidence of a long period of development and intercourse preceding that date.

The name which is applied to the temple of En-lil at Nippur is of special interest because it shows, not merely contact with, but also emigration from, another and a very different country, apparently by the original founders of the temple. The earliest inscriptions mention the temple as E-kur, that is, mountain house. Various other names, used to describe the temple or parts of it, have the same general significance. It is a mountain. Apparently, also, from the very earliest times there was some sort of an indication of this in the shape of a column or huge cone of clay which was set up in the temenos of the temple. Later, from the time of Ur-Gur, *circa* 2700, onward, the temple consisted of a great raised platform, toward the northwestern side of which rose a stage pyramid (the *ziggurat*, *i.e.* peak or high place), the summit of which was the mysterious abode of the god En-lil, while at its foot, in the open court on the southeastern side, stood the altar. From this time onward the *ziggurat* becomes a characteristic feature, not only of the temple of Bel, but also of other temples. The temples of the time of Ur-Gur, thus far explored, show us the *ziggurat* with three stages, as at Ur and at Nippur. In the time of Nebuchadrezzar, however, these stage pyramids reached the height of seven stages, as we learn from Herodotus' description of the temple of Bel-Marduk, E-Sag-ila, at Babylon, and the excavations of the temple of Nebo, E-zida, at Borsippa. These *ziggurats* were clearly artificial mountains, and their use indicates a mountain region as the home of the people to whom this worship belonged. But this is true, as already pointed out, not only of the *ziggurat*, but from the outset the whole temple of Bel at Nippur was a mountain, and probably the same was the case with other

temples also. The primal religious ideas of the people who worshiped in those temples were brought from a mountain region, although the higher development of religion, as of civilization, may be supposed to have taken place in the Babylonian plain. In the historic period that plain was constantly invaded by mountaineers from all sides, and our examination of the temples and the names of the temples seems to show that the same conditions prevailed in the prehistoric period. These continual irruptions of invaders, hardy but barbarous mountaineers, attracted by the wealth and the civilization of the inhabitants of the plain, both helped and hindered the progress of civilization.

Any notice of the Babylonia of this early period which omitted its dikes and its canals would be imperfect. The fertility of the soil depends upon its irrigation by the overflow of the Euphrates and Tigris. At the present time the region is largely a desert, sometimes inundated and at others parched by the sun. The fertility of the soil and the extent of territory cultivated, and hence the wealth and well-being of the country, depend upon irrigation by the overflow of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the proper distribution and control of that overflow by canals, dams, and dikes. It is now clear that some system of canalization existed long before 3500 B.C. Indeed, some of the great ancient cities like Nippur and Erech are situated, not on any river, but on canals (which may, however, in some cases represent earlier channels of the Euphrates, for that river has often shifted its course). Some at least of these canals extend back to an extremely remote prehistoric period. In the historic period, — that is, the period after written records commence, — we find frequent notice of the construction and repair of canals.

We have already said that there are no stones in Babylonia. All stones for the making of tools, implements, and the like were imported from other regions. The character of the stones found in the ruin-mounds shows that already in the prehistoric period there was considerable intercourse with Arabia, as far, possibly, as the Sinaitic peninsula. In Babylonia the stone age, as such, closed considerably before the commencement of the historic period, and bronze and copper implements are found earlier than the earliest inscriptions. Indeed, at the period when our inscriptions commence we are already well into the Bronze Age.

We have already noticed the early relations of Babylonia with the west land as far as the Mediterranean. The art of Lagash or Sirpurla shows us that at or before 3000 B.C. there was also intercourse with Egypt. It is interesting to observe that, from the beginning of our acquaintance with it, Lagash seems to have been a center of art development. The French have unearthed at Tello the ruin-mounds of this ancient city, a most remarkable series of statues, bas-reliefs and the like, the earliest of them antedating 3000 B.C., the latest belonging to the middle of the next millennium. Among the earliest monuments is the so-called *stele* of vultures set up by Eannatum (also read Edingiranagin) to commemorate a victory over the people of Kish and Gishban. This is a bas-relief in a light-colored limestone. It represented the battle, with the king in a war chariot, charging the enemy (apparently the horse was already known and used in Babylonia), the corpses lying on the field of battle with the vultures hovering over them, a heap of the slain being buried beneath a mound of earth, captives about to be sacrificed to the gods, weapons, booty, etc. A mere statement of what the artist has attempted to depict in stone is sufficient evidence that we are here very far removed from the beginnings of the graver's art. The workmanship and artistic conception exhibited confirm this. There is, it is true, no perspective. The dead, who are meant to be shown side by side, while men with baskets heap earth on their remains, appear one on top of the other in a pile up which the earth-carriers seem to clamber. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is singularly forceful, and the execution of each individual part strong and good. Clearly a long history of artistic training and development lies behind the earliest bas-reliefs yet found at Lagash. A little later we begin to find highly finished statues from the same site, and fine metal work in bronze and silver. One bull's head of admirable workmanship has eyes of lapis lazuli, inset. One of the stone statues, about two thirds of life size, represents an architect with the plan of a building or a city in his lap, and a measuring rod by it, evidence of a highly developed condition of the builder's as of the sculptor's art. Others represent the kings as gods. These statues are wrought out of hard diorite, making more remarkable the finished execution. The stone out of which they were cut came, apparently, from the peninsula of Sinai, and the statues themselves resemble so closely certain phases of Egyptian workmanship that it seems

necessary to suppose that at this period the influence of Egypt was felt in the quickening of the art impulse in southern Babylonia.

How far this art impulse extended, what territory it covered, is not yet clear. The earliest art remains yet found at Nippur, contemporary with or somewhat later than those from Lagash, consist of rude incised tablets, votives to En-lil. These tablets show something which seems to have been, from the outset, characteristic of Semitic art. A worshiper stands naked, to indicate his inferiority, before a god who sits clothed. On the other side of the naked figure of the worshiper is another god exactly the same as the first. Another tablet shows us both the worshiper and the god repeated. The object is not to depict one worshiper and two gods, or two worshipers and two gods, but one worshiper and one god. The repetition of the figures is an artistic convention to preserve a balance in the picture. This balance by doubling runs through Semitic art. We find it in the form of parallelism in Semitic poetry, and it even seeks expression in the forms of the letters of the alphabet, especially in the elaborate script of southern Arabia. Later, about the middle of the second millennium B.C., we find at Nippur fragments of statues similar to those found at Lagash, and also bas-reliefs of high finish. These appear to have been gifts or votives of kings of Ur. The artistic influences of Egypt were not felt at Nippur as at Lagash, at least in the earliest period; and indeed, the high degree of artistic excellence attained at this early period at the last-mentioned city seems to have been confined both in space and time. The period of bloom of the sculptor's art in Babylonia lay, apparently, between 3200 and 2400 B.C. After the latter date we possess no remains of statues or bas-reliefs worth noting. Partly this was doubtless due to the lack of stone, which made sculpture in Babylonia always an exotic. All stones, even the smallest, had to be imported from a distance at great expense. Any stone, however rude, was highly prized; and among the commonest votive offerings of great kings in the temples, from the earliest period onward, were shapeless blocks of diorite or serpentine from Arabia or Sinai, or limestone from Persia, used as door sockets, and inscribed with pompous and sometimes beautifully executed inscriptions of the kings and their donors. The size of some of these door sockets, just half a camel's burden, gives curious evidence that the camel was known and

used by the Babylonians as a beast of burden as early as about 3000 B.C.

The statues and bas-reliefs above noted reveal the progress of civilization in another direction, namely, clothing. We find before the close of the fourth millennium B.C. a considerable development of the convention of decency or modesty, which required the body to be covered, and of the weaver's art, which allowed and induced the wealthy to make that clothing ornate and elaborate. Already at that early period the national costume had been fixed. In astronomy — or, perhaps better, astrology — also much progress had been made, the heavens had been mapped out, and the signs of the zodiac determined and arranged; and the signs of the zodiac and the division of the heavens which we use to-day are the same as those discovered in Babylonia at this remote period, a constant reminder of the debt we owe the Babylonian forefathers, and a convincing proof that in studying the archæology of Babylonia, we are, as it were, on the very highway of history, studying the records of our own race and our own civilization, and their most remote origins.

It will be seen, from what has been said, that at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. there existed a civilized world of considerable extent, which had attained a high degree of culture, representing a very long period of previous progress. We have called attention to the relations existing at that time with the west, including Egypt. On the east, or rather to the southeast, lay a rival region of civilization, the Elamitic, in the valley of the Karun in modern Persia. Recent excavations, conducted by the French, have begun to reveal remains of a very great antiquity in this region. The inscriptions found at Nippur and Tello had already shown us the existence there of a people rival to the Babylonians. It would seem that the Elamites were foreigners to Babylonia, in a sense in which the kings of the different cities or parts of Babylon — Erech, Ur, Sirpurla, Kengi, Kish, etc. — were not. Among the inscriptions in the temple of Bel En-lil at Nippur we found votive offerings from kings of all these last-mentioned places, but none from kings of Elam. On the other hand, we found evidence that the Elamites during this period made expeditions into the country, conquering cities, and apparently at times sacking temples. One of the early kings, Alusharshid (also read Ur-mush or Urumush), king of Kish, records on a vase found at Nippur that it was taken "out

of the spoils of Elam and Bara'se," with which countries he seems to have contended for the possession of southern Babylonia. Where Kish was we do not know, but apparently farther north than Nippur. This king of Kish, Alusharshid, seems to have conquered the country as far south at least as Lagash, where, as at Nippur, his inscriptions have been found. From about this period also date rock-cut inscriptions of Semitic kings of Lulubi, and inscriptions of Guti, or Gutium, in the Persian mountains and Kurdistan, showing that those regions were within the sphere of civilization and, more narrowly, of Semitic conquest. Not long after Alusharshid's time, probably, belong the inscriptions of the famous Sargon, or Sargini, called by his full name, Shar-gani-shar-ali, king of Agade, or Akkad. His is the greatest name of early Babylonian history. His conquests extended, according to his inscriptions, into Elam on the southeast, and comprehended to the north and west Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, including Palestine, Cyprus, and northern Arabia. The enumeration of the regions which Sargon claims to have conquered shows us that at this time, — somewhere, it may be, about 2800 B.C., — political organization had reached a high stage of development, and the Babylonian civilized world stretched certainly from Persia to Cyprus and from Arabia to Armenia. But more important even than his conquests were the scientific and literary developments of his region. He was the Charlemagne of that ancient world. All later ages refer back to him for the beginnings of science and knowledge of every description. The astronomical or astrological observations and records, found in the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, the word-lists or dictionaries and grammars, the place-lists or geographies, — everything goes back to Sargon's time. His own life is surrounded with legend. We find, in fact, in his story, related in the clay books of later times, precisely the same phenomena which reappear in the stories of the lives of so many of the world's epoch-makers. He was of obscure origin, but especially favored by the gods. Exposed as an infant, he was rescued through special divine interposition, working in this case through a water carrier named Akki, who found him floating in a pitch-smeared basket in the canal. Finally, by divine guidance, he was raised to preëminence.

Sargon was succeeded by his son, Naram-Sin, an inscription by whom, with his bas-relief, has been found cut in the rock in

the mountains of Armenia, evidence of the extent of his domin ions in that direction. His inscribed bricks and other remains have been found at Nippur, Lagash, and Sippara. He restored the outer wall of the city of Nippur, and built largely on the temple, where a platform with bricks bearing his inscription was unearthed. The seat of empire of Sargon and Naram-Sin was at Sippara, northward of Nippur. A little later the seat of empire was reclaimed by southern Babylonia. Superimposed immediately, apparently, upon the remains bearing Naram-Sin's inscription, both in the outer wall at Nippur and also in the temple proper, were found constructions of Ur-Gur, king of Ur. He was another of the great kings of early days who left his impress upon the history of later periods. Particularly he was a great builder, and the earliest square pyramids, called *ziggurats*, which have been found in connection with Babylonian temples, were of his construction. Indeed, as already pointed out, the present evidence seems to indicate that this form of construction, the square pyramid, in connection with the temple, was introduced by Ur-Gur. At least, the remains of the temple found beneath his constructions at Nippur contained no *ziggurat*. The earliest *ziggurats*, found at Nippur and Ur, were erected by him, and we have not anywhere found a *ziggurat* of older date than his time.

It may be worth while, at this point, to describe briefly the palace of Bel at Nippur as Ur-Gur reconstructed it. First, there was a great platform of unburned brick, erected on the site of the former temple, all that existed before that time having been leveled off to form a foundation. This platform or terrace was of unbaked brick about 8 feet in thickness, faced on the outside at the foundation by baked brick. It covered something like eight acres, its sides being about 650 feet each in length. The corners were pointed roughly, not accurately (12° east of true north), toward the cardinal points of the compass. The surface of the terrace stood about 40 feet above the level of the surrounding plain. Toward the northwestern edge of this terrace was erected a square pyramid of three stages, the lowest about 175 feet in length by 100 in breadth and 23 feet in height, the second setting back about 13 feet, and therefore so much smaller, the third bearing the same relation to the second as the second to the first. On the top of all there seems to have been a small chamber of brick, "the holy of holies," not occupied by an image, but representing the mys-

terious dwelling-place of the deity. This *ziggurat* was built of unbaked brick plastered over with mortar, except on the southeastern side, where it was faced with burned brick. Conduits were provided on the other sides to carry off the water, which would otherwise quickly have washed the upper parts away. There was a slightly sloping pavement of bitumen about the base, to prevent the water from soaking in under the foundations, and through the structure itself ran shafts or air holes to keep the interior dry. Access to the upper terraces was had by a causeway, which started at the middle of the southeastern side of the great terrace and ran from there upwards. At or near the point at which this causeway started there seem to have been two cones or conical columns, corresponding to the Boaz and Jachin of the Hebrew temple and the similar columns found in ancient Phœnician and Syrian temples, and in use also among the Arabs. The altar appears to have been on the platform below the *ziggurat*. Around the edges of the terrace, and apparently close to the *ziggurat*, on all sides except the southeast, were rooms and chambers; only in front of the *ziggurat*, to the southeast, was a great open court. The *ziggurat* itself represented, evidently, the peak of a conventionalized artificial mountain, and from Ur-Gur's time onward we find such *ziggurats* in use in Babylonian and Assyrian temples; those erected or restored by Nebuchadrezzar, as well as the Assyrian *ziggurats* explored at Khorsabad and Ashur, having as many as seven stages.

In and about the great terrace there grew up little by little all sorts of other structures, some connected with the temple worship, others with the housing of the priests and devotees, the storage of temple treasures, etc. There were also various shrines or chapels. Close to the causeway mentioned above, but a little to one side of it, so as not to interfere with the passage, were found the remains of a small two-roomed building, the lower portion of the walls of which were of brick. The bricks of this building, as also two door-sockets, showed by their inscriptions that the building was erected by Bur-Sin, a king of Ur, who reigned perhaps about 2400 or 2500 B.C. The door of the outer room of this shrine or chapel faced inward towards the platform of the temple. Behind the chapel there was a well, used apparently in connection with the worship of the shrine. This chapel had been adorned, without or within or both, with statuary and bas-reliefs of the same general type

of workmanship as that found at Tello in the time of Gudea and onward. It was consecrated to Bel En-lil. Various votive objects found in other parts of the temple show that, as at other temples with which we are familiar, so also here, in addition to such shrines to the great Bel En-lil, there were also within and about the precincts of the temple shrines to other gods and goddesses.

The general form given to it in the time of Ur-Gur, the temple of Bel En-lil at Nippur retained until it ceased to be a temple, some time in the Persian period. The temples of Sin at Ur and Ishtar at Erech were doubtless of the same general character. But this temple is worthy of description not merely as a typical Babylonian temple, but also because it was the prototype of Syrian, Phœnician, and Hebrew temples. The forms of these temples, their equipment, and even much of their ritual, may now be traced back to Babylonian originals.

As the temples played an important part in the social and economic, as well as in the political, history of Babylonia, it is well to note here that they were great industrial centers. Archives found at Nippur, Lagash, Borsippa, and elsewhere show us that the temples were large owners of land, worked by slaves or leased, of flocks and herds, and the like. We have numerous records of the way in which the charges of flocks and herds was farmed out, reports of the shepherds and herdsmen, memoranda or receipts of the rent paid for lands in kind or in money, etc., largely from the period of the second dynasty of Ur, about 2500 B.C. Excavations at Nippur show us that a large part certainly of the city was the property of the temple; and that the people were its tenants. But not only were the temples great industrial and commercial organizations: they were also centers of study and learning. We know, from the copies found in the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, that there were in the temple of Ishtar of Erech not merely vast archives of records of various descriptions, such as have been found in such quantities at Nippur and Lagash, but also books written upon clay tablets. The most notable of these was the epic of Gilgamesh, in twelve books, connected with the signs of the zodiac and the course of the sun, the eleventh book containing the famous story of the Flood. In the form in which we have it, this epic is curiously mingled with the history of Erech, and the struggle for independence from the Elamites, about 2300 B.C. One is reminded of a form which the "Nibe-

lungenlied" assumed in Burgundy, in which events of the Burgundian history of the Middle Ages are mingled with the very ancient myths of the old Teutonic epic. The Gilgamesh epic doubtless existed in other forms than that found at Erech and at an earlier date, just as the Nibelungenlied existed in other forms than the Burgundian and at an earlier date; and in fact, one fragment of a different version has been found at Abu Habba, the ancient Sippara. Besides the epic of Gilgamesh, we have fragments of other literary remains, such as the myth of Creation, the battle between Bel and Tiamat, the formation of heaven and earth out of the carcass of Tiamat, or chaos, the Tehom (deep) of the second verse of Genesis. This last has come down to us only in a relatively late Babylonian form, where the Bel who is the hero is Bel Marduk, the god of Babylon, and not Bel En-lil, the god of Nippur; but it seems clear that the originals of this and other similar myths go back to an earlier period. There was evidently in the third, and perhaps even at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. considerable Babylonian literature. In view of later references to Sargon, we may ascribe to him the development or organization of this literature, which, as we shall see presently, through Babylonian conquest and Babylonian intercourse spread westward and became naturalized in Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, reappearing later in a new form in the sacred literature of the Hebrews, and the myths and hero legends of the Greeks.

Another evidence of the influence which East and West exerted on one another at this period is found in the claim to divinity made in royal inscriptions from the time of Sargon onward. The ideogram of divinity is placed before the name of Sargon; his son, Naram-Sin, calls himself "God of Agade"; while late kings and even *patesi* or ruling priests, like Dungi of Ur and Gudea of Lagash, erect statues to themselves as gods, and ritual prescriptions have been found ordaining the regular sacrifices to be offered to the statues of these and other king gods. In view of the similar practice in Egypt, the close communication with Egypt at this time, and the evidence of strong Egyptian influence in the art of southern Babylonia in the remains discovered at Lagash, the suggestion may be hazarded that the religion of Babylonia also was affected by Egyptian religious ideas. With the supremacy of Babylon, and a new influx of Semites from Arabia, of which we shall speak shortly, this peculiar religious usage disappears.

Attention may here be called to another religious usage, common, in its principles at least, to Babylonia with almost the whole early world; namely, the veneration of the reproductive powers of nature. The cult of the wonderful mystery of the origin of life naturally connected itself in a peculiar way with the sexual relation. In mythological expression it produced a sort of dualism, the gods being thought of as male and female, so that each god had his female counterpart, all of which were practically identical, representing the mother power. In outward symbolism this veneration of the reproductive power expressed itself in representations, in connection with the temple worship, of the male and female organs. The columns which stood before the temples were, in origin, representations of the male organ, and most gross and naturalistic reproductions of the phallus were built into the walls of the temples, or thrust against or into them by the worshipers. So also we find small figurines, used in connection with the worship, representing the female in the grossest, and to modern thinking most obscene manner. Gradually these grosser features became modified in general use : the female figures were clothed, and the phallic symbols conventionalized, assuming nail-headed and knoblike forms, as the notions of outward decency developed. To the last, however, we find survivals of the primitive forms, as in the so-called boundary stones, containing inscriptions making grants of land, privileges, and the like. In practice this veneration of the reproductive force of nature led to sexual indulgence and sexual abuse as a religious cult. This connected itself especially with the worship of Ishtar, the Astarte or Ashtaroth of the West, of whose foul cult we hear so much in the Old Testament. The special symbol of this cult in Canaan, a symbol used also in Babylonia and Assyria to represent the mother power of nature, was the tree ; either a natural tree or a mere pole (the *asherah* of the Old Testament) more or less adorned, which the Hebrew prophets condemn in such scathing language.

We have spoken of Ur-Gur, king of Ur, who seems to have succeeded Naram-Sin at no great interval of time. His rule represents the hegemony of the city of Ur. After that Isin, a city whose site has not yet been determined, attained the hegemony, to be succeeded, apparently, once more by Ur, under a new dynasty, somewhere about the twenty-fifth or twenty-fourth century B.C. During this whole period Babylonia seems

to have been a center of power and influence. The kings of the various dynasties mention expeditions to the Lebanon and the Amanus mountains, from which they brought cedar and other woods. They were evidently powerful sovereigns, whose tribute-levying power was far extended. In their time also Babylonia reached a high pitch of wealth and internal prosperity, as is evinced by numerous clay tablets from the temple archives of Nippur, Borsippa, and Lagash, especially of the second dynasty of Ur.

With the second dynasty of Ur, about or a little after 2400 B.C., the dominion of southern Babylonia may be said to have come to an end. But before we proceed to trace the progress of the empire northward, it may be interesting to consider some evidence which goes to show that the ancient seat of Babylonian power was also the original seat of Babylonian culture. The traveler in Irak to-day observes an incessant stream of peoples bringing their dead from Persia and elsewhere to be buried at certain sacred sites, generally near the tomb of Ali at Nejef, but sometimes by the *ziara* of some unknown local saint, like Imam Jasin. Excavations have shown that this is a survival of an immemorial custom. Through all changes of empire and religion, from the most remote antiquity to the present time, the same custom has prevailed. Ancient ruin-mounds were used as cemeteries by the peoples of a later age, and the first excavations at a new site inevitably disclose graves — Arabic, Persian, Parthian, Seleucidan, Babylonian. But besides these graves on ancient city mounds there are also necropoleis, where the dead of almost countless ages lie buried, one above another. Such necropoleis Loftus unearthed at Erech, and the Hermans at Serghul and Hibbah near Tello, while the Americans identified others at various points from Nippur southward. At all these necropoleis, where sufficient explorations have been conducted to determine their character, it is clear that many of the dead were brought from a distance to be buried there, just as they are now brought from Persia and other distant places to be buried at Nejef. Northward of Nippur no such necropoleis have yet been discovered. Excavators in Assyria have called special attention to the lack of graves there, and suggested that the dead were carried elsewhere for burial. The Greek historians of Alexander's time report that in their day the tombs of the Assyrian kings were in the marshes of southern Babylonia. In fact, all the evidence

shows us that from a very remote period southern Babylonia has been sacred for purposes of burial. The natural explanation of this fact is that this region was the original home of Babylonian civilization, which other regions regarded as the fatherland. Where we find people carrying their dead a long distance for interment, we may pretty safely assume that they do so because they count as their ancestral home that place to which they are now carrying back their dead. Of course, the custom once established, a religious sanction of a new description may be given to it, so that the place becomes holy in and for itself, and people who have no ancestral connection with the place may ultimately come to bring their dead to be buried there by the side of the people to whose ancestors it belonged. Precisely this thing has happened in Babylonia, where Nejef is to-day sacred soil for Shiite Moslems. The original sacred country was, as exploration has shown, the region between Nippur and Ur, and this country was a sacred burial ground from the remotest antiquity because it was the ancestral home of the Babylonian-Assyrian civilization.

It will be observed that we have not attempted to give accurate dates for the period of the supremacy of southern Babylonia. That is, at present, impossible. The Babylonians began, it is true, at an early period to recognize the value of an accurate chronology, and the early contract tablets show the beginning of a system of dating, which, if not fully developed until a later period, does at least, from the outset, differentiate them most singularly from the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Indians, and in fact all other ancient Oriental peoples, and even holds out a hope that we may ultimately succeed in assigning exact dates for all the kings, at least from Sargon onward. Beginning with the time of Sargon, and culminating in the time of the second dynasty of Ur, there has been found a constantly increasing number of so-called "contract tablets," inscribed clay tablets, containing letters, deeds, bills of sale, and business records of every description, which, when they have all been translated and fully apprehended, must reveal to us with wonderful minuteness and fidelity the economic and social conditions of ancient Babylonia, and have already to some extent done so for certain periods. These tablets are, in many cases from the outset, and ultimately in all cases, dated. These dates are by reference not to some era, as in later periods, but to events at present unknown to us, thus: "In the year he

brought Nannar of Nippur into a house;" "in the year he erected a statue of Beltis;" "in the year he overran Karkhar;" "in the year he overran Karkhar a second time;" "in the year he overran Karkhar a third time;" "in the year he built Dur-Mada;" "in the year after he built Dur-Mada;" "in the year god Bur Sin became king;" "in the year after god Bur Sin became king;" "in the year god Bur Sin the king overran Urbillum;" "in the year after god Bur Sin the king overran Urbillum;" etc. It is manifest that, although they are not dated for some era, nevertheless the discovery and collation of a sufficient number of such tablets will enable us to establish with a considerable degree of accuracy a chronology of the period. That point, however, has not yet been reached. At the present time the best that we can do is roughly to indicate the succession of dynasties; and even here we cannot always be certain that the dynasties marked as successive were not more or less contemporaneous. The fact that a king claims to be king of Ur and Isin, of Erech and Nippur and the four quarters of the earth, does not necessarily show that he was in fact king of all those places, any more than the titles of French, English, Scotch, and other kings in the Middle Ages are evidence of their possession of all the realms claimed by them. We call attention to this because, in some attempts at chronology, the claims of these kings have been accepted too readily, with the result of unduly extending dates.

Some time after 2400 B.C. the Elamites overran Babylonia. Erech, so far as we can judge from the epic of Gilgamesh, referred to above, took an active part in the struggles of this period, and suffered grievously at the hands of the Elamites. Centuries later, Babylonian and Assyrian kings carried away from Elam statues and votive objects, the inscriptions on which showed that they had been taken from the temple of Ishtar at Erech. Such was a small agate votive object found at Nippur, which bore on one side an inscription of dedication to Ishtar of Erech "for the life" of Dungi king of Ur, and on the other side an inscription of Kurigalzu, presenting it for "his life" to Beltis of Nippur, with the information that it had been taken from the palace of Susa in Elam. Evidently it had been carried off from Erech by the Elamite conquerors 1000 years before Kurigalzu's time. When the latter conquered Elam he found it among the treasures of the palace of Susa, and after a fashion very common rededicated it to the goddess whom he especially delighted to

honor; namely, the Beltis of Nippur. At a later date, in the seventh century B.C., Ashurbanipal, in his narrative of his victorious campaigns in Elam, relates how he brought back to its place the statue of a goddess carried away to Elam by Kudur-nankhundi, 1635 years before. This gives us a date of about 2280 B.C. for Kudur-nankhundi's sack of the temple of Ishtar at Erech.

But if at first the inroads of the Elamites were destructive, they shortly settled themselves as conquerors and occupants of the territory, and among other things enriched or repaired temples in various cities, especially the temple of Sin, the moon god, at Ur. Larsa, near Erech, the ruin mounds of which are known as Senkareh, became the center of their power in Babylonia.

What the origin and racial affinities of the Elamites may have been, we do not know. Recent discoveries of the French at Susa tend to show that they derived their civilization from Babylonia, after the latter region had become Semitized, since the earliest written records thus far obtained are reported to be written in the Babylonian cuneiform characters and the Babylonian Semitic tongue, precisely as 1500 or 2000 years later we find Canaanites and other western peoples using Babylonian and the cuneiform script. Later, the cuneiform script was adapted to the Elamite tongue, just as we shall find it adapted to the Vannic and Mitannic. In religion, also, the Elamites seem to have borrowed from the Babylonians; at least many of the gods worshiped in Babylonia were worshiped in Elam likewise. Indeed, we may say that Elamitic civilization was merely an adaptation of the Babylonian. We meet with the Elamites, as has been already pointed out, as rivals and foes of various Babylonian states and kings in the earliest Babylonian inscriptions. Before 3000 B.C. they invaded Babylonia and sacked and plundered cities and temples at various times, and were in the same way invaded and plundered by the Babylonian conquerors. Lugal-zaggisi of Erech and Sargon of Sippara count Elam as a subject state; Alusharshid of Kish and Gudea, potesi of Lagash under Ur-gur king of Ur, claim to have sacked its cities and plundered its temples, and each brought back booty which had been carried off by the Elamites in previous invasions on their part. Already before this period, therefore, the struggle between Elam and Babylonia had been a long one, covering probably at least a millennium, during which the Elamites had often

been successful; but never before had they overrun all Babylonia, and undertaken to turn victorious forays into permanent conquest and occupation.

So complete was their conquest now that they appear to have become for a time not merely the possessors of Babylonia itself, but also the heirs of Babylonian suzerainty over other countries. We have, it is true, no inscriptions which record expeditions of the Elamites to the west land, — Syria and Palestine, — but the titles adopted by their kings would seem to indicate that with the conquest of Babylonia they took over the claim to the dominion of the west; and the fourteenth chapter of the book of Genesis appears to show that they did certainly to some extent make good this claim. In that chapter Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, is represented as the suzerain against whom after twelve years' servitude the kings of the lower Jordan and Dead Sea regions rebel. Accompanied by his subject kings, Arioch king of Ellasar, Tidal king of Goiim, and Amraphel king of Shinar, he undertakes on his part a successful punitive expedition into the west land. The name of Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, has not yet been found in Babylonia; it would be, however, a good Elamite name, Kudur-Lagamar, formed in the manner of the Elamite royal names which have been found. Ellasar is clearly Larsa, and Arioch would be the Babylonian Eriaku, a name supposed to have been discovered in a series of epic fragments describing an invasion of Babylonia. The "nations," Hebrew *Goiim*, seem to be the country of Gutium, in Media, mentioned before; and Tidal, its king, a certain Tudhkula, whose name is supposed to have been found on the epic fragments above referred to. Amraphel, king of Shinar, is Hammurabi, at that time king of Babylon, later king of Sumer, *i.e.* Shinar. The form Amraphel would be equivalent to the Babylonian Hammurabiilu; that is Hammurabi, with the divine name, ilu or el, added. Such a use would remind us of the forms Joseph-el and Jacob-el occurring in Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions, where the Hebrew has simply Joseph and Jacob.

The relations of Babylonia to the west land, described in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, conform in general outline to the relations which we know to have subsisted before and up to this period. The kings of the west land were more or less tributary to the kings of Babylonia. Expeditions were made for the purpose of dunning refractory vassals who failed to pay tribute, to

secure cedar and other wood from the Lebanon and Amanus mountains, etc. On the other hand, it must be said that the narrative of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, while many of its features may have been taken from the older Babylonian records, is — so far as the part which Abram plays in the matter is concerned — very much under suspicion. It seems as though some later Jewish writer, following a fashion not infrequent in Jewish literature, has written what we might call an historical novelette. Taking the national forefather Abram as the hero, he has made use of an historical setting, drawn with more or less freedom from older sources. It is, however, with the historical setting that we are now concerned. That seems to be true history, and there are marks about it which may indicate that it came not directly from Babylonian sources, but that it formed a part of the Babylonian material which in one form or another had become naturalized in Palestine and Syria before the period of the Hebrew conquest.

The Elamitic conquest was connected, apparently, with the decadence of Babylonia and the irruption of new hordes of Semites from Arabia. The Elamites were finally driven out of Babylonia in the second half of the twenty-third century B.C., by that same Hammurabi or Amraphel whose name we have already encountered. He was the sixth king, according to the Babylonian king lists, of a dynasty that had established itself in Babylon, a city which up to that time had played no prominent part in history. The kings of this dynasty bear names etymologically identical with such names as Abram, which appear in the earliest ancestral memories of the Hebrews. Egyptian inscriptions give us names of the same form in Egypt itself at this period, and similar names have been discovered in southern Arabia in the remains of the Minæan kingdom, which began to flourish probably about the middle of the second millennium B.C. The plausible suggestion has been made that this dynasty, which possessed itself of Babylon somewhere about or shortly after 2500 B.C., represents the eastern wing of a northern movement of Arabian hordes, the western wing of which overran Palestine and neighboring countries, leaving its record for us in names like that of Abram, and which even penetrated into and for a time dominated northern Egypt also. The Palestinian wing of this invasion is often identified with the Amorites, whom we find mentioned in the earlier books of the Old Testament as the ancient possessors of Palestine and

the neighboring countries, antedating the Aramæan occupation. Either these invaders came originally from southern Arabia, or else a wave of the same invasion moving southward occupied that territory also, developing in the succeeding millennium the Minæan civilization, whose remains have recently become known. It was the invasion of Babylonia by these Arab hordes which occasioned or increased that decadence of power which rendered the Elamite conquest possible. The period of their irruption would seem, from the numerous inscriptions and records of the times of the kings of the second dynasty of Ur which have been found, to have been a period of great prosperity. The seat of dominion at that time was Ur, in the extreme south. That part of the country the invaders did not succeed in penetrating, at least in any organized form. It was at Babylon, in the north, that they established themselves in a state nominally at least dependent on Ur, in much the same way that nearer our own times Normandy, overrun by the Norsemen, was dependent on France. But while Ur seems to have succeeded in repelling the invaders from its borders, and even in making nominal subjects of those who occupied Babylon, there are indications of disintegration preceding the Elamite conquest, — a dynasty in Lagash and a separate state in Erech, and so forth. But of all these things our present discoveries give us no more than hints.

A new epoch commences in Babylonian history with the assumption of hegemony by the city of Babylon, consequent upon the overthrow of the Elamitic power. Attention has already been called to the fact that with Hammurabi the practice of deification of the kings came to an end. Hammurabi was an ardent worshiper of Marduk (the biblical Merodach), the god of Babylon, who begins with this reign to play a rôle in the Babylonian religion which ultimately approached monotheism. Hammurabi himself built temples in honor of this god, and exalted him with his city to the first rank in the pantheon. Succeeding sovereigns of this same dynasty went farther and substituted him as the Bel, the great Lord of all the gods, for En-lil of Nippur. We are told in the inscriptions that En-lil gave to Marduk his son his title of Bel and his lordship; in other words, that the ancient En-lil of Nippur abdicated in favor of the modern Marduk of Babylon, that the old religion and the old sanctuary gave place to the new. This substitution of Marduk for En-lil as the Bel, which is thus euphemistically

recorded in the inscriptions in mythological terms, was accompanied by no small use of force. The temple of Bel was dismantled, its statues and votive tablets broken in pieces or wantonly disfigured; and from this time onward we find the dominion of Babylon accompanied with the neglect of the temple of En-lil, at Nippur, or even its wanton destruction.

The object of this was a very important one, to support the political or temporal power by the ecclesiastical. If Babylon was to be the great ruling city, the abiding and permanent seat of power in Babylonia, it was essential to make its god Marduk the Bel, the Lord of the land, and his temple the great religious center of Babylonia. Marduk was worshiped at other places besides Babylon, and at least one other city owned him as its god; but we do not hear that Hammurabi and his successors built temples to Marduk in those cities. It was Marduk dwelling in Babylon whom they exalted. Babylon was the home of Marduk, the Lord of the gods. On the other hand, Hammurabi won the favor of priests and people elsewhere by building and repairing the temples to their gods; notably Ezida, the temple of Nebo at Borsippa, the sister city of Babylon. He also built shrines to other gods in Babylon, and set up their images there. In doing this he won the support of those other gods and their worshipers, but at the same time he made them subordinate to Marduk and part of his court.

The work of Hammurabi, both religious and political, was well done, as is proved by the results. As a consequence of his policy and his achievements, Babylon became the religious as well as the political center of western Asia, exerting ultimately an influence so potent that Assyrian kings who conquered Babylonia sought the title of King of Babylon. Through all succeeding periods until the Persian conquest, Babylon played a rôle similar to that which Rome played in western Europe, — conquering its conquerors by its prestige and sanctity, so that they were compelled to accept their crowns at its hands and recognize themselves as servants of Marduk its lord.

Hammurabi was a great conqueror. In an inscription he speaks of himself as "the mighty warrior who hews down his foes, the whirlwind of battle that overthrows the land of the enemies, who brings conflict to rest, who brings rebellion to an end, who destroys warriors like an image of clay, who overcomes the obstacles of impassable mountains." He was also a great organizer. A number of letters to his generals and subject

princes have come down to us, but the greater portion of his inscriptions concerns itself with his buildings, temples, city walls, and canals. Like the great Nebuchadrezzar, 1700 years later, these are the things which seem especially to have concerned this wise monarch.

It is with this period, also, that the attempts at a more precise chronology begin, and the preservation of the records of the past. We have fragments of several king lists, beginning with the dynasty in which Hammurabi was the sixth ruler, which give us the names, order of succession, and in some cases the length of reigns of kings of this and the succeeding dynasties. We are not yet, it is true, in a position to establish an exact chronology for this period; but the materials which we have for that purpose are of a different nature from those which have come down to us from earlier times, and hold out promise of the ultimate discovery of precisely dated records.

We have no records of expeditions to the west land in Hammurabi's time, or that of his immediate successors; but it seems clear that his dominion, like that of the Babylonian rulers before him, extended to the Mediterranean westward; and indeed he and his successors, as far certainly as his great-grandson, Ammisatana, continue to designate themselves "King of the West land," "King of the vast West land," etc. And here we may pause to note that convincing proof of the great influence of Babylonia on the west land throughout the whole of this earliest period is found in the Babylonian place-names in Palestine, recorded in Egyptian inscriptions, and especially in the Amarna letters of the fifteenth century B.C., and even later in the Hebrew Old Testament. Such names, bearing in composition Babylonian god-names, as Bit-Ninib (house of Ninib); Ashtarti, Ashtaroth, and Ashteroth-Karnaim, bearing the name of Ishtar; Anathoth, that of the goddess Anath; Uru-salim, city of Salem or the god Salman, that is, Jerusalem; Sinai, place of Sin, the moon god; Beth Shemesh, house of the sun god; Mt. Nebo, etc., — evidence of the worship of Babylonian deities, Ninib, Ishtar, Anath, Salman, Sin, Shemesh, Nebo, to which we might add also Dagon, Rimmon, and others, — testify not only to the spread of Babylonian worship and Babylonian religion through the whole of western Asia, but also that it took deep root there. The places where these gods had been worshiped remained sacred through all succeeding time. They were the holy mountains, the cities of refuge, the Levitical cities

and the like, of the Hebrews; but the origin of this sanctity lies farther back than the Hebrew period. The language of Canaan, also, as we know it in the Old Testament, is full of words brought from Babylonia in this period, such as *hekal*, temple, *nabi*, prophet; while certain technical ritual terms, which have come down to us embedded in the Jewish ritual, must have had their origin in the same source. Furthermore, as already pointed out, the sacred traditions of the origin of the world, of the development of arts and crafts, the stories of Eden, of the long-lived men before the flood, of the flood itself, of the tower of Babel, all show a Babylonian source, or Babylonian connections, and their introduction into Canaan must apparently be referred to this period.

It is about 1800 B.C. that we first meet a new power, an offshoot of the Semitic peoples of Babylonia, which was destined to play later a most important part in the history of the world; namely, Assyria. The seat of the power of this people was northward of the alluvial plains of Babylonia, on the edge of the mountainous region of Armenia, out of which the Tigris descends. The original city of Assyria was Asshur, the modern Kalah-Sherghat, on the west bank of the Tigris, opposite and somewhat north of the mouth of the lower Zab, about sixty miles south of Mosul. Five hundred years later the capital was transferred northward to Calah (Nimroud), on the eastern side of the Tigris, near the junction of the upper Zab with that river; and two hundred years later, in the beginning of the eleventh century B.C., still a few miles farther northward to Nineveh. The first rulers of Assyria whom we meet are designated as *eshakke*, or priest princes, and are subjects of the Babylonian monarchs. About this time Babylonia was overrun by a new invasion from the eastward. The Kassites or Cossæans, barbarians or semi-barbarians, descended from the Persian mountains and conquered Babylon about 1780 B.C. From the names of the earlier kings and the few words of the language which have been preserved, it is evident that these Kassites were not Semites; but having conquered Babylonia, they finally adopted the language, the civilization, and the religion of the conquered country. The period of Kassite supremacy is coincident with a period of the decay of Babylonian power. We hear no more of expeditions to the west land, Syria and Palestine, where a little later Egypt assumes the position of suzerainty held by Babylonia for 2500 years. In another direction also the ancient

empire of Babylonia was curtailed; namely, northward. During the period of disorder succeeding the invasion and conquest of Babylonia by the Kassites, the Assyrian state achieved its independence. At what time this occurred, we have as yet no means of stating with any degree of exactitude. At present we know little more than that in 1800 B.C. the rulers of Assyria were priest-princes, subjects of the Babylonian suzerain; in 1450 B.C. they were independent sovereigns, rivals of the Babylonian kings, and negotiating treaties with them on equal terms. Among the clay tablets found at Nineveh there is a so-called synchronous history of Assyria and Babylonia, a record, written about 800 B.C., of the relations between the two countries from the Assyrian standpoint. It is from this we learn that about the middle of the fifteenth century B.C. the Assyrian state had become a kingdom, and we have a notice of the treaty which the king of Asshur concluded with the king of Babylon. The two states are at this period rivals for the possession of the territory along the Tigris, north of Baghdad and south of the lower Zab. Assyria is the growing, Babylon the declining, power; and with occasional reverses the Assyrians from this time onward press continually southward, until, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, an Assyrian king, Tukulti Ninib, conquers Babylon and seats himself upon its throne. His dominion was short-lived; but from that time on, Assyria and Babylon no longer contend on equal terms, but with brief intermissions Assyria appears as the conquering power, whose aggressions Babylon repels with ever decreasing strength.

In their first conquest the Kassites carried off from Babylon into their mountain fastnesses the statue of Marduk, and for a time Hammurabi's work seemed likely to be undone. Finally, however, Babylon conquered her conquerors. She became the capital once more, and the seventh king of the Kassite dynasty, Agukak-rime, restored the statue of Marduk with great splendor to its ancient shrine. It was probably this earlier relation of peculiar hostility to Babylon which led these conquerors of Babylonia to look with special favor on the city of Nippur. They restored and enlarged the ancient temple of En-lil, dismantled and neglected by the preceding dynasties of Babylon; and it is from the abundant votives and archives of the kings of this dynasty, discovered by the Americans at that place, that we derive most of our information of the Kassite kings. But besides the material discovered at Nippur, which enables us to

restore, with a considerable degree of accuracy, not only the relative but also the absolute dates of the various kings of the Kassite dynasty (circa 1782–1207 B.C.), we have also in the Tel el-Amarna tablets from Egypt most interesting material bearing on a part of this period; namely, some of the correspondence which passed between the Egyptian kings Amenophis (Amenhotep) III. and IV., and kings of this dynasty. A copy of a letter from Amenophis III. to Kadash man-bel and three letters from Kadash man-bel to Amenophis are in existence, from which we learn of a proposed matrimonial alliance between Egypt and Babylonia, of an embassy to negotiate a commercial treaty between the two countries, to provide for customs duty on certain imports, and the like. Further correspondence between Burna-buriash II. and Amenophis IV. throws an interesting light on the amenities observed between the two courts. The matrimonial alliance referred to above had been consummated, and both a daughter and a sister of Kadash man-bel were included among the wives of Amenophis III. Burna-buriash II. reproaches the Egyptian king for not sending an ambassador to inquire for him when he was ill. A most interesting letter from Burna-buriash reveals a political condition similar to that which we find in the eighth and succeeding centuries, with the parts of east and west reversed. He says that in the time of Kurigalzu, his father, the kings of the Canaanites (*i.e.* Syria and Palestine) conspired to throw off the Egyptian yoke, and wrote to Kurigalzu asking his support, offering apparently to return into the old vassalage to Babylonia. "My father wrote as follows: 'Seek no alliance with me. If you are hostile to the king of Egypt, my brother, and make an alliance with one another, I will surely come and plunder you, for he is in alliance with me.' My father for the sake of your father would not listen to them." (In later times the kings of the same territory used to conspire together against Assyria, or later Babylonia, and ask help of Egypt.) This letter is an evidence how completely at this time Babylon had abdicated its ancient claim to the dominion of the west land.

The presents exchanged between the kings of Babylon and Egypt at this time throw some light on the relative development of certain arts. Among the finds at Nippur was a treasure chamber, or perhaps better a workshop, belonging to the temple at Nippur. Here were found among other things a number of inscribed glass axes, colored to resemble lapis lazuli, and a few

other glass objects imitating malachite and turquoise. Glass manufacture had been carried to a high degree of excellence in Babylonia at this period, and glass objects made in imitation of lapis lazuli were among the gifts of special value sent by the Babylonian kings to the Egyptians, and mentioned in the inscriptions. The articles found in this treasure-house or work-chamber revealed, through their material and manufacture, a most interesting commercial intercourse with distant lands. Cobalt brought from China was used in the coloring of the glass. Along with the glass imitation of lapis lazuli was found true lapis lazuli from mines in Bactria, on the northern slopes of the Hindu Kush, which are worked to this day. (Even fifteen hundred years earlier than this, lapis lazuli, apparently from the same region, was known and highly prized in Babylon.) Magnesite from the island of Eubœa was also found, testifying to commercial relations with Greece and the Ægæan, and amber, which must have been brought from the Baltic.

Besides the correspondence of the Egyptian kings with Babylonia, the Amarna tablets have revealed also a similar correspondence and matrimonial alliance of the Egyptian kings with Assyria and Mitanni. The latter was a country which had sprung up during the period of Babylonian weakness consequent upon the invasion of the Kassites, occupying Mesopotamia; that is, the region on the east bank of the Euphrates, from the Balikh or the Khabor westward. The correspondence of the kings of Mitanni with the Egyptian sovereigns is, in general, written in Babylonian, but includes a letter written in the cuneiform script but in the language of Mitanni. This has not yet been deciphered, and we do not yet know the racial and linguistic affinities of this people. They seem, from their position, to have been invaders from the north, who had utilized the period of disintegration of the Babylonian Empire to move down out of the mountains and take possession of the cities and fields of the plain.

From the Kassite records and the Kassite remains, from the Amarna tablets found in Egypt, and from the synchronous history of Assyria and Babylonia, a copy of which was found in the library of Ashurbanipal, we are able to restore a most interesting picture of the conditions prevailing throughout the civilized world in the fifteenth century B.C. The civilized world of that period, in its broadest sense, extended from Spain on the west to China on the east, and from about the mouths of the

Danube on the north to Nubia on the south. Of the civilization of its eastern extremity, China, we can say little. The Chinese already possessed, probably, a form of writing; derived, as some of the best sinologues now suggest, from the Babylonian cuneiform script, adopted from Babylonia, it may have been, through some emigration eastward, as early as the latter half of the third millennium B.C. Between this country and Babylonia there existed some degree of commercial intercourse, and there were evidently some more or less civilized kingdoms intervening between the two, of which we do not at the present moment know even the names. Teak from India, discovered in the excavations of Taylor at ancient Eridu and Ur, in the middle of the last century, indicates that commercial relations with that country had been established as early as the third millennium B.C. Farther than this we know practically nothing of the conditions of India at that period. To the southeastward the kingdom of Elam, which continued until a much later date to be a rival, first of the Babylonian kingdoms and later of Assyria, possessed a civilization practically identical with that of Babylonia itself. The Elamites, as already stated, had before this time applied the Babylonian cuneiform script to the writing of their own language. Babylonia was united into one kingdom under Babylon, north of which lay the increasingly powerful kingdom of Assyria. The two states were sometimes in friendly relations cemented by matrimonial alliances, and sometimes in hostility; sometimes the border of one kingdom advanced and sometimes that of the other; but on the whole, Assyria was steadily gaining in power. On the borders of Babylonia and Assyria, eastward and northeastward, seem to have been smaller states, which acted as buffers against the barbarian invasions from the regions still farther eastward and northward. The Mesopotamian plain was occupied by the powerful kingdom of Mitanni, recognized by Egypt as one of the great powers of the time. Northward, in Armenia and Asia Minor, there were several independent states, of most of which we know at the present moment little more than the names. Some of these, however, possessed considerable power; and one of them, in the neighborhood of Lake Van, adopted the cuneiform script of Assyria and adapted it to its own tongue. These inscriptions have been translated, and the tongue spoken by that people is generally identified as being of the same family as the modern Georgian.

In southern Arabia there existed at this period, apparently, the beginnings of the Minæan kingdom, already powerful, wealthy, and civilized, and in close communication commercially with both Babylonia and Egypt. Syria and Palestine were occupied then as always by a number of small states, subject at that time to Egypt. Most of these were ruled by kings, at whose courts we frequently find an Egyptian resident, occupying much the same position which English residents now hold at the courts of native Indian princes. Some cities were ruled directly by Egyptian governors. The Amarna letters enable us to restore the geography and the political relations of Syria and Palestine with remarkable completeness. The correspondence of the kings and officials with the Egyptian government, contained in those letters, is conducted in Babylonian; but ungrammatical usages and foreign idioms show that that was not the language of the country, but only the language of official and commercial communication, the *lingua franca*, used very much as Latin was used in Europe in the Middle Ages. The Egyptian rulers answer in the same tongue. These letters show also that at the close of the fifteenth century hordes of some sort — the Suti and Khabiri — were pressing into Palestine from the east and southeast. These were the forerunners of the great Aramæan invasion, which was ultimately to take possession of the larger part of Palestine, and of Syria and Mesopotamia, and to encroach upon and finally to dominate linguistically and economically Babylonia itself. The Khabiri or Hebrews — for the names seem to be identical — were that part of this invasion which first secured established homes to the east of the Jordan; the Ammonites, Moabites, and Edomites, including also the people whom we know in a narrower sense as Hebrews, but who had not yet come into existence as a nation at that time. These Aramæans, like the Amorites and probably others before them, were in the fifteenth century pushing out of Arabia, seeking new homes, as we learn from the Amarna letters.

At the same time another people, the Hittites, the Heta of the Egyptian inscriptions, the Khatti of the Babylonian, were commencing to invade northern Syria, descending from the Taurus Mountains, from Cilicia and Asia Minor. The Hittites are first mentioned in the Egyptian monuments about 1470 B.C. as paying tribute to the Egyptian king, Thutmosis (Thothmes) III. Their land is there described as "the greater Hittite land," and lay evidently to the north of Syria. A little later, in the time

of Thutmosis IV., the Hittites make an attack on Tunip in northern Syria. The Amarna letters show that at the close of the fifteenth century they had pushed much farther southward. Amenophis III. and his son Amenophis IV. are constantly called upon for aid against their advances; and finally, in the reign of the latter, we find the governor of Kadesh and the king of Mitanni forming an alliance with them against the Egyptians. By the middle of the following century they are in possession of the greater part of Syria, as far south as Kadesh on the Orontes, and are battling with the Egyptians for the possession of Palestine. Monuments of these people have been found at Hamath, Carchemish, Zinjirli in northern Syria (excavated by the Germans), Marash, and other places included in territory known from Egyptian, Assyrian, and Vannic inscriptions, and from the Old Testament, to have been in later times included in the empire of the Hittites. Identical in workmanship and in the character of their hieroglyphics with these Hittite remains are rock-cut monuments discovered within the last few years in various parts of Asia Minor, — Cilicia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Lycaonia, Phrygia, and even as far westward as Lydia. These also are clearly Hittite; and we now know that at the time of their greatest power, the Hittites occupied or dominated the greater part of Asia Minor. The center of their power seems to have been in Cappadocia, whence they spread in various directions. Their art, as shown in their inscriptions, was, to a large extent, certainly a clumsy imitation of the Babylonian. In religion they adopted certainly some of the gods and goddesses who were known to all the west land through Babylonian influence. Their script, a rude hieroglyphic, written *boustrophedon*, alternately from left to right and right to left, has not yet been deciphered, nor do we know their racial and linguistic affinities. Their costume, depicted on their monuments, gives evidence of a mountain origin. If we may accept as correct the representations on the Egyptian wall paintings, they were an ugly race, with protruding jaws, receding foreheads, yellow skins, lanky black hair, and beady eyes. Their own monuments, which have come down to us, are probably all later than the fifteenth century B.C., when we first meet them occupying probably Cappadocia and Cilicia, and commencing to push downwards into the rich and highly civilized region of northern Syria. But if their own monuments so far discovered are of a later period, there is nevertheless good reason to suppose

that they were not at this period altogether barbarous, and also that they already possessed a system of writing.

Going still farther westward, we find highly civilized peoples occupying the islands and coasts of the Ægæan Sea and the mainland of Greece. To these peoples belong the remains called Mycenæan, discovered at Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and elsewhere. But while these remains evinced a high artistic development, there was nevertheless no certain trace of the use of writing, placing the Ægæan civilization in this respect on a lower plane than the contemporary civilization of western Asia and Egypt. Recent discoveries in Crete have, however, revealed the existence in that island, along with the splendid art remains of the Mycenæan period, of written records. Two systems of writing have been discovered: the older dating, it may be, from the eighteenth or seventeenth century, hieroglyphic in character, suggesting an Egyptian origin, or at least Egyptian influence; the later, dating apparently from the fifteenth century, linear in character, and seemingly indigenous. Numerous tablets written in the latter script have been discovered in the palace of Minos at Cnossus, although the key to their decipherment has not yet been found. Cyprus, also, appears to have possessed a writing of its own, and there are traces of some system or systems of writing in the Asia Minor coast lands with which these islands were so closely connected.

Remains found at various points on the Asia Minor shore, on the Greek islands, and farther northward in the Balkan peninsula, as well as farther westward in Greece and Italy, point to the existence in the fifteenth century B.C. of a widespread civilization, the center of which was the Ægæan Islands and the neighboring shores of the mainland, both in Asia and Europe, and which may therefore best be called Ægæan. This civilization was not derived from Babylonia or Egypt, but was indigenous. Its outskirts continued westward as far as Spain, and northern Africa was included in the sphere of its influence. Egyptian objects found in Crete and Greece, and Mycenæan pottery and other wares discovered in Palestine, Egypt, and even Babylonia, show that an active commerce united these various countries in the fifteenth century. Objects of art and of fine manufacture were sent from the Ægæan Islands and Greece to Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. At that period the civilized world may be said, as already stated, to have extended from China on the east to Spain on the west, and from the Bal-

kan Peninsula on the north to Nubia on the south; the three great centers of civilization being Babylonia, Egypt, and the Ægæan Islands. Nor was the last named at this period inferior to the other two; indeed, for a time the movement of influence seems to have been rather from the west eastward.

So much we know from the recent discoveries of archæology. And now having followed the history of civilization, as disclosed by the discoveries of archæology, to this high point of development in the fifteenth century B.C. from which, as we shall see shortly, there was speedily a great decline throughout the whole civilized world, let us consider the part Egypt played in the development of civilization as shown by the discoveries made in that country during the last century.

Probably Egypt has preserved for us the most continuous record of the existence of man on the earth, and his development. In deep borings in the Nile Valley remains of Palæolithic man have been discovered. From the surface we have obtained abundant evidence of the existence of Neolithic man; and of civilized man we have monuments and writings from the beginnings of civilization to the present day. Presumably in Egypt, as in Babylonia, the period of what we may call civilized occupancy begins somewhere about 7000, or between 7000 and 6000 B.C. Recent discoveries have revealed the existence of a civilized population antedating the people whom we commonly know as Egyptians, a people which buried its dead with the body doubled up, and the head and hands not infrequently severed from the body. The people who buried their dead in this way were possibly identical with the earliest population whose remains have been discovered in Palestine, especially east of the Jordan, along the northern coast of Africa, through Spain, and upward into England, — a fair-complexioned, blue-eyed people, of the same stock, perhaps, as the Kabyles, who still linger in the Atlas Mountains in Algeria; but this is mere conjecture. Our knowledge of this early people and their civilization is of the most recent, only some six years old, and time has scarcely sufficed for a proper comparison and coördination of that knowledge. Apparently, however, we may assert that they knew how to make bricks, and that they built towns, in part at least, of brick; that they wove linen and dressed leather for purposes of clothing; that they made pottery of a great variety of form and of extremely artistic shapes by hand, not being acquainted with the use of the potter's wheel; that by hand also

they cut stone vases of perfect form out of the hardest rocks; and that they knew how to make a glaze both for this pottery and for their rock carvings. We have evidence of the application of art to the adornment of the person and the beautifying of life, in beads and other ornaments found in the graves, made out of various decorative and precious stones, and occasionally precious metals, in carved ivory combs for the hair, ornamental ivory spoons, carved wooden furniture, and draught pieces, daintily formed from stone and ivory, for playing games. They were acquainted with the use of copper, but their tools and weapons were still commonly made of flint; and their flint knives and lance-heads were finished, it is claimed, more admirably than those found anywhere else in the world. They evidently also knew how to navigate the sea in large rowing galleys, and had commercial intercourse with the countries about the Mediterranean. They had, however, no system of writing; and while showing a high sense of form in their pottery, which in beauty of design and excellence of execution is equal if not superior to any which we find in later times, in their stone vases and the like, they had not reached that stage of artistic skill which would enable them to depict animals or human beings in any but the crudest and most childish manner.

This people gave way, how early we cannot say with any certainty, to another people with a higher civilization, which we call the Egyptian, which seems to have pressed in from the east, and which has, as the evidence of language and possibly the evidence of archæology also would show, a remote connection with the Semites, and therefore probably with Arabia; or rather, the newcomers and their civilization were superimposed upon and combined with the people and the civilization which had preceded them. In race and language the people which we call Egyptian was clearly composite, connected with the Semites to the east, the Libyans to the west, and the Cushites, comprising in modern times such tribes as the Galla and Somali, to the south and southwest, and presumably their civilization was equally composite. The earliest records of the Egyptian kingdom which we possess date from the fourth, or possibly, as some think, the fifth millennium B.C. Late Egyptian tradition tells of a dynasty of gods in lower Egypt, and a dynasty of demigods in upper Egypt, before we come to the first of the thirty-one dynasties of men. The founder of the first of these dynasties, Menes, and the whole of the first and probably also the second

dynasties, were supposed a few years since to be mythical. Recent excavations at and near Abydos, however, have revealed the tombs of a number of kings of the first dynasty, including Menes, the founder, and we can now fairly commence Egyptian history with the commencement of the first dynasty. As in the case of Babylonia, however, so here also, it is clear that the beginnings of Egyptian history are very far removed from the beginnings of Egyptian civilization. In the time of Menes, Egypt was already united in one kingdom, with Thinis, near Abydos, as its seat of power; but this union had clearly been preceded by a period of a double kingdom, a kingdom of the southern land, with the white crown, symbolized by a rush, and the kingdom of the northern land, with the red crown, and the lotus or the hornet as its symbol, sufficiently long to fasten its remembrance indelibly in the customs and traditions of later time. Each of these two kingdoms was divided into twenty-one nomes, with their own totem-gods, their own capitals, their own emblems or standards, evidence of their existence in prehistoric times as separate tribes or kingdoms; and the sense of that independence of origin continued on through historic times. From the point of view of political organization, it must have been a long road from forty or more separate tribes or states, first to two kingdoms, and then, in Menes' time, to one completely centralized kingdom of the most absolute type.

The Egyptian religion, also, as we meet it in the earliest times, shows a long preceding period of development. The primitive religious conception, of which we have abundant survivals in the outward form and expression of religion down to the latest times, was but little removed from the fetishism of the negroes. Each locality had its own spirit, connected commonly with some animal form; and it was these local idols, or sacred animals, which to the end engaged the belief and worship of the people. There was also a belief that the sun and moon and stars were divine; and already in prehistoric times the effort had been made to connect the old local fetishes with nature forces, and particularly to make of them solar divinities. Ultimately Egyptian religion, so far as the thinkers were concerned, passed beyond the stage of coördination and organization of the multifarious local deities in a pantheon, as in Babylonia, to a pantheism, where all the gods were regarded as but varying forms of the same divine energy; although in outward expression and

symbolism, Egyptian religion always remained singularly close to the fetish or sacred-animal stage. This pantheistic stage had not, of course, been reached at the time of Menes; but the advanced stage of religious development, both on the side of mythological and of moral ideas, which we find in the period of the Old Kingdom (dynasties I.–VI.), argues a long period of development before his time. In the treatment of the dead in the earliest historical period, growing out of the very simple and primitive idea that future life is connected with the preservation of the body, we have further evidence of a long process of development; and it is clear that the architectural and mechanical skill displayed in the pyramids and mastabas (separate tombs) of the earliest dynasties, and the thorough organization of society necessary for the accomplishment of such enormous building operations, involving the combined labor of vast numbers of workers, could have been attained only through age-long development.

From the beginning of the first dynasty on, we find the art of writing known: a hieroglyphic system, differing as greatly in detail from the hieroglyphs of later times as do the earliest cuneiform inscriptions of Lagash and Nippur from the inscriptions of the time of Hammurabi or Ashurbanipal or Nebuchadrezzar, but already with a long history separating it from the first rude picture writing. Similarly, all or almost all the arts practiced in later times were known, but in ruder form, to the Egyptians of Menes' time. In food, in burial customs, in arts, in writing, in social organization, we find great progress between the time of Menes and the commencement of the third dynasty; but withal we perceive that, with the beginnings of the first dynasty, Egyptian civilization already had a long history behind it.

Egyptian history proper is still regarded as beginning with the third dynasty, which removed the seat of power from Thinis or Abydos northward some hundreds of miles to Memphis. The inscriptions of this dynasty show us that the Egyptians had already reached that condition of luxury, effeminacy, and exclusivism which seems to us a characteristic feature of Egyptian civilization. Their object was to shut themselves out from the barbarism, the uncleanness, and the dangers of the outside world; for the outer world was to them a place of barbarism, precisely as to the Chinaman of to-day. Like the Chinese they were in this also, that they had built a wall to protect themselves from

invasion by the Bedawin on their northeastern frontier, the Wall of the Princes, as it was called.

But a certain intercourse with the outer world was necessary to Egypt, as it was later to China; and the Asiatic products found in the tombs of the earliest dynasties — cedar, copper, lead, and iron — show us that there was some sort of intercourse, for purposes of commerce at least, with the peoples of Asia; while tin and amber, which are also found among their remains, must have been brought from still more distant regions, apparently from northern Europe. There is thus evidence of commercial intercourse in that earlier period between Egypt and the outer world of Asia and Europe, as far north as the Baltic. But this commerce was conducted by middlemen, partly by sea and partly by land. It was the foreigners who visited Egypt, not the Egyptians who visited foreign lands. The Asiatic travels of the latter did not extend beyond the Sinaitic peninsula. From the beginning of the historical period, however, that region was under Egyptian control. There the Egyptians mined copper, turquoise, and malachite, and there they maintained garrisons to protect their mines. We read in their inscriptions of the *Inti*, cave-dwellers, the *Pedatesu*, desert bowmen, and other inhabitants of Sinai and the neighboring country who had to be held in check, or of the incursions of outside hordes who invaded the country in order to plunder the Egyptian stores, or to attack the Egyptian caravans laden with minerals and precious stones. It was necessary, at times, to make military and punitive expeditions against these peoples; and the earliest historical inscription which has come down to us is that of a certain Neter-kha, who, in connection with such an expedition, in the time of the third dynasty, carved an inscription on the rocks near the mines in Wady Maghara. The soldiers used in such expeditions were from the outset commonly mercenaries, for the Egyptians were never a brave nor a warlike race; and these mercenaries were negroes from the south, with which region the Old Kingdom had closer relations than with the regions to the north and east.

In general, the Egyptians of this early period were concerned exclusively with themselves. The Old Kingdom, especially from the third dynasty onward, was a period of great building. It was the practice for each king to build himself a new city. It is clear that at that period the dwellings of the people and even the palaces of the kings were built of light

materials, and were of a perishable nature. Architectural efforts were centered upon the pyramids and other similar structures. It was the practice for each king to build his pyramid west of his own city in the desert, and it is only by the positions of their pyramids that we can determine the exact sites of the cities of the kings who made their capitals near Memphis. (It was a king of the sixth dynasty, Pepy I., who was the founder of Memphis proper.) It was the fourth dynasty which built the greatest pyramids, the three great pyramids of Gizeh, connected with the names of Cheops (Hufu), Chephren (Hafre), and Mycerinus (Menkaure) respectively. The great sphinx probably belongs to the same dynasty. But it is the fifth dynasty which marks the zenith of Egyptian art. No structures of a later date are equal to the structures of this period, nor are the sculptures and wall paintings of this period surpassed by those of any later time. It was the last king of this dynasty, Unas, who built the earliest of the five step pyramids at Saggara, the inscriptions of the walls of the burial chambers of which have preserved for us such a valuable collection of religious and magical texts. Some of these texts date from prehistoric times, and had already at this period become in part unintelligible, a further evidence of the long period of religious development which preceded the commencement of the Old Kingdom.

The sixth and last dynasty of the Old Empire showed an aggressive disposition rather in contrast with the self-centered, self-sufficient attitude of previous Egyptian dynasties. We have, from the walls of the tomb of Herkhuf, a monarch of Elephantine, at Aswan, a record of a great commercial expedition headed by him, which was sent to the Soudan to obtain a dwarf from Central Africa. (It is a curious fact that this dwarf race of Central Africa, known to the Egyptians at that extremely early period, has been rediscovered in recent years.) This sixth dynasty also, not content with the control of the Sinaitic peninsula, with its copper, malachite, and turquoise mines, which had been the limits of the empire and of the interest of former dynasties, undertook military expeditions into the regions beyond Sinai. An inscription on the wall of the tomb of Una, an Egyptian official, records, after the Egyptian fashion of that period, the events of his life in the first person. He is made to tell us how his Majesty made war with the 'Amu and the Herusha, terms designating apparently, in general, Asiatics and Bedawin. He gathered an army of many tens of thousands out

of all the territories, from beyond Elephantine in the south and from the Delta of the Nile in the north, from the regions within the fortresses which were designed to protect Egypt from invasion on the south and the northeast, and from the regions beyond the line of fortresses, including auxiliaries from the negro lands whose names he mentions. He gives an interesting, but to us not altogether intelligible, account of the chieftains and men of importance who were officers in this army under him, and a very interesting and probably characteristic account of the method of sustenance of the army on its march. Each man carried with him "as much as another." Each stole bread and shoes from all whom they met on the way. Each seized goats where he might. They marched successfully into the land of the Herusha, which they devastated, cutting down the fig trees and the vines, setting on fire all the huts of the people, slaying many thousands of their troops, and bringing back a great multitude of captives. Time after time the Herusha revolted, and five times his Majesty sent Una to command the army and invade their land. In connection with these later expeditions Una mentions the use of ships, by which the troops were transported on at least one occasion, and of highlands in the northern part of the land invaded. That land may be northeastern Arabia, Edom, or Palestine. If the latter, Una's inscription is the earliest account yet discovered anywhere of the conditions of Palestine. Whatever the country referred to, the account in the inscription indicates that it was occupied at that time by a settled population, which tilled the land, planted vineyards, fig orchards, and the like, — very much the same conditions agriculturally which prevailed in Palestine in the late historical periods. In this regard, however, the conditions of the country described seem to have differed from the conditions of Palestine in later periods (but this would accord with the indications for the earliest periods which have been obtained from such sites as have been excavated there): that the people occupied, not permanent and well-built houses in cities surrounded by walls, but huts of a temporary and perishable character. Una ultimately became governor of Upper Egypt, where his special duty was to cut and procure granite for sarcophagi and funerary monuments of various descriptions, to erect which was the great business of the kings, to build boats to transport it, and to improve the channels of the Nile so that the boats might be navigated.

The inscriptions and paintings on the tombs of the fifth and sixth dynasties enable us to reconstruct with considerable accuracy the political and social conditions of the Old Kingdom. The kingdom was at first a monarchy of the most absolute description, the political autocracy of the kings being strengthened by the ascription to them of divine rank. During the fifth and sixth dynasties, however, a progress of decentralization was going on. The nomarchs, the heads of the various nomes, the remains of the ancient state or tribal organizations to which we have already referred, are gradually assuming more power and importance. At first the whole empire centered around the king at Memphis, and in death the tombs of the great men were gathered around the tomb of the king at the same place. Little by little, however, the courts of the nomarchs were developed. The nomarch ceased to be a mere attendant upon the king, and had his own court and state; and just as in life the nomarchs were no longer gathered about the king in his court at Memphis, so in death their tombs were no longer gathered about the tombs of the king. They were buried in constructions of their own, in the localities which they governed. This decentralization paved the way for the downfall of the Old Kingdom, which succeeded immediately the period of great brilliancy and relatively extended external relations of the sixth dynasty.

Following that dynasty there is an almost blank period, of which we know nothing except from a few tombs of nomarchs and other officials in various parts of the country, covering the period from the seventh to the tenth dynasties inclusive. What the date of the downfall of the Old Kingdom was, and how many centuries are covered by this period of darkness, we do not know. Egyptian chronology is, to a large extent, a matter of guesswork. The Egyptians never developed any proper chronological sense. Their nearest approach to chronology was lists of dynasties and kings, which began to be made perhaps about 1400 B.C. Such lists give us, evidently, only relative information; and in point of fact, the estimates of the dates of the different dynasties made by the best scholars differ widely — when we get back as far as the first dynasty, 1000 to 1500 years. For absolute dates we are dependent upon some point of contact with other peoples; and we find no such point of contact definitely established in the earlier periods. At a later period we succeed in obtain-

ing dates for Egyptian kings by synchronism with Babylonian and Assyrian monarchs, and it may be that we can obtain an approximate date for the close of the sixth dynasty and the dark period which succeeds, by some sort of synchronism with an event of which we appear to have evidence in Babylonian history, — namely, an irruption of Arabian hordes overrunning the neighboring countries. Arabia is a region from which such hordes have issued periodically. We have, in historical times, the records of several such irruptions; and in all cases we find that the outpouring flood of emigrants spread both eastward and westward, attacking Babylonia on the one side and Palestine on the other, and attempting on both sides to push their way into the rich and highly civilized river valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile respectively. Our most famous historical instance is the Mohammedan invasion, in the seventh century A.D., which succeeded, owing to the conditions then existing, in making a complete conquest of the regions on both sides. Less successful was the invasion of the third century B.C., or thereabouts, which established the two Arabic kingdoms of Hira and the Hauran, on the outskirts of Babylonia and Syria respectively, on opposite sides of the desert which always divided these invasions into two streams. The Aramæan invasion, a thousand years earlier, overran more particularly the western territory, taking complete possession of the greater part of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, but establishing also Aramæan states or tribes in Babylonia or on its outskirts.

It would seem that the Arabic invasion which we have supposed took place about 2500 B.C., or in the immediately succeeding centuries, and which succeeded on the Babylonian side of the desert in establishing a kingdom in Babylon, may have affected Egypt also. The Asiatics with whom Una contended, the 'Amu, have a name singularly like certain names which we find in Palestine and Babylonia, and which seem to have belonged to the invaders of this period. But these 'Amu, with the Herusha, were Asiatics who were attacking Sinai, and threatening the Egyptian border. In the succeeding centuries we find the Egyptian power pressed southward, up the Nile valley, apparently by some power from the northeast. A new power had established itself at Memphis, from which it claimed to rule the land. Later the seat of its capital was removed southward to Heracleopolis. This is the period of

the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth dynasties. Among the Pharaohs of this time we find one named Khyan, who describes himself in his scarabs and cylinders as "Lord of the desert," the title given on a tomb at Beni-Hassan to "the chief of the thirty-seven Bedawin who visited Egypt in the reign of Usertesen II." A little after Khyan, we have a king named Yaqubher. Inasmuch as in Egyptian *r* takes the place of the *l* of the Semitic languages, while *h* does not count at all, this name is equivalent to Yaqub-el, our familiar Hebrew Jacob, written in full, with the divine determinative *el*, God, at the end, — a name which we also find on a contract tablet of the first dynasty of Babylon, the dynasty of Hammurabi, written, of course, in Babylonian fashion, Yaqub-ilu. The Pharaohs of this period are contending against opposition to their power from the side of the south. This opposition centers about Thebes, until finally we find rival kings there, who at last overthrow the Heracleopolitan Pharaohs and establish their power over all Egypt. This is the eleventh dynasty, and with this dynasty native Egypt seems to assert itself once more by the conquest of its conquerors. If we can connect the invasion from the northeast, which seems to have overrun Egypt after the sixth dynasty, with the invasion of Babylonia by Arabic hordes about 2500 B.C. or a little later, which resulted, finally, in the establishment of the new kingdom of Babylon, under Hammurabi and his successors, we have a synchronism which enables us to determine in a rough way early Egyptian dates, at least relatively to those of Babylonia. The period of the Old Kingdom in Egypt would then be contemporary with the period of South Babylonian supremacy, the old empire of Babylonia, extending from the period of the earliest inscriptions which we have obtained on to the time of the Elamitic conquest. The period of art development in southern Babylonia, having its center at Lagash, would be approximately contemporary with the period of the highest art development in Egypt, which begins with the fourth Egyptian dynasty. The sixth Egyptian dynasty, which, as noted, showed for the first time some inclination toward contact and intercourse with the outside world, would be contemporary with that brilliant period of the extension of Babylonian power which commences with the rule of Sargon. The seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth dynasties would be contemporary, in part at least, with the time of the Elamitic supremacy in Babylonia; while the eleventh and twelfth Egyp-

tian dynasties would coincide approximately with the dynasty of Hammurabi, and the two succeeding Babylonian dynasties a couple of centuries before and after 2000 B.C. This argument from Babylonian and Egyptian synchronisms finds curious and welcome support in a recently discovered papyrus, which, by means of a reference to the rising of Sirius, seems to fix astronomically the date of the commencement of the reign of Usertesen III., fifth king of the twelfth dynasty, between 1876 and 1873 B.C.

It is with the Theban rulers of the eleventh dynasty that we enter upon the period commonly known as the Middle Kingdom, a period of renewed prosperity and civilization. This period of the Middle Kingdom, and especially the latter half of it, the rule of the twelfth dynasty, was considered by Egyptians of later periods, not without justice, as the greatest of all the periods of Egyptian history. In extent of territory the Egypt of those days was, it is true, far inferior to the Egypt of succeeding times. Southward the old frontier was extended somewhat, — chiefly, apparently, for the sake of the gold mines in Nubia, — and fixed finally above the second cataract. No conquests were undertaken in Asia, further than the reclamation of the copper and malachite mines of the Sinaitic peninsula. The Middle Kingdom, like the Old Kingdom, was a period of internal development. In government the decentralizing tendencies noted at the close of the Old Kingdom continue. We have inscribed tombs of noble families from various points in the nomes of Middle and Upper Egypt which reveal a powerful feudal nobility, consisting of the nomarchs, who had their own courts, officials, and even troops. Some of these nomarchs had become lords, not of one province, but of several. Nevertheless the kings were wealthy and prosperous, and we find remains of royal buildings in various places. The kings of the eleventh and the earlier kings of the twelfth dynasty resided in Thebes ; and the original temple of Amon, so often enlarged in later times, was built by them. Apparently Memphis was also a royal residence, and kings of the twelfth dynasty erected pyramids there. The later kings of this dynasty, however, especially favored the Fayum, and the largest and most famous constructions of the Middle Kingdom are found in the neighborhood of Lake Mœris. This is a depression in the Libyan desert, into which a branch of the Nile must have flowed in prehistoric times. Herodotus, in his history, ascribes the creation of the lake to

King Mœris, that is, Amenemhat III., one of the last kings of the twelfth dynasty. This is clearly impossible. What Amenemhat really did was to improve the system of irrigation in connection with Lake Mœris, and thus reclaim a large amount of land. He also built in this region the most extensive of all the funerary temples of Egypt, known to later times as the Labyrinth.

But it is even more for its literature than for its buildings that the Middle Kingdom was distinguished. In art and architecture it was surpassed by the best work of the Old Kingdom, in literature it was unexcelled. It was the classical period, the golden age to which all succeeding ages looked back; and much of the literature contained in the papyri of later times consists of copies from compositions of this period. Of this character is the "Teaching (or Precepts) of Amenemhat I.," a favorite school copy during the New Kingdom, and known to us only through these copies, which are corrupt and difficult to translate. This composition verges on the proverbial, and is distinctly cynical in its disbelief in good among men. "Mankind turn their heart to him who inspireth them with fear;" "Friends exist not for a man on the day of troubles." The "Teaching of Dauf," partly prose and partly verse, which is a praise of the scribe's profession in comparison with the coarse careers of labor with the hands, has been preserved in the same way, through later school copies. (Praise of the scribe's profession is a favorite theme in later times, and gave rise to more than one book.) These two works belong in the general category of what in Hebrew phraseology we should call Wisdom Literature, didactic and proverbial writings; as does likewise the "Praise of Scholastic Studies," preserved, like the preceding, in school copies found in tombs. This field of literature is best represented, however, by the collections of proverbs, the beginnings of which are attributed by the compiler to the time of the third dynasty, in the Old Kingdom, contained in the famous Prisse Papyrus. It was the literary practice to put these proverbs in the mouth of a father, who reads or teaches them to his son, just as was later the use among the Hebrews. We have another example of such a collection of proverbs from the New Kingdom, for this form of literature continued to be reproduced in later times, in the "Maxims of Any." This latter work reminds one forcibly of the Hebrew Book of Proverbs by its warnings against the strange woman, its description of

drunkenness, its exhortations to diligence, restraint, respectfulness, etc.

It was, however, in poetic and imaginative literature, literature intended to amuse and entertain, that the Egyptians excelled, and of which we have the best specimens, some of them worthy of preservation for all time, from this period. The most remarkable example of Egyptian poetry which we possess is the Hymn to Usertesen III., a king of the twelfth dynasty, at or shortly after his accession, contained in a papyrus found near the pyramid and temple of his predecessor, Usertesen II., in the remains of the buildings of the priests attached to the temple to perform the services for the dead Pharaoh. Only four stanzas, of ten lines each, can be read with certainty, and they are really very fine. Sometimes poems were engraved or painted on the tombs, coming out of the mouths of the persons there represented, like the "Songs which are in the tomb of King Antef, justified, which are in front of the singer on the harp." From this heading it appears that these songs were engraved or painted on the tomb of King Antef, of the eleventh dynasty, in front of figures singing and playing on the harp. This tomb has not been found; but the songs were copied on other tombs in later days, and have been preserved to us both on slabs from those tombs, and also in a papyrus of the New Kingdom. Another curious poetic production of this period, preserved in a papyrus, is the discourse of a soul to its brother, the man to whom it belongs, or who belongs to it, praising death as "like the smell of frankincense, or like sitting under an awning on a day of cool breeze," "like the scent of lotuses, like sitting on the bank of the Land of Intoxication," "like the unveiling of the sky, or as when a man attaineth to unexpected fortune," "like the healing of a sick man, or like a rise after a fall," etc. It will be observed that in outward form Egyptian poetry is like Hebrew and Babylonian; its essential feature is parallelism, the repetition of the same or a contrasted thought in similar words, forming two parallel and rhythmical clauses. Assonance, alliteration, or even rhyme may be used, but these are subordinate to the one main feature of parallelism.

But even more characteristic is the romantic prose literature. One of the novels or romances of this period, "The Romance of Sinuhit" (or Sanehat), written in the time of Usertesen I., gives most curious and interesting information of the

conditions prevailing in the neighboring Asiatic regions, apparently Palestine. According to the story, Sinuhit is compelled to flee for his life. With great difficulty he passes the wall which guarded Egypt on the Asiatic frontier. Escaping into the desert, he comes near dying of thirst, but is saved by friendly Bedawin. Passing from tribe to tribe of these Bedawin, he reached the Land of the East (Qeden), and ultimately the kingdom of Ammianshi in Tenu, which seems to have been Palestine. Ammianshi showed him great favor, married him to his eldest daughter, and bestowed upon him choice possessions on the border of his territory, making him a sort of lord of the marches. This was a land of figs and vines, olive trees and honey, corn, barley, and countless herds. Finally, Ammianshi made him a prince of one of the divisions of his country, and he had as much as he wished to eat, — wine every day, boiled meat and roast goose, provided by the king, besides what he himself could obtain in the chase and from the spoils of other people. His children grew up and were appointed to high posts. In all things he was successful, but he longed in his age for return to Egypt ; and after much negotiation he obtained pardon from the Egyptian king, and a messenger came to bring him back to Egypt. So he gave his property to his children and returned, to be received into favor by the Pharaoh. What follows shows a characteristic feature of Egyptian civilization, — the personal cleanliness which led to the shaving of the hair and beard in the effort to avoid vermin and uncleanness, and which had already developed into a sense of ceremonial purity, setting the Egyptians apart from other peoples who did not follow the same rule. The writer of this romance tells us that, returning to Egypt, Sinuhit cleansed himself from the vermin of Asia, exchanged the coarse woolen garments of Palestine for the fine linen, the habitual robe of Egypt, anointed himself with precious ointment, etc. This story is so sane and sober in its romancing that it is often supposed to be actual history. More often these stories are full of impossible supernatural and magical beings and events, after the fashion of the Arabian Nights, of which they are in fact the prototype and in a sense the original. A good specimen of this form of romance is the story of "The Shipwrecked Sailor," in a papyrus of the eleventh dynasty, preserved at St. Petersburg, in which a sailor narrates to the Pharaoh how he was shipwrecked on an island in the upper Nile, and rescued and cared for by a wonderful serpent, who foretold his fate.

The Sallier papyrus, praising the profession of the scribes and priests, which belongs therefore to the class of didactic or wisdom literature, is interesting because, incidentally, it shows the diplomatic and commercial relations which existed during the Middle Kingdom with Asiatic countries. We find a regular system of couriers, who leave with great sadness of heart the peace and luxury of Egypt to traverse the barbarous and unclean lands of Asia, "brick in their bosom," — a phrase which seems to show that clay tablets of the same sort which, as we know from the Tel el-Amarna "finds," were used for purposes of correspondence with Asiatic countries in the fifteenth century, were in use already in the time of the Middle Kingdom; in other words, that Babylonian customs and the Babylonian language dominated the West land at or shortly after 2000 B.C., and that communication with the princes or merchants of Asia was at that time conducted on clay tablets written in the Babylonian characters. Commercial intercourse with Asia at this period is attested in another way. We find Semitic names in use for articles, charts imported from Asia, from the time of the eleventh dynasty on; we find references to mercantile transactions, and to the dangers of the countries into which the merchants went; we have also representations of the Semitic traders who came into Egypt. So at Beni Hassan, on the tomb of Khumhotep, in the time of Usertesen II., a fresco, famous particularly because it was for a long time supposed to represent the arrival of the children of Israel in Egypt, depicts a caravan of Syrian merchants. The inscription in the hand of the scribe tells us that these are 37 Asiatics bringing eye paint. The chief of this caravan, who bears a boomerang as his symbol of rank, is called "Absha," the same name as the Hebrew Abishai, "chief of the desert." But these people, as the picture shows, are no Bedawin, but prosperous traders. Other representations and inscriptions on tombs from the same dynasty show us Semitic gardeners, shepherds, and carpenters. Most highly appreciated also were Syrian maidens, so that the term "female Asiatic" becomes synonymous with concubine.

The period of prosperity known as the Middle Kingdom may have covered some 400 years or thereabouts; and if we may follow the system of synchronisms suggested above, was fairly contemporary with the period of Babylonian supremacy under the dynasty of Hammurabi and its two successors. Then fol-

lows another period of barbarian invasion of Egypt, the so-called Hyksos period, covering some 150 to 200 years, during which five dynasties are reported to have ruled, according to the Egyptian king lists, and which is nearly contemporary with the first part of the Kassite dominion in Babylonia, before the Kassites had adopted Babylonian civilization and ideas and become themselves, for all intents and purposes, Babylonians. This period begins, like the preceding period of darkness, with internal disintegration, connected with invasions from without. The Libyans seem to have invaded Egypt from the west, and there was also trouble in the south; but the great invasion, that of the Hyksos, to which we have already referred, was from Asia. Our account of this general period, derived from Babylonian sources, shows us that it was one of confusion and upheaval in the West. Some people of an unknown race, coming in from the mountains of the North, or from those of the East, established themselves in Mesopotamia, the kingdom of Mitanni. It may have been this same people which overwhelmed Syria and Palestine, and entered Egypt as the Hyksos, or it may be that the invasion which resulted in establishing the kingdom of Mitanni forced Semitic peoples who occupied Syria out of their homes and drove them southward to invade the land of Egypt. On the Egyptian monuments the Hyksos are designated as foreigners, who brought with them many 'AMU, that is, Syrians and Palestinians; which may indicate that the dominant element of the invasion was the unknown race from the North, which had gathered to itself or taken into its service the Semitic populations into whose former homes it had penetrated.

The stronghold of the Hyksos empire was Awaris or Hatwaret, of the northeastern frontier. As before, when the curtain begins to lift again we find Thebes the center of resistance on the part of the Egyptians proper to the rule of these Asiatic invaders. First we have viceroys of Egyptian blood ruling in Thebes; then these viceroys throw off the yoke of the Hyksos, and a king, Seqenenra, leads them in battle against Apopy, king of the Hyksos. This contest became the theme of a later romance, contained in the Sallier papyrus, known as "The Romance of Apepa and Seqenenra." The mummy of Seqenenra was found at Deir el-Bahri in 1881, and its condition showed that this king had fallen in battle. It was not Seqenenra, however, but Aahmes or Amosis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, who finally succeeded in taking the last stronghold of

the Hyksos, their fortress Hatwaret, and driving them out of Egypt, in the first part of the sixteenth century B.C. A record of this struggle has been preserved in the biography of Admiral Aahmes or Amosis, on the walls of his tomb at El-Kab. Speaking in the first person, as is customary in these inscriptions, Aahmes tells of his bravery and his honors. Seven times he had been presented with "the gold of bravery." He tells of his birthplace, of his parentage, and how, while still a lad, unmarried, and sleeping "in a youth's garments," he became commander in his father's place of the ship "Bullock." By the time that he was married and had a household of his own, he was promoted to the ship "North." Though a naval commander, his duty was to follow the king on foot whenever he went out in his chariot. At the siege of the city of Hatwaret, he fought bravely and was promoted to the command of the ship "Gleaming-in-Memphis." They fought on a canal by the side of Hatwaret, and he carried off a hand. The king was informed and gave him the gold of bravery. They fought a second time in the same place and again he carried off a hand, evidence that he had slain an enemy, and received a second time the gold of bravery. At Tekemet, south of the city, he captured a living prisoner, but fell into the water. Nevertheless, he contrived to retain his prisoner and bring him through the water to the Egyptian lines. For this he received again the gold of bravery. When Hatwaret was at last captured, he took one male and three female prisoners, all of which the king gave him as slaves. After the capture of Hatwaret the Egyptians followed the Hyksos into Asia and besieged them in Sharuhen (which seems to have been in the extreme south of Palestine) for five years and captured it. In a relief set up by Aahmes in the quarries near Cairo he represents the Hyksos prisoners, whom he calls *Fenkhu*, "aliens," as bearded men who are driving the oxen which drag the sledges with stones. Aahmes followed up his victories at Hatwaret and Sharuhen by invading Palestine and levying tribute on its states and cities. This is the beginning of a series of expeditions into Asia under the kings of this dynasty. One of these expeditions against northern Palestine, in the time of Thutmosis (Thothmes) I., is described in the tomb inscription of the same Admiral Aahmes mentioned above, who, in spite of the fact that he was an admiral, seems to have done most of his fighting on land. According to this inscription, the Egyptians inflicted a great defeat upon their enemies,

carrying off a large number of prisoners as booty. Aahmes fought at the head of the troops, and captured a chariot with its horses and the occupants alive, which he presented to the king, receiving again the gold of bravery. An inscription at the same place on the tomb of Pennekheb, an officer in the Egyptian army, informs us that Thutmosis' victorious campaigns extended as far as Naharina, the Aram Naharaim of the Bible; that is, Mesopotamia.

One of the peculiarities of Egyptian use was the succession of females to the throne. The Pharaohs were divinities, of the pure blood of Amen-Ra. No one could reign who was not of pure divine blood, and not a few Pharaohs, themselves sons of concubines, acquired the throne through marriage with half-sisters of pure blood. A famous instance of this occurred in the case of Thutmosis II., who became Pharaoh by marriage with his half-sister Hatesu. She has left, on the walls of a temple at Thebes, a most remarkable representation of a great commercial expedition which she sent to Punt, "the land of the Gods," for frankincense, ebony, ivory, etc. After the death of Thutmosis II. she ruled the kingdom with and for his successor, Thutmosis III. It was not until his thirtieth year that the last-named prince really attained to power by her death. Evidently he did not hold her name in respect, as is shown by the erasures made by his orders on her monuments.

Thutmosis III., whose independent reign commences in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was the greatest warrior of this dynasty, and the most successful conqueror Egypt ever knew. We have in his annals, which are inscribed on the walls of the temple of Amen at Karnak, accounts of fourteen campaigns which he conducted, with a list of subjugated Palestinian cities, invaluable for the early geographical and political history of that country. We have also in his inscriptions notices of embassies from Assyria, Mesopotamia, Cyprus, etc. We have also private inscriptions of officials of this king, especially of a certain Amenemheb, who accompanied him on several campaigns. At the beginning of Thutmosis' reign the kings of northern Palestine and Syria formed a confederation under the king of Kadesh, a city on the Orontes, to throw off the Egyptian yoke. The decisive battle was fought at Megiddo, in the plain of Esdraelon, where four centuries later the Israelites fought a decisive battle with the Canaanite kings for the possession of northern Palestine. The king's annals give a

detailed account of the line of march, of the strategy pursued, etc. The Egyptians won the victory, but the Syrians shut themselves up in Megiddo and sustained a siege. Thutmosis' inscriptions tell us that a full account of this siege was written on a roll of leather and deposited in the temple of Amen, a reference which gives us some idea of the literary methods of the time. Unfortunately, the roll has not survived. The list of the peoples of Upper Ruten which Thutmosis shut up in Megiddo contains the names of such familiar towns as Qadeshu (Kadesh), Maketa (Megiddo), Marama (Merom), Birutu (Beirut), 'Astinatu (Ashtoreth), Luisa (Laish), Kinneratu (Chinneroth), Shanama (Shunem), Tanaka (Tanaach), Yeblama (Ibleam), Yapu (Joppa), Gentu (Gath), Aquar (Ekron), Gazira (Gezer), Bitisha'li (Beth-el), Biti-aniti (Beth-anoth), along with which appear the names Joseph-el and Jacob-el, so familiar to us in Hebrew tradition (where however the *el* is omitted) as the names of ancestors of the Hebrews.

Thutmosis extended his dominions into Naharina, the territory about the Euphrates, and as far north as the Taurus mountains on the borders of Asia Minor. He also received the submission of kings of the island of Cyprus. His records tell us of the method in which he undertook to organize his conquests, building fortresses, halting places, or royal cities, which were garrisoned with Egyptian troops, — mercenaries for the most part, bowmen from the East, or Sardinians from the West. It was the business of the governors of these stations to collect tribute and maintain royal authority, and they were in continual intercourse with the home government by means of couriers. The kings of the different subject states were required, in most cases, to give their sons as hostages for their loyalty, while their daughters were added to the harem of the Pharaoh, as a further means of binding them to the Egyptian interest. New kings recognized their appointment as from the Pharaoh, and received from him anointing oil in token thereof. He set up in their cities statues of his gods and of himself, and incense burned before his statue was the worship required to indicate loyalty; reminding us somewhat of later Roman use in the time of the Empire. The object of this system of government was to exploit these provinces for the benefit of Egypt; but the maintenance of peace and order by the strong hand of a great power had the effect, in spite of the revolts caused by the tyranny with which Egyptian rule was often enforced, of

promoting commerce, encouraging art, opening communications with new regions, and, in general, fostering the growth and spread of civilization. It is, in fact, as already pointed out, at precisely this time, the fifteenth century B.C., that the ancient Asiatic civilization reached its zenith. That Thutmosis protected his vassals from one another and from outside invasions to their own great advantage is curiously shown in a letter of the elders of Tunip, a city in northern Syria, to Amenhotep IV., about the close of the same century. The city had been captured and plundered by the Hittites, and the elders appeal to their suzerain for better protection, saying, "In former times who could have plundered Tunip without being plundered by Manakhbiria (Thutmosis III.)?" Thutmosis himself seems to have visited his subject territories in Syria almost every year, partly because of their revolts and quarrels, partly in order to consolidate and extend his power; but, unfortunately, his annals do not give us details of these expeditions. The wall space on the temple at Karnak was not sufficiently large to admit of the description of all his campaigns on the same scale as the first one, and the scribes were more interested in the booty taken than in the narratives of the expeditions. Consequently, the records of the other thirteen campaigns consist largely of the lists of booty; although on one occasion the scribe who composed the inscription, finding the list of articles too long to be entered on the space at his disposal, says: "They are placed on a roll in the palace of the king. The enumeration of them is not given in this list, lest there should be too many words." Enough was inscribed, however, to show us the general extent of Thutmosis' conquests, and the manner of organization of his kingdom. We find that he crossed the Euphrates at Carchemish and invaded the territory of Mitanni. Here he found a monument of his grandfather, Thutmosis I., and placed his own beside it. He penetrated as far, on this occasion, as the river Balikh. The king of Mitanni sought allies farther eastward to resist this Egyptian invasion; and one of these was, it would seem, the king of Babylon. Thutmosis claims to have defeated this coalition and received tribute from the Babylonians of lapis lazuli and glass made in imitation of lapis lazuli, which latter, as shown by the American "finds" at Nippur, as also by the Egyptian inscriptions, was very highly prized at that time, and was one of the special treasures of Babylonian art.

The inscriptions on the tomb of Amenemheb throw some interesting light on the conditions of the country and of warfare at this period. Near Aleppo the king engaged in an elephant hunt, in which 120 elephants were killed and in which he nearly lost his life. Once when the Egyptian army was drawn up before Qadesh to besiege it, the inhabitants let loose a mare, which threatened to produce disorder among the war stallions of the Egyptians, until Amenemheb rushed out and ripped her up with his sword, cutting off her tail as a trophy. A characteristic episode of Oriental warfare! Like the Babylonians and Assyrians in both later and earlier times, we find Thutmosis utilizing the Lebanon to obtain wood for his buildings; but the deficiency of Egyptian commerce, even at this period of the greatest splendor of the country, is shown by the fact that the beams of cedar had to be transported on ships of Kupni (Gebal) and Kefto (either Crete or the neighboring shores of Asia Minor, Cilicia and the region westward). The fame of Thutmosis' power spread far and wide; and it is in his reign that we meet for the first time the Heta (Hittites), whose ambassadors bring him from Asia Minor a present of silver rings, white gems, and rare woods. His empire proper extended from Ethiopia to Asia Minor and from the Euphrates to Cyprus, the greatest extent of country ever ruled by Egypt. His annals on the walls of the temple at Karnak close with the forty-second year of his reign; and the statement that he had "commanded that the victories which he had won from the twenty-third (the first year of his sole power) to the forty-second year of his reign should be recorded on this tablet in this sanctuary." We have no annals for the remaining twelve years of his rule.

The next three kings, Amenhotep II., Thutmosis IV. (the son of a concubine, made Pharaoh by marriage with his half-sister, the divine heir), and Amenhotep III., retained this great empire practically intact. There were, of course, rebellions of the subject states in Syria, and we hear of numerous campaigns in which the Egyptians always seem to be successful. But while the empire remained practically intact through these reigns, nevertheless in the reign of Amenhotep III. we begin to note the signs of approaching dissolution. Like the Assyrian kings of later days, this monarch was a mighty lion-hunter, and claims in his inscriptions to have slain 120 lions in the first ten years of his reign. He was romantically attached to his fair

foreign wife, Teye, a woman of humble or at least not of royal origin, but whom he delighted to honor in his inscriptions and on his monuments. His reign was a time of peace, and he built costly temples at Luxor, Elephantine, and elsewhere. But it was during this very period of careless and confident prosperity that the downfall of the Egyptian power began.

A most remarkable discovery of tablets written in the Babylonian cuneiform script, made in 1888, at a ruin mound called Amarna, on the east bank of the Nile, midway between Thebes and Memphis, has revealed to us in singular detail the conditions of Egypt's foreign dominions in the latter part of the fifteenth and the commencement of the fourteenth century. There are in all about three hundred documents in this collection, written on clay tablets addressed to Amenhotep III. and his son Amenhotep IV., with some other documents, and a few copies of letters from the Egyptian Pharaohs themselves. A dozen of these letters contain a correspondence between the Babylonian and Egyptian courts, including a letter from the king's daughter to the king. There is also a passport addressed to the princes of Canaan, to give safe passage to messengers sent by one of the Asiatic kings to the Pharaoh, and a list of objects sent by the Pharaoh to the king of Babylon. There are also fragments of two Babylonian myths not known to us from other sources, "Nergal and Ereskkigal" and "Adapa and the South Wind," which appear to have been used by the Egyptian scribes as lessons or copy-books for the study of the cuneiform writing. There is one letter from the Assyrian to the Egyptian court; nine letters which passed between the courts of Mitanni and Egypt; a list of presents from Dushratta, king of Mitanni; and a list of the dower gifts of Dushratta's daughter. There are nine letters from the king and prime minister of Alashia in Cyprus to the Egyptian court, three letters from unknown countries, perhaps from northern Syria, two letters of women, whose names are unknown, to their lords. The remaining documents are correspondence between Phœnician and Canaanite princes and governors and the Egyptian court. Among these are included letters from the king of Jerusalem, from the kings of Lachish, Akka, Tyre, Ascalon, Sidon, Gebal, and many other cities well known in later times. With a very few exceptions these letters are written in the Babylonian language, but with Canaanite glosses and occasional Canaanite words and idioms, which show us that the language spoken in

Syria and Palestine in those days was substantially identical with the Hebrew of later times, or rather an earlier idiom of the same. These letters, especially those written in the time of Amenhotep IV., show us the Egyptian power on the decline. Aramæan hordes, the Suti and Khabiri, are pressing up from Arabia and overrunning or threatening the Egyptian possessions in Palestine and southern Syria. On the north the Hittites are pressing down out of the mountains of Asia Minor.

Amenhotep IV. is one of the most interesting characters of Egyptian history on account of his attempted religious reform. The supremacy of Thebes in the Middle and New Kingdoms had made the god of that place, Amen-Ra, whose sacred animal was the ram, the official god of the Pharaohs, and so the highest god in the whole kingdom; very much as in Babylonia the supremacy of Babylon had made Bel Marduk the great god of Babylon. From about 1600 B.C. onward we find, therefore, Amen-Ra of Thebes at the head of the Egyptian pantheon: an enormous, confused, and uncertain conglomeration of innumerable heterogeneous demons, fetishes, nature deities, souls of the dead, etc. We may regard the Egyptian religion as having reached a fairly definite form at this time. It was, as stated, conglomerate, the result of growth and amalgamation, as was also the religious literature. That literature, as we know it from the manuscripts found in the tombs and from the religious texts of the temples, was not of very great size. A catalogue of the library of the large temple at Edfu enumerates only thirty-six books, most of which are ritualistic. The earliest texts are largely of a magical character, and written, as already pointed out, in a form which had become, partly at least, unintelligible long before this period. After 2000 B.C. another large collection came into use, the best-known of all Egyptian religious literary productions, the book of "Going out in Daytime," commonly called "The Book of the Dead." It contains mostly magical formulæ for the protection and guidance of the dead in the lower world. This book as we have it is a growth. It began in the Middle Kingdom, but certainly did not find its completion before the time of the New Kingdom. The 125th chapter of this book or collection contains the negative confession, as it is called, which the soul of the dead was supposed to recite before Osiris, stating that he had not committed certain enumerated sins. Chiefly those sins are moral, — murder,

adultery, theft, slander, and the like, with application in many details ; in smaller part they are ritual, — that he has not caught fish in the pools of the gods, he has not stopped a god in his comings forth, etc. In the time of the New Kingdom this confession was considered the most essential of all the texts deposited in the tomb with the mummy. It was written by the god Thoth, and was a revelation of divine law. Thousands of copies of "The Book of the Dead," some of them 100 feet in length, with very elaborate pictures, others merely brief extracts giving the confession and perhaps one or two of the other chapters, have been found in tombs from this period onward. No two of these texts altogether agree, and all are corrupt, revealing a curious condition of the scribal craft. Since these texts were required for burial purposes by all devout believers, therefore there sprang up a profitable trade in them. They were reproduced by hack scribes and calligraphists, who either could not or did not read the text intelligently, and sold by the priests to mourning relatives having no more intelligent comprehension of or care for the sense than the copyists—ornate and extensive for the rich, plainer copies and smaller texts for poorer folk. We have further in this class of literature from this period "The Book of that which is in the Other World," and "The Book of passing through Eternity," showing us a religion which concerned itself chiefly with the world that was to come.

To the same period, but to a higher class of religious literature, belongs a fine collection of hymns to Amen-Ra, in an admirably preserved papyrus, headed thus : —

"Praise of Amen-Ra!
The bull of Heliopolis, the chief of all gods,
The beautiful and beloved god,
Who giveth life to all warm-blooded things,
To all manner of goodly cattle!"

The religion of Amen-Ra was firmly established, and the power of the priesthood, on whose good will depended the all-important life after death, was enormous. It was under these conditions that Amenhotep IV. undertook a religious reform of the most radical and far-reaching description. He was the son, apparently, of an Asiatic woman ; and through the relations of Egypt with that country in the preceding generations, and his own birth and training, had been brought into close contact with the religions of Syria and Mesopotamia. Contact with

these religions seems in some way to have inspired him with new religious ideas. At all events he cast aside the religion of his own country, with all its complicated pantheon of deities of heaven, earth, and underworld, and introduced a species of monotheism, devoting himself to the worship of one god, the Aten, or visible sun. The power of the priesthood of Amen was, as already stated, very great. All knowledge and apparently most of the offices were in their hands. Naturally they resisted his reforms; and Amenhotep, or, as he now preferred to call himself, Akhenaten (splendor or spirit of the sun disk), undertook to enforce his reforms by force, among other things defacing the monuments of his predecessors. Further, he abandoned Thebes and erected for himself a new capital, which he called "Horizon of the sun disk," at Amarna, the ruin mounds where have been found the remarkable series of letters to which reference has already been made. Here he built palaces and temples to the sun god, which, after his death, were to a large extent defaced and destroyed by his successors. There has come down to us, however, one hymn to the Aten, which is considered to be the most exalted piece of religious literature yet found in the Egyptian monuments.

Amenhotep's religious reformation was accompanied, also, by a revolt against the traditional conventionalism in art, for which was substituted a bold and ugly realism. But his reforms were short-lived. Shortly after his death all went back to its former condition. There was a period of struggle and confusion; but the conservative priestly party was successful, his successors were compelled to return to the old traditions, his inscriptions were obliterated, his temples to the sun disk and the monuments of his heresies razed to the foundations, and in the reaction the former worship of Amen and the power of his priests became more firmly established than before.

From the Amarna letters of the latter part of the reign of Amenhotep IV., we learn that in his time Hittite invaders from the north and Aramæan invaders from the east were gaining ground in Syria and Palestine, and that Egyptian dominion in those regions was seriously undermined. In the period of confusion following his death, when the priesthood of Amen was concerned with the reëstablishment of the ancient religion and the obliteration of all signs of the reforms of Amenhotep, interference in the politics of Western Asia was an impossibility. Syria fell completely into the hands of the Hittites, now united

in one confederation, the region east of the Jordan was seized by the Khabiri, and the nations of Moab and Ammon came into being there, while west of the Jordan some similar tribes gained a foothold.

Sety I., the second king of the new dynasty which finally arose out of the struggles following the death of Amenhotep IV., describes in graphic terms the conditions of confusion existing in Palestine in his time. He undertook an expedition to restore order there and drive out the Bedawin. His account of this expedition is peculiarly interesting, because in it we find for the first time mention of a Canaanite tribe, "A-sa-ru" (Asher), which was later adopted into the Hebrew confederation, its inferior or later origin being indicated by the fact that it is called in Hebrew tradition, not a son of Jacob and one of his wives, but a son of Jacob by his concubine Zilpah. Sety's inscriptions show that he attempted to carry the Egyptian arms farther northward than Palestine, and in doing so came into conflict with the Hittite confederation; but it is Ramses II., his successor, whose conflicts with the Hittites are especially famous. His records describe the hostilities which began in the third year of his reign, when he gathered together a great army, containing mercenaries from various parts of the Mediterranean coast, including the Shardana—that is, apparently, the Sardinians. The king of the Hittites, on his part, summoned all his allies to his aid, of whom we have a long list, including, from Asia Minor, Lycians, Dardanians, Ionians, and Mysians.

Ramses has left us a standard inscription, engraved on a number of buildings, recounting the events of this campaign; and there has also come down to us, in the Sallier papyrus III., a poem celebrating his exploits in the battle, the nearest approach to an epic which Egyptian literature furnishes. He claims, of course, the victory, but it is evident from his further inscriptions that if it were a victory it was at least a fruitless one. It is difficult from his inscriptions to determine the events of the sixteen years of war which followed. Ramses ascribes to himself all the glory of his great predecessor, Thutmosis III., and enumerates in his lists of conquered cities all the places mentioned in the lists of Thutmosis. This is clearly mere boasting. All we know with certainty is that in his twenty-first year a treaty was concluded between him and Khatesera, king of the Hittites, which was engraved on two silver tablets, one to be preserved by the Hittites, the other by the Egyptians.

Neither of these tablets has been discovered; but on the walls of the temple of Karnak we have a free copy of the Egyptian text of the treaty, from which it appears that Ramses renounced his claim to Syria, and Khatesera agreed not to invade Palestine, so that neither one had made any advance. Later Ramses married the daughter of Khatesera, and made her queen of Egypt, thus establishing close relations between the Hittite and Egyptian powers.

Ramses surpassed all the Pharaohs in the number of his buildings and his monuments. He enlarged the temple of Luxor east of Thebes, he erected the Ramesseum, and he completed the hypostyle hall at Karnak, a temple originally of the twelfth dynasty, but built over and enlarged by many succeeding Pharaohs. Perhaps the most remarkable of his constructions, however, are the temples which he hewed out of the solid rock in Nubia, by the side of which, also cut in the solid rock, are colossal figures of himself, the most famous being the huge rock temple at Abu-simbel. But while Ramses bears the reputation of being the greatest builder among the Pharaohs, the amazing number of monuments bearing his name are by no means all of his erection. He carried out on a much larger scale the appropriation of the monuments of former Pharaohs which had begun before his time. It was his practice to erase the names of former builders, and, by placing his own in their stead, to usurp, as it were, their work. Even the statues bearing his cartouche are many of them under suspicion of being in fact statues of former times, especially of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties; and some of the temples bearing his pompous and boastful inscriptions on their walls are in fact mere palimpsests, on which, beneath his work, we find traces of the period of the Middle Kingdom.

In Ramses' time Egypt extended southward beyond the modern Khartum, and northward to the Lebanon in Asia. In the matter of internal improvements, his attention was particularly directed toward Goshen or the land of Ramses, a region eastward of the Delta, outside of the Wall of the Princes, which was largely desert before his time, because not irrigated by the waters of the Nile. This land he rendered fruitful by a canal, colonized it with Asiatics, built in it several cities, including a royal residence, Ramses, and a store city, Pithom (Pi-Tum), and added it to Egypt proper. The tradition of his activity here has been preserved to us in the Hebrew records, which

Excavations at the Base of the Tower of Babel

recount the oppression in Egypt of the ancestors of Israel, who were put to forced labor to build the treasure cities of Pithom and Ramses (Exodus i.). Excavations in recent years have revealed the site of the former of these cities, but no mention of the Israelites. Ramses was followed by his son, Merenptah or Merneptah, toward the middle of the thirteenth century B.C., now commonly supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is in his reign that we find on Egyptian monuments the only reference to Israel yet found. This occurs on a stele discovered by Petrie at Thebes in 1896, which reads in part as follows: —

"No one among the Nine Bows [the foreign nations] raises his head. Tekhony [the Libyans] are destroyed; Khate [the Hittites] are at peace; Pa-kan-ana [Canaan] is captive in every evil(?). Ashkelon is carried into captivity; Gezer is taken; Yenoam is annihilated; Israel is destroyed, its crops are no more; Kharu [Southern Palestine] has become like the widows of Egypt. All the lands are in peace together. Every robber has been conquered by King Merenptah, who like the sun gives life each day."

In this inscription Israel is mentioned along with peoples and nations of Palestine, as though already settled in that country. The exact inference to be drawn from this is not yet clear. In the reign of the same king, in the Papyrus Anastasi, we meet, apparently, the first mention of Edom in the Egyptian monuments. This inscription says that the Bedawi tribes of 'Aduma (Edom) are permitted "to pass the fortress of King Merenptah in Thuku (Succoth) to the pools . . . of King Merenptah, which are in Thuku, that they may obtain food for themselves and for their cattle in the field of the Pharaoh, who is the gracious sun in every land." If the *'Aduma* of this papyrus are indeed the Edomites, then we find these people in the same position in which the Israelites are represented in their own traditions to have been in the times of Jacob and Joseph, passing into the land of Goshen in times of famine to seek food for themselves and their cattle.

It must be said that while archæological research in Egypt has thrown much incidental light on the history of Palestine in earlier times, it has not altogether elucidated the Biblical narrative of the history of Israel as it has come down to us in the Book of Exodus.

The period of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties is one of the best-known periods of the world's history.

The innumerable inscriptions and representations found on temples and tombs, and the countless objects of daily use found in graves and in the ruins of towns, enable us to restore the domestic life of those times with a detail which is impossible for almost any other time and country of the ancient or even medieval world. It was a period of great and hitherto unattained magnificence. Conquest and the extension of commerce had given to the monarchs resources of treasures and slave-labor beyond those possessed at any time before or afterwards. At the commencement of this period we find the governmental conditions, and in fact the general conditions, of civilization similar to those at the close of the twelfth dynasty. A change soon takes place, however. The feudal organization which had its beginning in the latter part of the Old Kingdom and reached its full development in the Middle Kingdom, under which the nomarchs possessed courts of their own, and in some cases were mighty dukes or lords, ruling over not one nome only but many, gives way to an absolute monarchy. The wealth which the kings derived from their commerce, and the military power which these conquests developed, enabled them to break down this feudal aristocracy and absorb the power in their own hands. A new nobility was formed from the officers and favorites of the kings. Right to all land was claimed by the throne, and a royal tax levied on all land, conditions which are reflected in the Hebrew story of Joseph. The same centralization was effected in the department of justice, which was administered by mixed courts of officials and priests. With the growth of the royal prerogative the power of the priesthood grew at equal pace. It was the priesthood of Amen which had been instrumental in raising to power the kings of the eighteenth dynasty, and the prestige and the power which that priesthood attained in consequence were naturally great. This prestige and power were increased as time went on by ever new grants to the priests and the temples. The bulk of the people of Egypt were at all times serfs, sometimes of the king, sometimes of the nomarchs, sometimes of the temples. With the breaking down of the power of the nomarchs a good portion of their wealth in land and serfs went to the temples, which, with the centralization of religion about the temples of Amen at Thebes, meant practically to the priests of that god.

We have already noted briefly the development of a pantheon, which was made to center about Amen of Thebes.

Originally a local divinity, this god plays no part in the inscriptions of the Old Kingdom. We find on the pyramids the story of Osiris, and frequent allusions to that cycle of myths which centered about the sun-god, Ra, and his daily contest with the dragon of darkness; but Amen has no place in the mythology of the earlier religion. It is with the promotion of Thebes to a position of power in the Middle Kingdom that the god of that city first begins to assume prominence. Finally, with the New Kingdom, Amen-Ra, identified with the sun-god, becomes the head and chief of all the gods of Egypt, who constitute his court; and the priests develop that form of pantheism which consisted in regarding each god as merely a personification or representation in some special phase of this one great divinity.

The details of Egyptian religion we do not know, for this period or for any other; but excavations of temples and the inscriptions and paintings on the tombs have revealed a few facts. The actual dwelling-place of the god in the temple was, as we know, a dark inner room, precisely as among the Babylonians, the Hebrews, and presumably the Syrians, Canaanites, and Phœnicians. The temple at Karnak, for instance, contained splendid courts, colonnades, and the like, and its great walls afforded opportunities for numerous princes to record their expeditions and their conquests, combined with their praise of the gods; but the dwelling-place of the god himself was in none of these magnificent halls adorned with scenes of battle or of commerce, but in a dark inner room, to which only his especially sanctified representatives had access, precisely as in the temples of Babylon, Jerusalem, and presumably also Syria, Phœnicia, and Canaan. In this inner room the god dwelt in a shrine or naos, made sometimes of stone, but usually of wood. Some of these tabernacles were boxes provided with staves, like the ark of the Israelites; more often the tabernacles seem to have rested in boats. At the great festivities they were carried in procession by priests of a certain order, to whom that function was allotted. It would seem, from the boat form of so many of the tabernacles, that at some period the gods were carried in actual boats up and down the river of the land; but in any period of which we have knowledge, the boat is a mere survival of the vehicle in which the box or tabernacle containing the god was once transported. We have no representation of these tabernacles open, to show us their precise contents,

which were presumably the special symbols of the god to which the tabernacle belonged. All this reminds us of the boxes in which on Assyrian bas-reliefs the gods are represented as carried about the land, a practice which we know from Babylonian inscriptions to have prevailed in Babylon also; but in the Assyrian bas-reliefs the boxes are represented as open, showing the figures of the gods. We are reminded also, as already suggested, of the Hebrew use; for among them the dwelling-place of Yahaweh was in the dark inner room of the temple, in a box or ark. This was kept closed, according to the Hebrew accounts; but its contents were not figures of deities, but stone tables containing prohibitions which remind us singularly of portions of the confession of the soul in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

It is of the cult of the dead, the belief in the life after death, the preservation of the body, and the offerings of all descriptions to and for the souls of the dead that we have learned most from the countless pyramids, *mastabas*, rock-cut tombs, monuments, and the like, which have been discovered and examined, and which make upon the mind the impression of a nation absorbed in the contemplation of and preparation for a life in death. It must not be supposed, however, that the Egyptians were mournful, or ascetic, or careless of the joys and pleasures of this life. They were, on the contrary, rather light and frivolous in character. They devoted much toil and wealth to the provision of costly abodes for their habitation after death, and left trust funds to provide proper sacrifices and the like. Their object was to enjoy life hereafter as they enjoyed it here, and it was because they enjoyed it here that they wished it to continue. So the walls of their tombs often contain drinking and playing scenes. Nor is humor lacking in the pictures on the tombs, or even in the inscriptions. It is to us an odd combination of the grave with jesting, gaming, and merrymaking; but it fairly expresses the temper and manner of the people, — excessively religious, or "superstitious," as the Greeks said, having as the central thought of their religious ceremonies the continuance of this life after death, but withal, light livers, devoted to gayety and fun.

Constant contact with foreign countries during this period by conquest and by commerce, naturally introduced foreign names, foreign customs, foreign products, and even foreign gods, into Egypt. We have already seen that the eighteenth

and nineteenth dynasties, and especially the latter, were periods of great activity in building. The architecture and art of this period are inferior to those of the Middle or the Old Kingdom. Quantity was more regarded than quality. The period is sometimes described as one of an abundant, cheap, and showy reproduction of the work of former times and the goods of other lands. We find all sorts of cheap imitations in use among the people. It must not be understood, however, that this necessarily implies a decadence in civilization. The history of Egyptian civilization, so far as art and literature are concerned, is strikingly similar to that of Europe. There the cathedral-building period surpassed all succeeding times in its architectural achievements. It, was, however, an age of semi-barbarism from the standpoint of our modern civilization. So also the period of the greatest achievements in art, the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael, was not the period of highest culture. In the history of English literature no age has surpassed the Elizabethan period, but that was not an age to be compared for culture or civilization with our own. We measure civilization by the increase of the culture of the people at large — their higher knowledge, their loftier moral attitude, their improved material conditions, the softening of the roughnesses, the alleviation of the hardships, the improvement of the amenities of life. Measured by such a scale, we of to-day are far in advance of the cathedral builders, of the sculptors and painters of the sixteenth century, of the classical writers of the time of Elizabeth. In Egypt the period of the cathedral builders, so to speak, was the time of the fourth dynasty, the period of the great pyramids; the fifth dynasty was the age of art; the highest literary excellence was attained in the time of the Old Kingdom, and especially of the twelfth dynasty. That was the Augustan or Elizabethan period of Egyptian civilization. Although inferior to these earlier times in building, in art, and in literature, the civilization of Thutmosis and Ramses was nevertheless an advance upon the civilization of those preceding periods, precisely as the civilization of the Victorian era is an advance upon the civilization of the Elizabethan or any preceding time in England. It may be added, also, that the civilization of the New Kingdom had relatively many of the characteristics of our own latter-day civilization. As in buildings, so in literature, the New Kingdom was a period of great productivity, but a considerable part of that productivity was

the utilization or the reproduction of the materials of a preceding age.

In religious literature we have already noticed the development of the "Book of the Dead," and mention has been made of the religious poetry of this time, the hymns to Amen-Ra and the striking "Hymn to the Aten." There is also a considerable body of poetry of another description, and especially love songs, in which the Egyptians appear to have excelled. One collection of these love songs is contained in a papyrus preserved in the British Museum. That the songs in this papyrus were drawn from many sources, and many of them of earlier date, is shown by the method of editing. They are gathered in little groups, generally entitled "Songs of entertainment." The lover and his mistress call one another "brother" and "sister," which might be supposed to be connected with the Egyptian custom of marriage of brothers and sisters, were it not for the fact that we find it so common in other Oriental poetry, as witness the Hebrew love songs contained in the book known as "The Song of Songs" or "Solomon's Song." One pretty little poem from this collection reads as follows: —

"I will go lie down in my house;
For, lo, I am sick with her wrongs.
To see me my gossips flock in;
Among them my sister-love comes.
She will laugh the doctors to scorn,
For she understands my disease."

The Egyptians were evidently fond of songs, and some of the tomb pictures of this period represent the laborers singing songs in the wheat fields, on the threshing floors, and the like, just as do the Fellahin in Egypt to-day, or, for that matter, the peasants of Palestine. The rock-cut tomb of the nomarch Paheri, of the time of the eighteenth dynasty, maternal grandson of that Admiral Aahmes the inscriptions on whose tomb gave us an account of the expulsion of the Hyksos and the invasion of Palestine and Syria, — first discovered at el-Kab, the ancient city of Nekheb, capital of the third nome, at the time of the French occupation, September 20, 1799, — is the most valuable single monument which has come down to us representing the daily life of the people of that time. One scene painted on the west wall of the main chamber of the tomb represents Paheri's public life as nomarch, superintending agricultural operations

and the like, from the proceeds of which he receives the tribute for the king. The meaning of these scenes in general is thus described in the accompanying inscription : "Seeing the seasons of summer, the seasons of winter, and all the occupations performed in the fields, by the prince of Nekheb, the prince of Anyt, who acts and inspects in the corn lands of the south district, the scribe of the accounts of corn, Paheri justified." In one place the reapers are cutting the corn. In answering chant they say : —

"Good day, to the field come out.
North wind has come out.
The sky is after our heart.
Work, be strong of heart."

On the threshing floor a man with a whip drives five unmuzzled oxen, singing as he drives them somewhat thus : —

"Thresh away, thresh away, oxen;
Thresh away, thresh away.
Hay for you, hay to chew;
Corn for your master.
It is cool, it is cool;
Move your feet faster."

Naturally such representations as that on the tomb of Paheri are idealistic, showing us the happier side of the every-day life of the people ; but it is clear from the character of the remains that this was for Egypt at large a period of prosperity.

The literature of romance, which we have described as so characteristic of the Middle Kingdom, continues with little diminution through the New Kingdom also. The story of "The Doomed Prince" shows us a result of the contact of Egypt with foreign lands, in the interest felt in the life and doings of those countries. The plot of this story is cast chiefly in Syria or Mesopotamia. Unfortunately, what finally happens to the doomed prince we do not know, because the papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty in which this romance is contained, and which is preserved in the British Museum, is mutilated at the close. But to us the most interesting remnant of all this literature which has yet been discovered is the "Story of the Two Brothers," contained in a papyrus of the nineteenth dynasty. It is in this story that we find the temptation of the virtuous younger brother by the elder brother's wife, which has often

been compared with the temptation of Joseph by Potiphar's wife in the famous Hebrew story of Joseph and his brothers, with the suggestion that this incident in the Hebrew tale was borrowed from or founded on the Egyptian romance. Other parts of the story have a curious resemblance to "Grimm's Fairy Tales," which does but illustrate the essential oneness of this class of literature everywhere.

With Merneptah's reign commences the downfall of the Egyptian power, which seemed for a time to be stayed by the great activity of Ramses II. We have already seen that in the fifteenth century B.C. there existed an extensive civilized world, whose three great centers were Babylonia, Egypt, and the islands and coasts of the Ægæan. Shortly after this time a disturbance commenced similar to that which preceded later the downfall of Roman civilization. Hordes of barbarians began to press downward from the north, disturbing and driving out the peoples of the Balkan, and finally of Greece, the Mediterranean coast lands, the Ægæan Islands, and Asia Minor. From the Egyptian records we have seen how the Hittites pressed downwards from Asia Minor, and finally, in the fourteenth century, drove the Egyptians out of Syria, establishing there a powerful kingdom, whose centers were Qadesh on the Orontes and Carchemish on the Euphrates. In the reign of Merneptah we find so-called pirates from Europe and Asia Minor, including Sardinians, Achæans, and Etruscans, ravaging the coasts of Egypt and Syria, at the same time that the Libyans invaded Egypt from the west. The latter were defeated, we are told, in sight of Memphis. Nevertheless, Egypt fell into confusion and anarchy, which is thus described in the Harris papyrus, dating from the reign of Ramses III., whose father, shortly before 1200 B.C., reintroduced some sort of order and established a new dynasty, the twentieth: —

"The land of Egypt had fallen into confusion; every one did what he pleased. For many years they had no ruler who had authority over them. The land was in the hands of the nobles, and the princes of the provinces were lords of the land; in pride and arrogance(?) they slew each the other. The people lived in exile, the land belonged to aliens. Arisu, a native of Kharu [Palestine], made himself prince; the land paid him tribute. Every one allied himself with his neighbor to plunder. The gods fared no better than men; no offerings were brought into their temples."

Ramses claims to have cleared the western delta of Libyans, and to have gained a great victory over the pirates in Palestine. Driven out of their homes by the onward pressure of Dorians, Phrygians, Moschi, and other invaders from the north, the peoples of the Ægæan lands and Asia Minor came pouring into Syria, both by sea and by land, an intensification of a movement which had begun as early as the time of Sety I. They overwhelmed and broke in pieces the great Hittite empire of northern Syria, and some of them pushed southward into Palestine. Ramses, according to his own accounts, gathered a great fleet and army, met and defeated the invaders in a combined sea and land battle on the Phœnician coast, and captured all the cities over which Thutmosis III. had ruled in northern Syria, Cyprus, and Mitanni. The latter part of his claim is quite clearly false. He has unblushingly appropriated Thutmosis' lists of conquered cities. For the rest, the Pulasti, or Philistines, from Crete or the southern shores of Asia Minor or both, who constituted a part of the invading hosts, with other tribes ultimately united with them to constitute the historical five cities of the Philistines, seem to have acquired possession of the Palestinian coast land at this time. Ramses' victory, which he so boastfully inscribed on the walls of the Memnonium of Medinet Habu in western Thebes, must have been at best, therefore, a barren one. He seems to have been able to retain little of the Asiatic dominions of his ancestors, and such shadowy authority as he still possessed was lost by his immediate successors.

After Ramses, Egypt falls into a state of decay; the royal power decreases, while the priests of Amen of Thebes continually increase in wealth and influence, until at last, about 1100 B.C., the twentieth dynasty comes to an end with the deposition of Ramses XII. by the high priest Herihor. A papyrus from the end of the reign of this priest-king, preserved in St. Petersburg, is of some interest as showing, on the one side, that the Egyptians still maintained an impotent and almost farcical claim to sovereignty over Palestine; and on the other hand, that the Philistines had been in actual possession of the coasts of that land for a century or so. Wood was needed for the ship of Amen, and Unu-Amen was dispatched to Tanis with a letter to that effect, in "the seventh year, the eleventh month, and the sixteenth day." Thence he sails in the twelfth month to Dor, near Mt. Carmel, to obtain wood of the Lebanon as the

right of Amen. The king of that place asserts his independence of Egypt, and shows by his archives that the Egyptians obtained wood from his father and grandfather only on payment of a price; remarking, "If the king of Egypt were really my lord and I his servant, then he would not have sent me silver and gold." To which Unu-Amen replies that the Egyptian kings had sent his forefathers money, not as payment for the wood which they were bound to deliver, but only out of pity for their poverty; a point of view which reminds one of the present-day Chinese explanation of their payments of indemnities to foreign nations. After many vicissitudes, covering some years and including a shipwreck on the island of Cyprus, Unu-Amen finally reaches his own country once more, bringing, apparently, the wood of Lebanon. This narrative belongs to a class of literature popular in Egypt, — travel stories, similar to the voyages of Sir John Maundeville, and the like, which delighted Europe at a later date, and must not be taken altogether literally. It has value, however, as evidence of the conditions of the time, and the relations of Egypt to the outside world. Egypt has evidently lost both its dominion and its prestige in Palestine and Cyprus, but still continues to maintain a paper claim to its former possessions. There had sprung up in those lands numerous small, independent, hostile or semi-hostile states. Incidentally we learn that the foundations of the commercial empire of the Phœnicians had already been laid at this time.

In this story of Unu-Amen we find Smendes (Nesbindedi) of Tanis (Zoan or Sa'ne) occupying almost the position of an independent king. A little later he overthrew the priestly rulers of Thebes and made himself master of Egypt, founding the twenty-first dynasty. From this time on, for many centuries, Egypt played a very small part in the world's history. Those are dark ages also in our knowledge of the internal history of the country; few inscriptions have been discovered, and no literature has been preserved for the period intervening between the twentieth dynasty and the age of the Ptolemies. It was a weak and distracted country over which Smendes ruled. Ethiopia had become an independent and rival kingdom, and Egypt itself showed a tendency to dissolve into a number of small states. The weakness of the central power is shown, among other things, by its inability to protect the precious tombs of the dead. This difficulty commences, it is

true, at an earlier time; and we have frequent notices of the robberies of the necropoleis, and processes against the robbers. The evil now grew to such dimensions that the Pharaohs of the twenty-first dynasty removed all that remained of the mummies of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, and hid them in a hill near Deir el-Bahri; fortunately for our knowledge of the history of those periods, for it is to their prudence that we owe the preservation of the mummies of the famous Thutmosis III., of Ramses II. and III., and others, which were found at that place in 1881.

There are but few Pharaohs of later times whose names and deeds are worthy of special notice. One of these, the Shishak of the Bible, a contemporary of Solomon, whom we now know as Sosenk I. of Egypt, a Libyan by descent, made an attempt to reassert the old Egyptian claims to Palestine, taking advantage of the division of the kingdom under Solomon's successor, Rehoboam. This Shishak or Sosenk was a Libyan, and the founder of a new dynasty, the twenty-second. As in the period of the decline of the Roman empire we find foreign legionaries raising to the imperial throne soldiers of their own number, so at this period the Libyan mercenaries raised Sosenk to the throne of Egypt. He undertook a campaign in Asia, of which we have a brief notice in the Bible (1 Kings xiv. 25), and of which he himself has left us a vainglorious record, inscribed on the south wall of the great temple of Karnak, near the inscription recording the Asiatic victories of Ramses II. One hundred and thirty-three captives, with ropes about their necks, bear shields with the names of the same number of conquered places. Some of these are well-known towns, — Gaza, Ajalon, Bethhoron, Shunem, Megiddo, and perhaps Jerusalem; but numbers of them must have been utterly insignificant places, mere villages. It was apparently nothing more than a successful foray, extending as far north as the plain of Jezreel. The inscription is of value especially for the light it throws on Hebrew history.

In the time of the so-called twenty-third dynasty, Egypt was really divided up into some twenty petty states under rulers of Libyan descent. Now begins a long period of struggle with the Ethiopians. An Ethiopian king, Piankhy, succeeded in conquering all Egypt except the Delta, which, while nominally making submission, remained actually in the hands of the prince of Saïs. Piankhy's account of his wars and conquest forms one of the longest inscriptions known to us, covering

both faces and the sides of a large stele of black basalt, found in the temple of Amen at Gebel Barkal, beyond Dongola in Nubia, one of the capitals of this Ethiopian dynasty. Ultimately Bocchoris (of the Saïtic or twenty-fourth dynasty) succeeded in driving back the Ethiopians for a time. He has the reputation of having been a great lawgiver; and the legal documents which we begin to meet in demotic papyri, in the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty, are all based upon codes of laws given or collected by him. Finally he was overthrown by the Ethiopian king Sabako, toward the close of the eighth century, and for a time all Egypt was subject to the Ethiopian conquerors, who even undertook to extend their power beyond the confines of Egypt, and to interfere in the politics of Asia, encouraging the states of Palestine to throw off the Assyrian yoke. Contemporary Hebrew writings contain references to this interference of the Ethiopians during the reigns of Sargon and Sennacherib of Assyria; and from the Assyrian annals we learn that in the reign of Esarhaddon, in 671 or 670, Tirhakah or Taharko similarly instigated the Phœnician Ba'al, king of Tyre, to revolt against the Assyrians. Esarhaddon, after having conquered Tyre, invaded Egypt, defeated Tirhakah, captured Memphis, drove out the Ethiopians, and parceled Egypt out among twenty princelets paying tribute to Assyria; one of whom was Necho, prince of Saïs, a descendant of the kings of the twenty-fourth or Saïtic dynasty. The weakness of Assyria in the latter days of the reign of Esarhaddon's son and successor, Ashurbanipal, enabled Necho's son Psametik (the Psammetichus of the Greeks) to throw off the Assyrian yoke, and with the help of Greek and Carian mercenaries subdue the rival Egyptian princes, uniting Egypt once more in one kingdom. The period of this twenty-sixth Egyptian dynasty is a period remarkable for a revival of art and architecture. This revival, like the contemporary revival of art in Babylonia under Nebuchadrezzar, was singularly archaistic, copying the models of the twelfth dynasty. Greek influences also made themselves strongly felt in Egypt at this period. Excavations at Naukratis in the Delta have shown that a Greek mercantile colony was established at that place, probably as early as the middle of the eighth century B.C. Under the kings of the twenty-sixth dynasty the Greek colonists were especially favored, and Naukratis became a port and settlement of great importance, as shown by the excavations conducted there.

The overthrow of the Assyrian power in the latter part of the seventh century led the kings of this dynasty to attempt to regain the ancient possessions of Egypt in Asia; and in 608 Necho II. (Pharaoh-Nechoh of the Bible, 2 Kings xxiii. 29) advanced to the Euphrates, defeating on the way Josiah, king of Judah, and capturing Jerusalem. Four years the brief Egyptian dominion over Palestine lasted. Then the Egyptians were defeated at Carchemish by Nebuchadrezzar, and driven back into Egypt. A little later we find another king of this dynasty, U-ah-el-re, or Apries, aiding the Tyrians and the Jews in their revolt against Nebuchadrezzar. This period of the twenty-sixth dynasty was on the whole one of prosperity, a partial revival of the ancient glory of Egypt. The establishment of the Persian empire brought a change. In 525 Cambyses conquered Egypt, and made of it a Persian province. Our records of the succeeding period are derived, for the most part, not from Egyptian monuments and inscriptions as heretofore, but from the Greek historians; and with the Persian conquest, therefore, our archæological history may fairly come to a close. Some additional light has, however, been thrown on the pages of history by recent excavations and discoveries. A curious story of an Egyptian priest, Uza-hor, has modified the former accepted view of the religious policy of Cambyses, the Persian conqueror. Uza-hor had been admiral of the fleet under Amasis and Psametik III., but when Cambyses conquered Egypt he was made chief physician. His father had been chief priest of the goddess Nit of Saïs, mother of the sun god, and Uza-hor was an ardent devotee of that divinity. Taking advantage of his relation to Cambyses, he obtained from the latter an order to restore the worship of Nit, and Cambyses himself did her reverence. This is quite in accord with the eclectic religious attitude which the Babylonian inscriptions ascribe to the Achæmenid Persian kings, in contrast with the strict Zoroastrianism formerly attributed to them. Uza-hor's account of his meritorious deeds, and his claims for special divine favor, therefore, remind one oddly of the Jewish Nehemiah, almost a century later: "O ye gods of Saïs, remember all the good that Uza-hor, the chief physician, has done! O Osiris, do unto him all that is good, even as he has done it who is the guardian of thy shrine for evermore!"

The Persian period was one of struggle and turmoil, according to the Greek historians, the Egyptians repeatedly rising in

revolt only to be reconquered after a longer or shorter interval. Not only was there constant war with the Persians, but internal discord prevailed, in which Greek mercenaries played an important part. Dynasty succeeded dynasty in rapid succession. One would naturally suppose that this must have been a period of deadness in art; but excavations at Saft-el-Henneh, in the Delta, have brought to light a number of monuments of the time of Nectanebos, of the thirtieth dynasty, in the fourth century B.C., which show an artistic skill superior to that attained in the archaistic revival of the sixth century, and a further development on the same line, namely, the reproduction of the ideals of the classical period of the twelfth dynasty. These monuments reveal further a power and wealth on the part of the Egyptian kings of that period which would not have been divined from the accounts of the Greek historians. No literary remains of this period, nor from any part of the long dark ages which succeeded the twentieth dynasty, have been discovered.

These dark ages of Egyptian history were, it will be observed, largely a period of foreign conquest. Libyans, Ethiopians, Assyrians, and Persians conquered and ruled Egypt; but both the Egyptian national sense and the Egyptian power of assimilation assert themselves throughout the whole of this time. Libyan and Ethiopian conquerors become themselves Egyptians; and against a distinctively foreign rule, like that of Assyria or Persia, the Egyptians rise in constant revolt. With the conquest of Alexander, however, a new race and a stronger civilization come to dominate the race and the civilization of the Egyptians, which we have traced from its monuments through a period of three thousand years, and Egypt becomes a part of the great Greek world.

Under the Ptolemies, from the beginning of the third century on, Egypt became again a great and wealthy nation, and entered on a period of prosperity which continued through Roman times. But the Egypt of those days consisted of a relatively small ruling class of foreigners, whose subjects and slaves the Egyptians were. Their civilization and their language were Greek and not Egyptian. Abundant remains of the later periods, both Ptolemaic and Roman, have been discovered; and the papyri and ostraca found in recent years, especially at Oxyrhynchus and in the Fayum, have revealed to us the conditions of every-day domestic and social life, — the banking system, the methods of administering estates, court

processes, and the like, — with a minuteness which leaves little to be desired, supplementing the written histories of that period in a manner equally welcome and unexpected. Those histories deal only with political and dynastic events. It is the archæological discoveries which reveal the true life, the history, of the people of the time.

The ostraca show in a most amusing and surprising manner the scarcity and costliness of writing material in those days. We were already familiar from later periods with palimpsests, — books written on papyrus or parchment which had already been used for the purpose of writing other books, the first writing being erased. For less lengthy writings, it seems that even well-to-do persons used any old piece of pottery or stone, anything which could be written on. These are the so-called ostraca, on which have been preserved letters, business and court records, tax lists, etc.

Recent discoveries in Egypt have also restored to us some lost writings both classical and Christian; and indeed, the discoveries of recent times on Egyptian soil for the Ptolemaic, Roman, and early Christian periods are almost as interesting historically as the discoveries from the earliest prehistoric times. It is these two periods, the latest and the earliest, on which in the last few years the greatest light has been shed by the discoveries on Egyptian soil. But to enter into a discussion of the discoveries of these later periods, or of the latest Arabic period, in the writing of which also archæology must be taken into account, does not come within the scope of our theme. Our object is to narrate the history of Western Asia, including Egypt, as learned through the archæological discoveries of the last century; and we have drawn as the limit of date for our treatment the time when written histories commence, — that is, about the time of the Persian conquest.

But before we leave Egypt behind us, it should be said that the Greek conquest did not altogether destroy the national life and the ancient culture of Egypt. Under the earlier Ptolemies there were frequent revolts on the part of the native Egyptians; and for a brief period, 206–186 B.C., native Egyptian kings claimed to sit on the throne of the Pharaohs. As in the old times, so now, Thebes was the center of the national movement, which found support also from the Ethiopians. Under the Ptolemies likewise, after the lapse of well-nigh a thousand years, we find a revival of that native romance literature which

was so conspicuous a feature of the culture of the New Kingdom (dynasty XVIII.–XX.). But the story-papyri of this period are no longer written in the ancient script. The early monumental script was a form of picture writing, the so-called hieroglyphic; and hieroglyphics continued to be used for this purpose into the late Roman period, long after the time of Christ. For literary purposes and the writing on papyrus, a cursive form of script was early developed out of the hieroglyphic, the so-called hieratic. This became more cursive as time went on, and we have the hieratic of the Old, the Middle, and the New Kingdoms. Finally there was developed out of this hieratic, or substituted for it, a sort of shorthand writing, the demotic. Papyri written in this script in the Ptolemaic and Roman periods contain romances which show us how the old literature lived on in the thought and mouths of the people. Two of these romances now published deal with the adventures of Setne-Khamuas. Now Khamuas is an historical personage, known to us from the monuments of the nineteenth dynasty, a son of the famous Ramses II., and high priest of the god Ptah of Memphis. In later folklore he became a great magician, about whom all sorts of stories of intervening ages gathered. This literary development is parallel to that which we find among the Jews, where the stories of the great Daniel, sifting down for centuries through folklore and tangled with political events of various periods of the intervening times, at last took literary shape in the Maccabæan revival. These demotic stories are of special value in the history of literature, as affording the link between the ancient romance literature of Egypt and its more modern development in the Arabian Nights, and kindred tales. Here we find those magical conceptions which play so important a part in that later literature, and even that malevolent African magician so familiar in the famous story of Aladdin.

With stubborn persistence the conquered Egyptians retained their own language, which even their conversion to Christianity did not cause them to abandon. But for the Christian Egyptians a new alphabet was invented, founded on the Greek; and in Coptic, the tongue of Egypt, corrupted and debased it is true, there has been handed down to our days a considerable Christian literature. Gradually, under Arabic rule, Coptic became a dead language, spoken and understood only by the priests, and Egypt itself became Arabian. Recently, however, with the revival of a new old Egypt, the attempt has begun to

be made among the Coptic Christians to restore to spoken use this ancient language of their people, a link which shall bind the Egypt of to-day with the Egypt of the pyramids and the Pharaohs.

It is to this survival of the Egyptian tongue in its descendant Coptic, that we owe chiefly the facility with which scholars now decipher the ancient texts of Egypt. The key by which the door to the decipherment of these inscriptions was first unlocked was a trilingual inscription of the Ptolemaic period, a decree of the Egyptian priests in honor of Ptolemæus Epiphanes. This was found by the French in digging intrenchments at Rosetta, near the western mouth of the Nile, in August, 1799, and is hence known as the Rosetta stone. It was inscribed in three different forms, the lowest inscription being in Greek. In this it was read that this inscription was ordered to be written "in sacred script, in popular script, and in Greek script," leaving no doubt that the contents of the three inscriptions were identical in sense. It was not, however, until twenty years later that a British scientist, Thomas Young, found the first clew to the decipherment of the hieroglyphics in the name of the Ptolemy. A little later, but quite independently, a young French scholar, François Champollion, made the same discovery, which he followed out to the full decipherment of the hieroglyphics; so that when he died, in 1832, he had succeeded in actually reading correctly entire inscriptions and papyri, and outlining the grammar of the Egyptian language. It was the Rosetta stone which had furnished the clew to the decipherment by means of the names in the Greek inscription. The equivalents of these names being found in the hieroglyphic, the value of certain signs was determined. These, again, were applied in other Egyptian inscriptions on obelisks and the like to the reading of other names, which readings in their turn furnished the value of new signs. Applying these again to the reading of the text of inscriptions, words were formed which found their elucidation in Coptic; and thus, little by little, through ingenuity and patience, by application of the tongue of modern Egypt to the pictures of ancient Egypt, a science of the interpretation of these texts was built up which has enabled scholars to read alike hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic texts, and has thus wonderfully raised to life and speech the very mummies of ancient Egypt.

At the expense of strict chronological sequence, it has seemed to us best to bring the history of Egypt to a close — since it

was, from the end of the thirteenth century onward, to so large an extent a history apart — before turning back to carry forward the history of Western Asia from the fourteenth century, where we had left it. Discoveries in Egypt have thrown, as we have seen, a flood of light on the political history of Syria and Palestine from about 1600 to 1200 B.C. For a still earlier period we have some information from Babylonian sources. Excavations in Syria and Palestine have as yet yielded little additional material. Through the labors of the Palestine Exploration Fund, preceded by the valuable help of individuals, notably the American Robinson, and more recently by the Deutscher Palaestin Verein, the surface of Palestine, both east and west of the Jordan, has been surveyed with remarkable accuracy, and the location of a great many sites determined by a careful collection and study of the names in use in modern times, which have proved to be chiefly survivals from the ancient use. A number of dolmens, menhirs, and stone circles have been found, especially east of the Jordan, identical in type with those found in Northern Africa, Spain, and England, which suggests an identity of the prehistoric populations of those countries, as already pointed out. Excavations have been undertaken in but few sites — Jerusalem, the Jordan valley, and the Shephelah — with, on the whole, unsatisfactory results. The excavations in the Shephelah, the foot-hills between Judæa and the Philistine plain, at the sites, probably, of the ancient Lachish, Gath, Azekah, and Socoh, have revealed a succession of walled towns, the earliest of which date, as shown by Egyptian scarabs found there, from approximately 1800 B.C. Beneath the earliest walled towns were rock-cuttings and other remains, which may perhaps carry us back to 2000 B.C. or a little earlier, dates which synchronize most curiously with those of the earliest remains yet found in Greece. Excavations in Palestine have as yet revealed no earlier remains than these. Whether this is due to the limited number of places at which excavations have been conducted, or to the fact that the earlier populations left no permanent remains, cannot now be determined with any degree of certainty. In Syria systematic excavations have been conducted at only one of the numerous ruin mounds which dot the whole country, namely, Zinjirli, in the extreme northwest; but the remains found here carry us back only to the eighth century B.C. It has been shown, however, from the Babylonian inscriptions, that these regions were occupied at a very early period by peoples whom the Babylonians thought it worth while to conquer,

and with whom they entered, apparently, into relations both commercial and political. As already pointed out, many names of places, much of the mythology and the legends, the temples and the ritual use, which Syrians, Phœnicians, Canaanites, and Hebrews inherited from their forbears, are Babylonian in origin, and must have been mediated to the peoples of those regions at an early date. Some excavations undertaken in the curious mounds found in the Jordan valley have revealed the existence of structures singularly resembling the ziggurats of Babylonia; a form of building which, like the mythology and the place-names of Palestine, we must apparently refer to Babylonian conquest and Babylonian influence in the earlier times. The entire period of this Babylonian domination was from the latter part of the fourth millennium to the early part of the second millennium B.C., a period of 1200 or 1500 years.

What were the ethnic affinities of the people who occupied Palestine in the earliest times we can only conjecture from the indications of the stone remains mentioned above. At what time this people gave way to a Semitic race, and how many layers of population succeeded one another in Palestine before 2500 B.C., we do not know. It seems probable, from a comparison of names, that at about this time, or somewhat later, an earlier population, or populations, in Palestine and neighboring regions, was displaced or overlaid by an invasion of a people from Arabia, kindred to or identical with the people who established a new dynasty and a new kingdom in Babylon in the latter part of the third millenium. Egyptian discoveries seem to confirm this, and pictures and names on Egyptian tombs certainly show that the people inhabiting Palestine and neighboring regions at about 2000 B.C. were Semites. This people seems to have been the Amorites of Bible story.

Egyptian domination in Syria and Palestine begins somewhere about 1600, and for the period from 1600 to 1200 B.C. we obtain considerable information, with regard to the conditions of Palestine especially, from the Egyptian records. Some of the discoveries of recent years have thrown a new light on the ancestral traditions of the Hebrews contained in the Book of Genesis. From the Egyptian inscriptions we learn that the land east of the Jordan was called in early times Ruten, which, transliterated into Semitic, is Lotan. This was in Bible times the territory of the Ammonites and Moabites, who are called descendants of Lot, which is the same as Lotan. It would seem that the Ammonites and Moabites, kindred peoples with the

Hebrews and belonging to the Khabiri whom we find mentioned in the Tel el-Amarna letters, entered and occupied in the fourteenth or following centuries this territory, which had formerly been occupied by the people of Ruten or Lotan. The traditions and ancestry of the former population these Khabiri took over with their land, which is represented in the Bible by the statement that they were the children of Lot, the former people of that country. Similarly, we learn from the Egyptian inscriptions that parts of Palestine were known in pre-Israelitic times as Joseph-el and Jacob-el. The Hebrew tribes who later occupied the territory of Joseph-el, the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, are accordingly counted genealogically as children of Joseph or Joseph-el. Israel, taking possession of the territory of Jacob-el, was identified with Jacob; and the two names, Jacob and Israel, were explained in the race legends as different names for one and the same man, the first the earlier or birth name, the second the later and God-given title. Similarly Abram and Abraham were combined.

The Egyptian inscriptions show us that long before the Hebrew conquest most of the important cities of after times were already in existence, with the same names which they bear later in Bible times. In the case of Jerusalem this was distinctly a surprise; since, until the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna letters in 1887, it had been supposed that the name Jerusalem was of Hebrew origin, and given by David to the old city of Jebus. The names of many of these ancient cities prove them to have been the site of the cult of some special deity; and many of these deities, as already pointed out, were of Babylonian origin. A study of the Hebrew historical records, and of the Jewish lists of sanctuary and priestly cities, shows that it was precisely the cities sacred in the earlier periods which became centers of worship or sacred places among the Hebrews.

It was out of the confusion and turmoil of the period following Amenophis IV. that Israel was born. The Tel el-Amarna letters have thrown much light on that period. They reveal the existence in Syria and Palestine of numerous small states, subject to Egypt, the latter of which were threatened by invasions of the Suti and Khabiri, Aramæan peoples, who were pressing in from the East, while the former were being overwhelmed by the invasion of the Hittites from the North. These letters show us also that the language spoken at that time through all these regions was Canaanite, that dialect or tongue of the Semitic which we find later in use among Phœni-

cians, Moabites, and Hebrews, and which it would seem that the two latter peoples adopted from the Canaanite or Amorite nations whom they displaced or conquered, in place of their original Aramaic speech. Extracts from a few of these letters will disclose the general situation. Zimrida of Sidon writes: "To the king, my lord, my god, my sun, the breath of my life; at the feet of my lord, my god, my sun, the breath of my life, seven times and seven times I worship. Let the king my lord know that Sidon, the handmaid of my lord the king, which he gave into my hands, is safe; and when I heard the word of my lord the king, when he wrote to his servant, then my heart was glad, and my head was exalted, and mine eyes beamed, when I heard the word of my lord the king; and the king knows that I am at the service of the troops of the king my lord; I serve all things after the command of the king my lord, and the king my lord knows that a powerful enemy is over against me. All the cities which the king gave into my hands have surrendered to the Khabiri; and let the king give me into the hand of the man who shall march before the troops of my lord to retake the cities which have surrendered to the Khabiri, and let him restore them to my hand; and so shall I serve the king my lord, like my fathers before me."

Abi-milki, king of Tyre, tells a different tale, praying for help against Zimrida, whom he alleges to be in league with the enemy. We have several of his letters, which as they go on grow more urgent in their demands for help. He is besieged in Tyre, and sadly in need of wood and water. In answer to a request for information he tells of the death of the king of Danuna, who has been succeeded by his brother; of the burning of half the city of Ugarit, of wars and invasions everywhere, and how Zimrida of Sidon is collecting a fleet to attack him by sea. Still a little later he tells the Pharaoh that Zimrida of Sidon and the king of Hazor have joined the Khabiri, and begs for troops to defend Tyre.

A somewhat similar series of letters was written by Abdi-khiba, king of Jerusalem: "To the king, my lord, Abdi-khiba thy servant. At the feet of my lord the king seven times and seven times I worship. What have I done to the king my lord? They have slandered me before the king my lord, 'Abdi-khiba is faithless toward the king his lord.' See, nor I, nor my father, nor my mother set me in this place. The strong hand of the king brought me into my father's house. Why should I commit offence against the king my lord? As the

king my lord liveth, I said to the officer of the king my lord, Why do ye favor the Khabiri, and the princes ye treat with disfavor? and therefore they have spoken falsely before the king my lord, because I said, The lands of the king my lord suffer loss, therefore they have spoken falsely to the king my lord." In the same letter he urges the imminent danger of the loss of that region unless the king will send reënforcements at once. It is addressed to the king's secretary, and has a postscript as follows: "Read the words aloud to the king my lord, 'All the lands of the king my lord are being lost.'" His appeals for aid against the Khabiri grow constantly more urgent; he tells of the misdeeds of other vassals, who are allied against him and who slander him, and protests his faithfulness: "Behold, this land Jerusalem, neither my father nor my mother gave it to me; the mighty arm of the king gave it to me." "See, the king has set his name in Jerusalem forever and cannot forsake the land of Jerusalem." In one place he mentions Zimrida of Lachish as in danger of being captured and killed by his subjects. We have in the collection one letter from this same Zimrida; and excavations at the mound of Tel Hesy, the site of Lachish, have furnished us with one letter about him in the only clay tablet yet found on Palestinian soil, a letter from a Canaanitish prince to an Egyptian officer with regard to a conspiracy in which Zimrida seems to have been involved. The picture disclosed by these letters is one of great confusion: intrigue and disaffection among the small states subject to Egypt going hand in hand with the invasion and conquest of the country by outside invaders.

Greek traditions and Greek archæology combined throw some light on the catastrophe which befell Western civilization at this period. Greece was inhabited in early days — as were the other two great peninsulas of the Mediterranean, Italy and Spain — by a white folk speaking an unknown language. This same people spread over the Ægæan Islands and the coast of Asia Minor. It was the men of this primitive race who gave to many hills and rocks in Greece those unintelligible names which lingered on through all succeeding ages, — Corinth, Tiryns, Parnassus, Olympus, etc. Of this people and its civilization we have obtained knowledge only in very recent times, chiefly from the excavations conducted at Troy, Tiryns, Crete, and in the little island of Amorgos. Recent discoveries of Ægæan pottery among the earliest Egyptian remains at Abydos seem to point to some degree of civilization and commercial inter-

course as early as the fourth millennium B.C.; but the earliest remains found in Greece and adjacent regions appear to be of later date. These remains show us that at the close of the third millennium there was an advanced civilization in eastern Greece and the Ægæan islands, and an active commercial intercourse with lands as far away as the Danube and the Nile. There have been found in the remains of the most ancient cities ivory from Africa or Asia (for, as we have already seen, elephants abounded even in the neighborhood of Aleppo in those days), copper from Cyprus or from Sinai, silver and tin from the Iberian peninsula, or perhaps even the shores of Great Britain, and amber from the Baltic ; while in one of the earliest cities on the site of Troy, dating from 2000 B.C. (or even earlier it may be), there was found white jade, showing some sort of commercial intercourse with China. At the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, 2000 to 1800 B.C., there was active commercial intercourse between Crete and Egypt, as shown by remains found in the débris of both countries. Crete was at that time, apparently, the sea power of the world, and a place, consequently, of the contact of many peoples. Libyans from Africa and Indo-Europeans from the Troad met in Crete ; and here, probably because of such contact and combination of peoples, and of the trade and commercial intercourse of the population connected with it, we find the first use of writing in Europe, influenced by or adopted from the Libyans and Egyptians. With Libya the relations of Crete were very close. The route of traffic with Egypt was by way of Libya, ships sailing straight across from the western end of Crete to the Libyan shore, and thence eastward along the coast to Egypt. It may be also that the Libyans and the primitive Cretans were of the same stock. Connection with the Troad at an early time is attested, among other things by such names as Ida. It is in Troy that excavations have enabled us to trace the course of Ægæan civilization farthest backward. The earliest city of the Trojan site is almost in the stone age ; metal has barely come into use. The next city shows the same methods of palace construction which prevailed through all succeeding ages ; and these constructions, and the pottery and the gold vases and ornaments, prove that at that time the Ægæan civilization was already established. This city was destroyed by fire, presumably after capture by an enemy, some time it may be about 2000 B.C. What people inhabited this second city we cannot surely say. It may have been its destruction which

drove people from this region southward to Crete. Their successors were an Indo-European people, Phrygians, who had crossed over from Europe. They were the advance guard of that movement of Indo-European peoples from the north, which was later to overrun this whole region ; but for many centuries after their settlement in the northwestern corner of Asia Minor, the islands and shores of the Ægæan remained in the hands of the earlier non-Aryan population. These latter developed their civilization unchecked ; and the civilization of Troy, similar to and yet somewhat apart from the civilization of the Ægæan islands and the eastern shores of Greece, was itself in reality a product of this primitive non-Aryan civilization. Three cities follow one another on the Trojan site before we reach the town which was contemporary with the famous remains at Mycenæ, which represent the time of the highest development of this civilization. These remains of Mycenæ — its magnificent domed tombs, its splendid palace, its fine jewelry and metal work, its beautiful pottery and glazed ornaments — belong to the fifteenth century B.C. It is these discoveries at Mycenæ which led to the description of this civilization itself as Mycenæan. It has been shown, however, that its first home was the islands rather than the mainland of Greece ; and recent discoveries in Crete have revealed remains which apparently excel, in the degree of civilization which they evince, those famous remains of Mycenæ. We would probably better call it Ægæan. At this period there had developed in the island of Crete a new linear script, many records in which have recently been discovered at Cnossos. This linear script had by the fifteenth century supplanted the older hieroglyphics mentioned above. The key to its decipherment has not yet been found, It marks, however, great progress in civilization and a long preceding history. The wall painting, the gold, silver, and copper work (iron was not yet in use), and above all the beautifully decorated pottery found at Cnossos, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Troy, and elsewhere testify similarly both to the high development of the artistic sense, and also to the long period of training which alone could have produced such skill of execution and such beauty of design. Ægæan pottery at this period surpassed in beauty of shape and of decoration that of all other peoples, and constituted a chief article of export to other countries. Remains of this pottery have been found in the excavations in Palestine, and at various places in Egypt ; and the study of these pottery remains, reduced as it has been

to a science, is one of the means by which archæologists are enabled to date ruins and establish synchronisms between different countries. Mycenæan vases are depicted on a wall painting of the eighteenth dynasty at Thebes, and false-necked Ægæan jars were discovered at Gurob in Egypt, a city built in the fifteenth century. Egyptian objects found in Ægæan ruins reverse the process and check the results thus obtained. Some pieces of porcelain with the name and cartouche of Amenophis III., of the fifteenth century, and a scarab with the name of his wife, were found, for instance, in the chamber tombs of Mycenæ.

It is at the close of the fifteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth century B.C. that we first observe that movement of the nations which made itself felt in Syria in the descent of the Hittites from the North, overturning and disturbing the Amorite populations as far south as Palestine. The settlement of a Mycenæan community at Ialysos in Rhodes at this time, as shown by excavations conducted there, suggests that some pressure from behind was beginning to be exerted on the peoples of the Ægæan region. Indo-European peoples were beginning to press down from the Balkan peninsula into Greece, the Ægæan Islands, and the coast lands of Asia Minor, unsettling and to some extent driving out the population formerly occupying these territories. It was probably this pressure of Indo-European peoples into Asia Minor which forced the overflow of the Hittites into Syria. This advance of the Indo-European peoples southward was a slow movement, extending over a considerable period of time, but ultimately involving a vast extent of territory. Italy felt the effects of the same movement of Northern peoples crowding southward at about the same period or a little later. In the thirteenth century we find Sardinians, Etruscans, Achæans, and other European peoples descending on the shores of Northern Africa (Libya and Egypt) and the coast lands of Palestine. At first the invaders came by sea in boats, and attacked the coast lands only ; about the close of the thirteenth century the movement assumed greater proportions. A large part of Asia Minor seems to have been affected by it ; and we have the great land migration of the time of Ramses III., which broke in pieces the Hittite kingdom, deposited the Philistines in Palestine, and drove downward from the North Amorites and Hittites. We have a reference to these movements of the Amorites in the Hebrew book of Numbers, in the account of Amorite kingdoms established in Bashan, and between Ammon and Moab, by which

the latter people were partially dispossessed. These Amorites the Hebrews, kinsfolk of the Moabites, in their turn assailed and conquered.

The height of this period of confusion in the Ægæan world was reached in what is known in Greek tradition as the time of the Dorian invasion, about 1200 B.C. After this last movement had run its course, somewhere perhaps toward the close of the eleventh century, and we can begin to sum up results, we find that the Phrygians have been pushed across the center of Asia Minor, and that Greeks of various sorts — Ionians, Æolians, and Dorians — are in possession, not only of all Greece and the isles, but also of the greater part of the coast lands of Asia Minor, both west and south. The Greek language has supplanted the former non-Aryan tongue or tongues of all these regions, and a condition of semi-barbarism has succeeded the brilliant Ægæan civilization.

Farther eastward we find similar conditions; but, precisely as in the third and following centuries A.D., the civilization of the West went down before the inroads of the barbarians, to give place after the period of the Dark Ages to a new and higher culture, while the East managed, with great struggle and after much loss, to maintain itself still for a long period, and by doing so was able to aid in mediating the best results of the old civilization to the new-born West, before it sank down at last in decrepitude and decay, — so it was at this period. The Ægæan civilization was overwhelmed. Egypt, as we have seen, fell into a state of decay, the result of the struggles with the invaders, whom it succeeded in repulsing, it is true, but with such a weakening and disintegration of its own power as to subject it to invasion and conquest by the Ethiopians of the South. It was not only the North which poured forth its barbarous hordes at this period. Precisely as in the post-Christian period the civilized world found itself invaded by Arabian hordes from the South even while struggling with the Teutons from the North, so it was now: Aramæan hordes were pressing northward from Arabia at the same time that the Northern peoples were moving southward. The two streams met in Syria, which completely changed its character and its population at this period in consequence. Farther East, in Assyria, we find the same race movements in progress, although their full effects are felt there somewhat later than in the West. Ashur-Ubalit, king of Assyria, was contemporary with Amenophis IV. of Egypt; and among the Tel el-Amarna letters is one from him

to that king, asking for gifts in return, and telling of the condition of the roads between Egypt and Assyria. His grandson, Pudi-ilu (1360 B.C.), is represented as in conflict with a nomadic people, the Sutu, who are pressing in from the Southwest. These were, apparently, the same Sutu who were threatening Palestine at the time of Amenophis IV., part of the great Aramæan invasion. His son, Adad-nirari (Ramman-nirari), is the first Assyrian king who has left us an inscription of any length; which has also this further distinction, that it is the first inscription dated by an eponym, the system which later gives us such accurate dates for Assyrian history. Like his predecessors, he waged war with Babylon, — as to the success of which Assyrian and Babylonian records are at odds, — and conducted campaigns against the mountaineers of the East. During his reign or that of his immediate predecessors the kingdom of Mitanni, which occupied Mesopotamia in the days of the Amenhoteps in the fifteenth century B.C., had fallen from power, and the better part of its territory been overrun by the Aramæan invaders. Accordingly Adad-nirari's successor, Shalmaneser I., was able, according to the statements of Ashur-nazirpal and other late Assyrian kings, to carry his arms westward to the Euphrates, and even to cross the upper waters of the stream for the first time. He also moved his capital northward from Ashur to Calah, the present ruin mounds of Nimroud. So far, the upheaval and disaster of the West seem on the whole to have accrued to the advantage of the Assyrians.

With Tukulti-Ninib, about 1250 B.C., begins a long struggle with the Babylonians. Tukulti-Ninib actually succeeded in making himself king of Babylon, as is proved by a seal of his found in that city by Sennacherib in 689 B.C., which he says had been left there by Tukulti-Ninib "600 years" before. But the Assyrians were soon driven out again. War between the two countries continued with varying fortunes for about 150 years. Our knowledge of this period, which is very slight, is obtained mainly from the so-called Synchronistic History, a brief chronicle of the relations of Assyria and Babylonia, and for the greater part of the time we know nothing of the relations of Assyria and Babylonia to the outer world. About the close of the twelfth century the Kassites or Kossæans, who had so long ruled in Babylon, were overthrown, and a native Semitic dynasty, called the dynasty of Isin, put upon the throne. It is possible that the new Semitic invasion from Arabia made itself felt in this revolution. Between Babylonia

and Assyria at this time also we find Aramæan nations or tribes located. About the middle of the twelfth century we have a welcome inscription from Nebuchadrezzar I., the sixth king of this new Semitic dynasty, on a boundary stone granting special privileges, in which he tells of a successful expedition against the ancient foe and rival of Babylonia, Elam. On the west he seems to have extended his expeditions as far as Syria. He also contended with Ashur-rishishi, king of Assyria, for the possession of Mesopotamia. In this war the Assyrians were victorious, and when Tiglathpileser I., son of Ashur-rishishi, came to the Assyrian throne, about 1120 B.C., he was king of no despicable kingdom.

Tiglathpileser I. (Tukulti-pal-esharra) was the greatest of the kings of the old Assyrian kingdom. A long inscription of his, written on four octagonal clay cylinders, and deposited in the four corners of a temple which he built at Ashur (the modern Kalah Sherghat), is invaluable for the history and the geography of this period. He was, according to his own accounts, a mighty conqueror : "With sixty kings furiously (?) I fought, and mighty rivalry with them I made. An equal in the fight and a peer in battle I have not. To Assyrian land, to her men, men I added. The boundary of my lands I widened, and all their lands I conquered." His chief foes were the Mushke, the Moschi of the Greeks and the Meshech of the Old Testament, who occupied the country northwestward of Commagene on the borders of Asia Minor. They had gradually been pressing downward and occupying more and more of the territory formerly tributary to Assyria. In Tiglathpileser's time they invaded Kummukh, that is, Commagene. Tiglathpileser reports that he defeated them, wasted their cities with fire, captured their kings and took a great booty, adding the whole land of Kummukh to the Assyrian empire. The next few years were occupied in similar campaigns against various peoples of the north, especially the Nairi, whom he pursued as far as Lake Van. All of these people he claims to have conquered. He seems to have found it expedient, however, to remove his capital southward from Calah to Ashur, which he rebuilt. On the south he conducted a successful war with Babylonia. He seems to have captured Babylon itself, and claims the old Babylonian title of "king of the four-quarters of the world." On the west he overran all Mesopotamia (inscriptions of later kings tell us that he reached the Mediterranean, and sailed in ships of Arvad on that sea) as far as the city of Carchemish, of the land of

the Hittites. It is curious and interesting to learn that "in the land of Harran and the bank of the Khabur" he slew "ten mighty male elephants" and took four elephants alive. At various times also he slew 120 lions on foot and 800 from his chariot, under the protection of the sun god, and made himself a great preserve for hunting, full of goats, deer, wild sheep, antelopes, etc. He also planted groves of cedars and other foreign trees hitherto unknown in the plantations of his country, and he introduced "more than before" chariots and horses. He was apparently a doughty warrior, and his inscriptions would lead us to suppose that he greatly increased the extent and wealth of Assyria. More careful study of his inscriptions and of the sequence of events suggests that during the preceding reigns, of which we know so little, the Moschi and other peoples, pushed on from behind, had been encroaching on the Assyrian borders to the north and northwest; that Tiglathpileser's wars were an attempt to stem these encroachments; and that his victories were fruitless to stay the onward march of the invaders. We have here, in fact, a part of that great movement of the nations which we have already traced in the West. Tiglathpileser was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the invading hordes of the North. He was temporarily successful; but his successors were unequal to the struggle, and shortly after his death the Assyrian kingdom collapses. About the same time also Babylonia falls into a state of confusion, the ruling kings being, apparently, overthrown by invaders of some sort. More than this we do not now know.

All this took place in the early part of the eleventh century, and for a time great darkness settles over the whole Asiatic world. It was at about this same period, it will be remembered, that the twentieth dynasty came to an end in Egypt, to be followed there by a period of confusion; and the Ægæan world also was in its period of greatest darkness at about the same time. It is out of this period of confusion that there sprang up in the extreme western part of Asia the new civilization and the great sea power of the Phœnicians; while inland and a little farther south another nation, Israel, was coming into being, small in its extent of territory, but destined to exert so powerful an influence on the civilization and religion of the world.

The Phœnicians, according to their own traditions as reported by the Greeks, came originally from the shores of the Persian Gulf. The imperfect excavations so far conducted in

Phœnicia have revealed nothing of their early history and origins, the little that has been found — like the votive inscription of Yehau-melek, king of Gebal (Byblus); the sarcophagi of Tabnit and Eshmunazar, kings of Sidon; pottery, glass, and the like — belonging to later periods. Some time before 1000 B.C. the Phœnicians had become a great seafaring and commercial people, succeeding in this the Cretans. They occupied a strip of land along the Syrian coast from Mt. Carmel northward to the neighborhood of Antioch. Their most famous cities were Sidon and Tyre, toward the southern end of that strip. From these, colonies went out to various points on the Mediterranean shore, the most famous of which was Carthage in Africa. The oldest Phœnician inscriptions found have come, not from Phœnicia itself, but from Cyprus, France, and Greece and its isles. The Ba'al Lebanon inscription, on some fragments of a bowl dedicated by the governor of Carthage, "the servant of Hiram king of the Sidonians, to Ba'al Lebanon his lord, as the choicest of the bronze," is possibly the oldest alphabetic inscription yet found. This Carthage (the word means "new town") was in Cyprus, and is mentioned in inscriptions of the Assyrian kings, Esarhaddon and Ashurbanipal, in the seventh century B.C. The inscription from Marseilles is a tablet prescribing the tariff of offerings for "the house of Ba'al Zephon," and is important for the light it throws on Phœnician religious use. It reminds one, in its technical terms and in its rules for the portion of the sacrifices accruing to the priests, of the sacrificial prescriptions in the Hebrew book of Leviticus. From Carthage we have a similar but less perfect tablet. Carthage has been more fully explored than any other Phœnician site, but the numerous inscriptions found here are of a late date. In general, the Phœnician remains so far discovered give us some idea of the life, the art and manufactures, and the religion of this people, but none of their history. The language of the Phœnicians was a dialect of that same Canaanitic Semitic stock to which Hebrew belonged. The Phœnicians, according to the testimony of all antiquity, were the inventors of the alphabet; and archæological discoveries confirm the testimony of tradition in this regard. Whence they derived the material, the ideas, and the characters for this invention is uncertain. De Rougé supposed it to be an adaptation of the Egyptian hieratic script of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, about 1900 B.C. This theory is now exploded, but no other can be fairly said to have taken its place. It is clear from the names which the Phœnicians gave

to the letters, and which Greeks, Syrians, Hebrews, and others borrowed from them, that the basis of their invention was some foreign script or scripts previously invented. The earliest specimen of alphabetic writing yet found is either the Ba'al Lebanon inscription, of the middle of the ninth century B.C., mentioned above, or the Moabite stone, an inscription found at Diban or Dibon, in Moab. Evidence shows, however, that the alphabet must have been invented somewhat earlier than this. It was borrowed by the Greeks, names and all, somewhere apparently about 1000 B.C. (although the earliest Greek inscriptions yet discovered are later than this). At about the same time it was adopted by the Minæans and Sabæans in southern Arabia. Apparently we must assign its origin to the dark period between 1200 and 1000 B.C. All that we can say absolutely is that about 1400 B.C. all Syria and Palestine used the cumbrous Babylonian cuneiform script. Then follows a long period from which we have no inscriptions or documents of any sort. About the tenth century B.C. we find the Phœnician alphabet full-fledged and in use apparently all over Syria and Palestine, in Greece, and in southern Arabia. The alphabet is one of the epoch-making inventions in the history of mankind.

Another event of importance in the history of civilization is connected with these dark ages, namely, the introduction of iron. Before this time, copper and bronze had been the metals used in the manufacture of tools; and the splendid civilization of the fifteenth century in Babylonia, Egypt, and Greece alike belongs to the bronze period. Iron was used only for purposes of ornament in the latter part of that period. At some time during these dark ages iron took the place of bronze for use in tools, weapons, and the like, over this same region, commencing perhaps in Armenia or still farther east: and about 1000 B.C. we find it in general use as far west as Greece, although it does not appear to have reached Italy until about 800 B.C. It is at first sight somewhat surprising to find two such important inventions or discoveries as the alphabet and iron having their origin in the dark ages, but one is reminded of the discovery of printing and gunpowder in a similar period of European history; and as these last-mentioned discoveries played so important a part in the development of our modern civilization, so did iron and the alphabet play a similar part in the civilization which succeeded those dark ages of the older world. We might perhaps go farther in our analogy, and compare the part played in

the development of modern civilization by Venetian commerce and enterprise with that played by Phœnicia at and before the close of those more ancient dark ages ; while, possibly, the religious movements which culminated in the Reformation might be compared with the great religious reformation of the old world portended and prepared for by the little kingdom of the Hebrews.

Excavations in Palestine have as yet thrown no light on the origins of Israel. What light Egyptian records throw, we have already seen. The nation came into being in the struggles and confusion of the dark ages between 1200 and 1000 B.C. By about the latter date it had become a powerful kingdom under David, whose conquests extended from northern Syria, above Aleppo, to the borders of Egypt. This was the period of the decadence of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt. Along the coast of Syria stretched at that time the wealthy and powerful Phœnician cities, with which the Hebrews maintained friendly relations. The interior of the country was occupied by a number of small states, mostly Aramæan. It was during David's prosperous reign, and the more peaceful and cultivated if less aggressive and extensive dominion of his successor Solomon, that Israelite literature had its beginnings. This fact, and the relations with Egypt ascribed to Solomon in the Bible narrative, are curiously attested by the Egyptian references in the story of Joseph, contained in the Book of Genesis. The account of the concentration of power and the ownership or rent of all the land in the hands of the Pharaohs, reflects, it is true, the conditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, the days of Thutmosis and Ramses ; but the Egyptian names in the Hebrew narrative are characteristic, not of that period, but of the tenth century, the time of Solomon. It is to this period that the story as a literary production must, apparently, be referred. That the author of the tale displays some acquaintance with Egyptian romance literature has been already suggested. The inscription of Sosenk or Shishak, which records the invasion of Palestine in the time of Solomon's successors, Rehoboam of Judah and Jèroboam of Israel, has been already noted. After this there is nothing in archæological discoveries directly bearing upon the history of the Israelites until the time of Shalmaneser II., king of Assyria.

It is not until the commencement of the ninth century that we begin again to obtain monumental records from Assyria. These records show us that in the intervening period great

changes had taken place in the West. The country formerly occupied by the Hittites is now, for the most part, occupied by Aramæan kingdoms — Aleppo, Hamath, and, chief of all, Damascus. A few Hittite states still remain, however, the most important of which is Carchemish on the Euphrates. Eastward of the Euphrates, Aramæans have displaced the ancient kingdom of Mitanni. They have even followed up the course of the Euphrates into the mountains of Asia Minor. In Palestine we have the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The Syrian and Palestinian coast land is occupied by the various cities of the Phœnicians and Philistines — the former great sea powers, with the commerce of the Mediterranean in their hands, the wealthiest and probably the most highly civilized communities of the day.

It is with Ashurnazirpal (885–860) that the new Assyrian empire may fairly be said to commence. His standard inscription, contained on a tablet from the temple of Ninib and on a monolith from the royal palace at (Nimroud Calah), contains 389 lines of writing. Besides this we have a number of other texts, some fragments of and some episodes from the same standard inscription. This inscription is a record, in language which has been described as of almost epic grandeur, of wars and conquests, depicting the great difficulties which Ashurnazirpal overcame in hunting his opponents through the fastnesses of Armenia, and giving a vivid impression of the cruelty of the warfare which he waged. At one place 260 heads were built into a pyramid. At another the son of the chief man was flayed, and his skin spread on the wall of the fortress of Arbela, the city of Ishtar. At another the nobles of the city, who had revolted after once being conquered, were flayed, and their skins stretched over a pyramid erected for the purpose at the gates of the city. In this same city the legs of the officers were cut off. It is a record of atrocities, plundering campaigns, countries devastated by fire and sword, and cattle and goods carried off to enrich the king, his princes, and his soldiers. This ill-gotten wealth Ashurnazirpal used in part in the reconstruction of the city of Calah, which he made his capital, and the erection there of a great palace covering an area almost 400 feet square, — the so-called northwestern palace, which was to remain the royal residence for centuries. He also constructed an aqueduct to supply the city with water, and a canal. The following translation of a few lines of the standard inscription will give some idea of its style and contents: —

"In the beginning of my reign, in my first year. when Shamash, judge of the world-ends, put his goodly canopy over me, I was firmly seated on the royal throne, the scepter of the rule of men in my hand, I gathered my chariots and warriors, I traversed rough places, pathless mountains, which were not meant for the passage of chariots and warriors; to the land of Nummi I went; Gubbi, their strong fortress, Surra [etc., etc.] which lay in the midst of . . . mighty mountains I took, their countless soldiers I slew, their spoil, their goods, their cattle, I spoiled. The fighting men fled; a pathless mountain they fortified, a mountain steep exceedingly. Behind them I came not. A mountain, like the point of an iron dagger its peak arose; the very birds of heaven spread not their wings in the midst thereof; like the nest of the Udini-bird, in the midst of it they made their stronghold. Into the midst of them, whither none of the kings my fathers had attained, in three days my heroes clomb the mountain, their brave hearts eager for the fray they ascended, with their feet they trod down the mountains, they broke in pieces their nest, their brood they scattered. Two hundred of their warriors I smote with the sword, their rich spoil like a flock of sheep I spoiled. With their blood I dyed the mountains as one dyes wool. The residue of them I slew in the holes and crannies of the mountains; their cities I wasted, destroyed and burned with fire."

From this time onward, Assyria figures as a great, plundering, robber state, levying tribute on the nations, making others toil that it might reap. Ashurnazirpal extended the little kingdom which he found northward and southward, but above all westward, defeating the numerous small Aramæan states of Mesopotamia and northern Syria time and again, carrying his arms as far west as the Amanus and Lebanon mountains, and exacting tribute of the rich Phœnician cities of the coast, Tyre, Sidon, Tripolis, and Arvad, which preferred to buy him off from farther advances rather than to encounter him in the field. For the campaigns of his reign we are able to give exact dates. The Assyrians had adopted, as early certainly as the fourteenth century B.C., a system of dating by eponyms. The names of the chief officers of the state were set down yearly in regular succession, the name of each new king being entered in the year of his accession. Numerous fragments of these eponym canons have been discovered in the excavations at Nineveh and Calah, which give us a complete series from the year 902 to the year 667 B.C. The historical inscriptions frequently refer to these

eponym canons, mentioning the name of the Limnu or eponym of the year; and some of the fragments of the canons themselves contain notes of events occurring in certain years. Given such a system, it is clear that, one year being fixed, the whole series can be determined. The fixed point required was obtained by an eclipse in the year 763. The records of this and the few succeeding years will show the nature of these lists: —

(763) Esdur-sarabe. Governor of Gozan. Revolt in city of Ashur. In month Sivan sun was eclipsed.
(762) Dabu-bel. Governor of Amida. Revolt in city of Ashur.
(761) Nabu-kin-uzur. Governor of Nineveh. Revolt in city of Arbela.
(760) Laqipu. Governor of Kalzi. Revolt in city of Arbaha.
(759) Pan-ashur-lamur. Governor of Arbela. Revolt in city of Gozan. Pestilence.

The existence of this well-dated chronology has been of great value, especially to Bible students, although the application of the synchronisms to the Biblical chronology, which had been formed out of the lists of the kings of Judah and Israel, has led to some surprises.

The remains of Ashurnazirpal's reign indicate a considerable development in literature and in art at this period. The literary form of the standard inscription has already been noted. The work of engraving is admirably done. The Assyrian cuneiform, it should be said, was from the outset different from the Babylonian in form and arrangement of the wedges, testifying to some originality on the part of the Assyrians. On the monolith inscription we have a beautifully executed, although conventional, figure of Ashurnazirpal, before which was found a small altar. Some bas-reliefs of horses and lions on a wall inscription describing a lion hunt are stronger, and more true to nature. Ashurnazirpal wainscoted the walls of his palace with stone slabs containing a written record of his deeds, illumined by such bas-reliefs. A tablet to the sun-god Shamash, at Sippara, in Babylonia, dedicated by Nabu-apla-iddina, king of Babylon, a contemporary of Ashurnazirpal, is as a work of art inferior to these Assyrian bas-reliefs of the same period. It possesses considerable interest, however, from a religious and historical standpoint. The bas-relief at the top of this tablet represents the worship of the disk of the sun, the same worship which Amenhotep IV. endeavored to introduce in Egypt. The accompanying inscription tells how sorely the

land of Babylonia had been harried during the dark period preceding Nabu-apla-iddina, by "the wicked foe, the Sutu-folk, whose sin was heinous." These apparently Aramæan invaders Nabu-apla-iddina had succeeded in bringing into subjection, thus restoring order in Babylonia at about the same period that Assyria starts on its new career of empire.

Ashurnazirpal's successor, Shalmaneser II., has left us a beautiful obelisk of black basalt, one of the most famous of the Assyrian monuments which have come down to us. In the engravings on this stone we find art of no mean description. The upper parts of the four faces contain carved figures of various animals, each illustration accompanied by an epigraph explaining its meaning. The execution of these figures is admirable ; but still more remarkable from the artistic standpoint are the inscribed bronze gates found by Hormuzd Rassam in the mounds of Balawat, in 1877. The remains of these gates which we possess consist of a number of bronze plates, which had once been fastened upon massive wooden doors. These plates contain pictures descriptive of Shalmaneser's campaigns, with accompanying inscriptions. The whole is one of the most striking pieces of ancient art ever discovered. The design is bold and the execution strong, but perspective is of course wanting. These pictures give us some idea of the camp life, the marches, and the sieges of Assyrian kings, but nothing whatsoever of the ordinary domestic life of the people. The inscriptions of this king on these and other monuments contain, like those of his father, Ashurnazirpal, records of campaigns, twenty-six of which he conducted in person ; after which command was intrusted to Ashur-dayan, who held the office of Tartan. These campaigns were, for the most part, directed against the Aramæan states of Mesopotamia and Syria, to enforce the payment of tribute. A number of these states, with Damascus, under King Ben-Hadad II., at their head, formed an alliance to resist the further advance of Assyria to the west and south. This alliance included also Hittite, Aramæan, and Palestinian states, among the latter being the kingdom of Israel. It was in 854 that the Tartan met the allies at Karkar, near Hamath, and, according to the account of Shalmaneser, inflicted upon them a disastrous defeat. This is the first contact of Assyria with the Israelites of which we have monumental evidence, and it is this which lends special interest to an inscription on a stele found near Diarbekir, which records this campaign. In the account of the contingents of

the allies we read, "2000 chariots, 10,000 men of Ahab, the Israelite." Only one state furnished a larger contingent, namely, "1200 chariots, 1200 saddle horses, 20,000 men of Dada-idri of Damascus." Hamath was third in importance, with "700 chariots, 700 saddle horses, 10,000 men of Irkhulina the Hamathite." Shalmaneser claims a great victory for the Assyrians. "Fourteen thousand of their warriors I slew with arms; like Adad, I rained a deluge upon them, I strewed hither and yon their bodies, I covered the ruins [of their towns] with their countless soldiers, with the sword I poured out their blood." In his other inscriptions the number of the enemy slain is put down variously at 20,500 and 25,000. This inscription is further interesting as showing the political relations existing at that time. The Assyrian empire seemed to be recognized as far westward as Aleppo; that is, up to that point in the royal progress all the cities opened their gates and offered gifts. In the last-named city, Shalmaneser says that he offered sacrifices to Adad, or Hadad, the god of the place. From Aleppo southward his march was through hostile country. The list of the allies that met him is also interesting. We have contingents from Cilicia in the northwest, and on the southeast from Ammon, and from an Arabian prince, Gindibu, who sends one thousand camels. The victory that Shalmaneser claims to have won was evidently inconclusive.

Another campaign was undertaken five years later, and at this time again Ben-Hadad of Damascus was at the head of the allies. Shalmaneser, of course, claims a victory, but one may be justified, reading between the lines, in believing rather that he actually suffered a reverse. Three years later, and again four years after that, his attempts upon the west were renewed. It was not until the last occasion that he seems to have met with any real success. The revolution in Damascus and Israel, recorded in the latter part of the first book of Kings, had taken place. Hazael reigned in the former and Jehu in the latter city. The alliance had gone to pieces, and its former chiefs were fighting among themselves. Jehu had sent tribute to Assyria, as we learn from the obelisk which depicts his ambassadors paying tribute to the great king, with the inscription, "The tribute of Yahua, son of 'Omri, bars of silver, of gold, basins of gold, bowls of gold, cups of gold, buckets of gold, bars of lead, a royal scepter and spear-shafts (?)." Evidently the power of Damascus had come to be more feared in the west, because more immediately threatening, than that of Assyria.

Jehu's act in sending tribute to Assyria was for the purpose of gaining an ally against the nearer enemy. Hazael of Damascus was thus left alone to resist the Assyrian king. The records of the campaigns which followed show us scenes of devastation: the trees about Damascus were cut down, the Assyrians marched into the Hauran and laid waste the cities there; but in the end no permanent conquest was achieved.

Other campaigns of this king were directed against Armenia (Urartu, the Hebrew Ararat); and as in the records of Ashur-nazirpal, we read of pyramids of heads, men impaled upon stakes about conquered cities, and the like. Shalmaneser claims continual victories, but always has to march again to the same place. In fact, his records show us the growth of a new and strong kingdom to the north of Assyria. Eastward and north-eastward he conducted campaigns in the mountains of Persia and the highlands of Media, but evidently without achieving permanent results. In the south he succeeded in conquering Babylon and making its king a subject prince of Assyria. All his campaigns show us Assyria as the great state of the day. On every side of it are innumerable small states, no one of which alone is a match for the Assyrian power. Against these states, in every direction, the Assyrians conduct campaigns for the mere purpose of levying tribute and carrying off booty. The conditions of their rule are evidently intolerable, so that the cities which have paid tribute seize every opportunity to cast off the yoke and refuse to submit to further exactions, in the belief and expectation that Assyria, with its numerous enemies on all sides, will be unable to reach and chastise them. All these small states are also engaged in wars with one another. The whole condition revealed by the Assyrian inscriptions of this period is in the most striking contrast with the period of peace, great kingdoms, and widespread commercial intercourse which we saw prevailing in the fifteenth century B.C.

One of the only two inscriptions of the early Hebrew period yet found on Palestinian soil belongs to this period of the reign of Shalmaneser; namely, the famous Moabite stone, already several times referred to. This monument, found at Dibon in Moab by a missionary, Dr. Klein, in 1868, was a stele erected by Mesha, king of Moab, to celebrate his successful revolt against Israel, mentioned in 2 Kings i. and iii. It commences thus: "I am Mesha, son of Kamus-Malak (Chemosh Melech), king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father; and I made this

high place to Kamus (Chemosh) at Korkhah, a high place of victory, for he delivered me from all my foes, and let me see my desire on all mine enemies. Omri was king of Israel and oppressed Moab many days, for Kamus was angry with his people. His son followed him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my day Kamus said, I will see my desire on him and his house; and Israel surely perished forever." Then follow the details of the war in which he tore the land of Kamus out of the hand of Yahaweh.

At the end of the reign of Shalmaneser occurred a great civil war, of which we have a record only in the inscriptions of his son, Shamshi-Adad IV. The conditions were not unlike those which so nearly caused a civil war in Judah before the death of David, when, in his weak old age, one party in the state endeavored to put Adonijah on the throne, and the other party Solomon. Finally Shamshi-Adad (Ramman), some two years after the death of his father, succeeded in establishing himself upon the Assyrian throne; but the land was much weakened by this civil strife, which had given an opportunity to the kings of Armenia, Babylonia, and other neighboring regions to strengthen themselves or to throw off the yoke of allegiance, and it is some time before we again hear of Assyrian expeditions which affect Israel or Palestine. Shamshi-Adad proclaims his complete control of his country in an inscription which tells us how he marched up and down over the entire land of Assyria, "from the city of Paddira in the Nairi to Kar-Shulmanasharid of the territory of Carchemish; from Zaddi of the land of Accad to the land of Enzi; from Aridi to the land of Sukhi." According to his own accounts, his expeditions in Babylonia extended to the extreme south, to the regions of the Chaldeans; in Media, he penetrated as far as the White Mountain, the Elvend, near Ecbatana, the modern Hamadan, while on the west he marched as far as the Mediterranean. In Babylonia he claims to have defeated an army consisting of Babylonians, Chaldæans, Elamites, Aramæans, and men of Namri; but it seems that he did not succeed in reducing Babylonia to obedience. He was still less successful upon the north, where Sarduri I., the king of Urartu, — that is, Armenia, — at least maintained his own against the Assyrian power. This kingdom of Armenia was by no means an uncivilized state. It had adopted the cuneiform script from the Assyrians, and there have been found, at various places in the Armenian mountains, rock-cut inscriptions of several Armenian kings, the earliest

being those of Sarduri I., who was a contemporary both of Shamshi-Adad and of his father, Shalmaneser. These early inscriptions are written, not in the language of the country, but in Assyrian. In the times of Sarduri's successors we find the cuneiform script applied to the language of the country, which was a dialect related, perhaps, to the modern Georgian. Outside of these inscriptions and the references in the Assyrian records we have no other monuments of the civilization or the history of this kingdom, which played an important rôle for a brief period.

Adad-(Ramman-)nirari (811–783) contended, on the whole unsuccessfully, with Menuas, grandson of Sarduri and son of Ispuinis, who in his inscriptions calls himself "powerful king, great king, king of Biyaina (Van), prince of the town of Tuspa." This monarch deprived the Assyrians of some territories to the north and northwest. On the other hand, Adad-nirari appears to have been successful in his campaigns in Media, where he carried the Assyrian standard farther than it had ever been carried before, to the Caspian Sea. In the south, in Babylonia also, he reëstablished Assyrian power, extending his expeditions into the lands at the head of the Persian Gulf. In connection with these campaigns he undertook a certain reform in the Assyrian religion. That religion, identical in principle with the Babylonian, had for its chief god the local god of the city of Ashur. The great feminine divinity was Ishtar, localized especially at Arbela and Nineveh. There was, of course, a pantheon, prominent in which were the thunder-god, Adad or Ramman, the sun god, Shamash, etc. The especial cult of these gods had been developed in a somewhat different manner from the cults prevailing in Babylonia; and one of them, the chief god of the whole pantheon, the local god of Ashur, was unknown or practically unknown to the Babylonians. Adad-nirari III. built in Assyria temples modeled after the Babylonian use, and introduced the Babylonian ritual, the most striking instance being his erection in his capital city, Calah, of a counterpart of the temple, Ezida, of the god Nabu in Borsippa. His object was to effect the religious unity of Babylonia and Assyria, and thus unite them as closely as possible in one empire, a policy carried out more fully later by some of his successors.

But most interesting to the ordinary man are Adad-nirari's expeditions to the west, because they throw light on a dark period of Israelite and Jewish history. We learn, in the book

of Kings, of the increasing power of Damascus in the west; for which, as we now know from the Assyrian inscriptions, the opportunity was afforded by the weakness of Assyria, following the civil war in the closing years of the reign of Shalmaneser. It would seem that the kings of Damascus took advantage of this opportunity to establish a great and independent empire in the west, precisely as the Babylonian kings did in the south and the kings of Armenia in the north. It was at this period that Hazael of Damascus and his successors conducted those successful wars against Israel and Judah, of which we read in the second book of Kings, which almost annihilated the former kingdom and made both Israel and Judah tributary to Damascus. From the Bible we learn nothing of any relations with Assyria during this period. It appears, however, that finally the Israelites were able to throw off the yoke of Damascus, regain their independence, with a large part if not all of their former territory, and even establish an Israelite quarter in Damascus. The inscriptions of Adad-nirari, recounting his expeditions to the west, show us how and why this took place. We have, it is true, no notice of appeals for aid on the part of Israel; but we may assume, from what occurs, that as when later Damascus and Israel combined to threaten the existence of Judah under King Ahab, the latter declared himself a vassal of Assyria and summoned Tiglathpileser to his aid, so now the kings of Israel took the same course. Adad-nirari recounts three expeditions to the West-land in 806, 805, and 797 respectively, in which he claims to have received tribute and gifts from the land of the Hittites, from Tyre, Sidon, Edom, the Philistines, and the land of Omri, — that is, the kingdom of Israel, so called constantly in the Assyrian inscriptions after Omri, the father of Ahab, who must evidently have been a king of much greater importance than we should gather from the brief mention of him in the Bible. It would appear that these kings, in danger of being overwhelmed by the ever growing power of their neighbor Damascus, preferred to declare themselves subject to the Assyrian king and summoned him to their assistance. So it is that we find Adad-nirari making no mention of war with these nations which paid him tribute, but only with Damascus, which he besieged and from which he claims to have carried off booty. Putting the Assyrian records and the Bible story together, it is clear that, through this war with Damascus, the power of the latter was so weakened that its vassal states were enabled to throw off their allegiance and

regain their independence. Damascus still remained the most important country of the West-land, but it was unable to maintain the authority which it had endeavored to establish over the neighboring states of the West-land.

The next half-century was a period of Assyrian decay; the reason of which is explained by the inscriptions of the kings of Biyaina or Van, Argistis (780–760) and Sarduri II. (760–730), which show us that this was a period of the growth in power of that kingdom, which, at the end of this time, extended from the Lake of Urmia in modern Persia on the east, to Melitene in Asia Minor on the west. Northern Syria acknowledged itself tributary to the Armenian king. Babylonia likewise was able at this time to cast off the Assyrian yoke. This was the period when Egypt was broken up into a number of semi-independent kingdoms and overrun by Ethiopian armies; and, both Assyria on the east and Egypt on the west being in a state of eclipse, a period of relatively peaceful progress and development was possible in Syria and Palestine. It was during this time that the kingdom of Israel reached its greatest extent and power under Jeroboam II., while Judah also prospered under King Uzziah or Azariah. It is clear from this that Damascus had suffered so much from its contest with Assyria, which was in fact continued during a part of this period, that it was unable to establish its supremacy over the other kingdoms of the West.

It was during this period, in the reign of Ashur-dan, that that eclipse of the sun occurred in the month of Sivan which is recorded in the Eponym List of the year 763, which, as already stated, has given us a fixed point from which to count the years backward and forward. This same eclipse is referred to in the book of Amos (viii. 9) as happening in the reign of Jeroboam II., king of Israel. In the reign of Ashur-nirari II., the last king of this half-century of decay, the Eponym List has little more to record than "in the country," which means that the king conducted no campaigns. States refused tribute, and the king was evidently either unable or incompetent to conduct expeditions to collect it, or to retain the territory which his fathers had won. In 764 there was a "revolt in the city of Calah"; and with the next year we find a new king on the throne, of whose origin we know nothing, one of the greatest conquerors and the greatest monarchs that Assyria ever knew — Tiglathpileser III., the Pul or Pulu of the Bible and the Babylonian records, the Poros of the Greeks. His inscriptions have

unfortunately come down to us in a mutilated form. He restored the temple of Shalmaneser II. in Calah, wainscoting its walls, after an Assyrian fashion, with stone tablets containing inscriptions recounting the campaigns of his reign. At a later date, Esarhaddon stripped off these tablets to use for a temple of his own. In the process they were reduced in size, and the beginnings and endings of some of the inscriptions were cut off. Apparently he had intended to have the inscriptions erased and use the tablets for new inscriptions of his own. Fortunately for our knowledge of this period, he died before the purpose was entirely accomplished. Besides these somewhat mutilated stone tablets we have clay cylinders, giving accounts of the king's campaigns, not in chronological but in geographical order, and some lists of the countries conquered by him without details of any kind. His reign was a relatively short one, from 745 to 727 B.C.; but in those eighteen years he made Assyria the great world power. His first campaigns were devoted to the expulsion from Babylonia of the Aramæans, who had again overrun that country. He entered Babylonia, not as an enemy, but as an ally of the Babylonians, who were quite willing to recognize his suzerainty if only the Assyrians would expel the Aramæan invaders. In this he was entirely successful. He led his armies as far southward as Nippur, reorganized the whole country, dividing it into four provinces, placing Assyrian governors over them, and building two garrisoned cities. Here he inaugurated a policy of colonization, intended to unify the empire and break up opposition, by separating those elements the union of which tended to maintain antagonism to the central power. He took peoples from one conquered province and settled them in the cities and lands of another, thus breaking up their national existence, their relation to their lands and their gods, and making or endeavoring to make them merely subjects of Assyria. He did not at this time make himself nominally king in Babylon, but left Nabonassar, or Nabu-nasir, the reigning prince, as titular sovereign of that city.

Our geographical knowledge does not permit us to follow with exactitude the expeditions and conquests of Tiglathpileser in the East. His methods here were in part the same; but though his armies penetrated into Media and compelled the payment of tribute, he only in fact added to the Assyrian empire some small states lying on the border, in which he pursued the same system of colonization already begun in Babylonia.

On the south and to the east he was opposed by no great power. His conflicts were with small cities and semi-barbarous tribes.

His great struggle was with the kings of Van for the possession of Syria. Sarduris II. of Van, or Urartu, claimed the title of King of Syria, and was actually in possession of the northern part of that region, including the city of Arpad, an old-time subject state of Assyria. Among his dependent allies were Kushtashpi of Kummukh, Pisiris of Carchemish, Sulumal of northern Melid, or Melitene, and Panammu of Sam'al. He held therefore the northern fords of the Euphrates, and controlled all the upper waters of that river. In his third year Tiglathpileser crossed the Euphrates at the lower fords, invaded northern Syria, and laid siege to Arpad, north of Aleppo; whereupon Sarduris invaded Assyria, compelling him to raise the siege and turn back for the protection of his own country. A battle was fought in Commagene, in which Tiglathpileser was victorious; and although unable to pursue his enemy into his own land, the victory was so far conclusive that it detached the allies of Sarduris, who forthwith sent presents and tribute to Tiglathpileser. Tiglathpileser devoted his three following campaigns to the reconquest of the former Assyrian possessions in northern Syria, from the bend of the Euphrates westward or a little southwestward to the Mediterranean. The kings of these countries were reduced to submission; and one of them, Unqi, which lay between the river Afrin and the Orontes, and whose king refused to pay tribute, was provided with an Assyrian governor and garrison and incorporated in the Assyrian empire, according to Tiglathpileser's definite policy. In the year 739, as we learn from his annals, Tiglathpileser turned his attention northward, undertaking first of all to reconquer the Nairi lands, former possessions of Assyria, which had been annexed by the kings of Van. He was successful in these campaigns, and carried his conquests to the very borders of the kingdom of Van itself; but rebellions and refusal of tribute on the part of the petty states of Syria and the cities of the Phœnician coast compelled him to turn his attention westward once more. Here an alliance had been formed, the moving spirit of which was Azriyau or Azariah of Ya'udi. With him were allied some nineteen states in all, including Commagene, Que or Cilicia, Melid or Melitene, Carchemish, Damascus, Samaria, Gebal, Tyre, and some Arabian states. This Azriyau of Ya'udi was long supposed to be Azariah, king of the Jews. The similarity of the name is most striking; but, unfortunately for this identification,

the capital of Azriyau is stated to be Kullani, which, in Hebrew transliteration, would probably be Kalneh. Scholars now suppose the Ya'udi to have been a people dwelling between the Afrin and the Orontes, north of Hamath and south of Aleppo. The Aramaic inscriptions discovered by the Germans at Zinjirli have shown that the Aramaic spoken in these regions was very closely allied to Hebrew, much more closely than any other Aramæan dialect heretofore discovered. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether it is properly to be classed as a Canaanite or an Aramæan dialect, so close is the connection. It would appear from the name of Azriyau of Ya'udi, that along with this close connection of language between the Jews and the Aramæans of northern Syria went a connection in other things also; for the name Yahu (Yahaweh) was known to both, and both had the same race or tribal name, Ya'udi. Some of the other names of kings contained in Tiglathpileser's records of this campaign are also of interest, especially to the Bible student, namely Rassunnu, king of Damascus, the Biblical Rezin; Minichimmi of Samarina, that is Menahem of Samaria; and Hiram of Tyre.

Tiglathpileser marched against Azariah in 738, defeated him, incorporated his land in the Assyrian empire, and placed an Assyrian governor in his capital city Kullani. The various kings mentioned above, and others, hastened to pay tribute to the conqueror, and the whole region, from Cilicia and Commagene on the north to Samaria on the south, acknowledged itself tributary to the Assyrian king and paid him tribute. At the same time that Tiglathpileser was conducting these campaigns in the west, a rebellion broke out in the east; and the excellent organization which Tiglathpileser had succeeded in establishing, shows itself in the fact that he was able to remain in the west, leaving the Assyrian governors of the eastern province to put down the revolts in that region, which they did with the utmost severity. The plan of deportation of rebellious subjects was carried out between these two extremes of the empire, and some thirty thousand colonists were brought from the lands of the east to be settled in Kullani and neighboring territories, Aramæans from that region being in turn deported to the mountains of the east.

In 735 Tiglathpileser felt himself strong enough to undertake the conquest of Urartu. He succeeded in penetrating to the capital city, Tospa or Turuspa, on the shores of Lake Van, but was unable to capture it. He devastated and laid waste the whole country, however, inflicting such a punishment as

to inspire king and people alike with a dread of the Assyrian arms and an anxiety to avoid all further conflict with that power. In the mean time the cities of the west had formed a new league to resist the Assyrian power. As in the days of Shalmaneser, we find Damascus the leading state in this new federation, which included the coast cities of the Philistines, but evidently did not the wealthy Phœnician cities, which preferred to buy peace by tribute. This attitude of the Phœnician cities enabled Tiglathpileser to march down the Mediterranean coast without opposition. He took Gaza, whose king, Hanno (Khanunu) fled to Egypt, and set up there his royal throne and his image in stone, as token of his kingship, as also a statue of the god Ashur. The capture of Gaza, Ascalon, and Ekron, which he also records, implies the control of the entire Syrian and Palestinian seacoast by Tiglathpileser.

Tiglathpileser's records throw most welcome light on Bible history. According to Isaiah vii. and 2 Kings xv., Rezin of Damascus and Pekah of Israel had undertaken to dethrone Ahaz, King of Judah, and set upon the throne in his place a certain Tabul, a Syrian. Ahaz, against the protest and advice of Isaiah, sent messengers to the king of Assyria with tribute, recognizing him as his suzerain. Putting this account and the records of Tiglathpileser together, it is clear that Rezin and Pekah had attempted to force Ahaz into the confederacy of the western states, formed to resist the Assyrian great power. Ahaz, dreading these powerful and aggressive neighbors more than the distant power of Assyria, preferred to summon the latter to his aid by declaring himself its subject. This gave occasion for the campaign above described, and led Tiglathpileser to attack the allies on the west and south, thus giving relief to Judah, and at the same time bringing him into touch with his new ally. But the capture of the seacoast and the relief this brought Judah, now a subject state of Assyria, did not altogether break up the confederacy or finish the war in the west. In 733 Tiglathpileser again marched down the seacoast and fell upon the land of Israel. For the results of this campaign we are in part dependent upon the Bible narrative, which shows us that the Assyrians took and annexed to Assyria, apparently as a province of the empire, Galilee and Gilead, — that is the land north of the plain of Jezreel and east of the Jordan, — leaving of the kingdom of Israel only the central state of Samaria. Pekah himself was killed (it may be noted that in the Bible story we have two

kings, Pekah and Pekahiah, who, it would seem, are really one and the same), and Hoshea (Ausi'i of the Assyrian inscriptions) became king in his stead. Then Tiglathpileser fell upon Damascus, which he finally captured in 732, after a terrible devastation of the land, in which he destroyed, as he boasts, 591 cities, whose inhabitants with all their possessions he carried away to Assyria. Damascus was thus made a province of the Assyrian empire under a governor. His inscriptions tell us that Sanibu of Ammon, Salaman or Solomon of Moab, and Ya'uchazi (that is, Jehoahaz, whom the Bible calls Ahaz, omitting the divine element, Yahu, in his name), king of the Ya'udæans, or Jews, and Kaus-malak of Edom, were all compelled to pay tribute. Among the allies who had opposed him in his first campaigns in the west, in 738, was a certain queen of Arabia, Zabibi by name. She had been succeeded by another queen, Shamshi, and against her country Tiglathpileser now directed his victorious arms. She also was defeated, and a great booty of camels and oxen taken. As a result of this victory, Arabia, as far south as the kingdom of the Sabæans, at that time a wealthy and important kingdom in southern Arabia, sent tribute to Tiglathpileser.

While he was engaged in these remarkable campaigns in the west, Babylonia was disturbed by internal wars, and by invasions of Aramæans and Chaldæans, a people occupying the extreme southern part of the country at the head of the Persian Gulf. At last a certain Ukinzer, a Chaldæan prince, succeeded in making himself king of Babylon. In 731 Tiglathpileser found himself free to carry his arms against this king. His campaigns lasted several years and were completely successful. He subdued and pacified the country, offering sacrifices to Marduk in Babylon, Nabu in Borsippa, Nergal in Kutha, En-lil in Nippur, Sin in Ur, etc. Finally he "took the hands" of Marduk in Babylon, and was declared king of Babylon on New Year's Day, 728, bearing in the Babylonian king lists the name of Pulu.

Under Tiglathpileser Assyria had reached a greater extent of power than it had ever attained before. Through his conquests the whole territory, from Media to the Mediterranean, and from the borders of Armenia in Lake Van to the borders of Egypt, had been united under one sovereign, and even the kingdoms of southern Arabia had done him homage. To be sure, the greater part of this territory was occupied by subject states; but Assyria and Babylonia were united in one kingdom,

and here and there along the mountains of Media and Persia on the east, and in Syria and Palestine on the west, were regions which had been formally incorporated into the Assyrian empire, and which were governed by Assyrian governors and occupied by Assyrian garrisons. The policy which Tiglathpileser had inaugurated, of removing turbulent and disaffected peoples from their homes and scattering them in various parts of the empire, tended to consolidate the power of Assyria and to amalgamate the nations of Western Asia into one whole. However much tyranny and oppression was connected with such an empire as that established by Tiglathpileser, it certainly had the effect of bringing the nations into contact one with another over a very wide extent of country, and thus promoting the progress of civilization.

Tiglathpileser was succeeded by Shalmaneser (Sulman-asarid) IV., who reigned from 726 to 722. We have no historical inscriptions from his reign; and even the Eponym List, from which we might have obtained at least the order of events, is, unfortunately, here broken off. We have only a brief notice in the so-called Babylonian chronicle, and a couple of references in the Bible, which enable us to piece together a history of his short reign. Following the example of his predecessor, he seems to have become king of Babylon, and taken the hand of Marduk under the title of Ilulai or Elulæus. In the west he evidently had to contend with a revolt of subject states, in which Samaria took part, instigated or supported by Egypt. This was a period of partial Ethiopian supremacy in that country. Shabaka the Ethiopian had deposed and killed King Bakenrenf (Bocchoris), and made himself overlord of Egypt. He is not, however, the one who is mentioned in the Bible as entering into alliance with Hoshea. There we are told that Seve or So, king of Musri, was the ally of the Samarian king. We can only conjecture that he may have been a subject king in Lower Egypt under Shabaka, though some have identified this Musri with an Arabic region bearing the same or a kindred name, and supposed that it was an Arabian and not an Egyptian prince who instigated the rebellion of the West. However that may be, Hoshea rebelled in 725, and Shalmaneser invaded Israel and laid siege to Samaria. The Bible narrative would seem to imply that he took the city; but the Assyrian records show us that while he commenced the siege he did not live to finish it. He was succeeded by the first king of a new dynasty, Sargon II., who bore or assumed the name

of the ancient and famous Sargon of Accad. He found an empire, whether as the result of the incompetence of his predecessor or of disturbance connected with his own accession to the throne, — for he seems to have been a usurper and not of royal blood, — in revolt on all its borders. Sargon captured Samaria in 721, and deported 27,290 men, whom he settled by the rivers Balikh and Khabur in Mesopotamia and in the Median mountains, putting in their place colonists from Kutha in Babylonia and other newly conquered regions. Samaria was turned into an Assyrian province, over which was set an Assyrian governor. Of course the captives who were deported on this and similar occasions did not constitute by any means the whole population of the country, but rather the better class of mechanics, artisans, tillers of the soil, and the like.

Sargon built himself a new palace and city, which he named Dur-Sarrukin, "Sargon's Tower," at Khursabad, about twenty miles northeast of Nineveh. This palace and town, alone of all Assyrian sites, have been excavated with any degree of thoroughness, by the French in the years 1842-1845. From the town itself we have practically nothing of value. The palace has furnished us with remains of the most interesting and valuable description. The walls of this palace were wainscoted with slabs containing inscriptions recounting the great events of his reign, and containing artistic representations of various sorts of a high degree of excellence. The excavations revealed, also, some interesting details of palace arrangement and court life. The palace was divided into three parts, one for the court, the administration of justice, and the like, one for the king's residence, and one for the harem. The arrangement of the harem shows that the king had four wives, a usage familiar later under Mohammedan law. One of the odd discoveries of the excavators was the king's wine-cellar. More important was an admirably preserved ziggurat, erected in connection with the palace. Almost at the outset of Sargon's reign, Babylonia rose in rebellion under a certain Merodach-baladan, king of the sea lands, who had as his allies Elam and various Aramæan tribes and states. Sargon seems to have been unsuccessful in his first attempts to subdue Babylonia, although, in his inscriptions, he claims a victory. At once the West rose in revolt. We shall not attempt to follow his campaigns in detail. His records and those of the succeeding kings show us that the instability of the Assyrian power was due to the oppression of Assyrian rule. The sole object of the Assyr-

ian kings, like that of the Pharaohs of Egypt in the time when they ruled Syria, was to exploit conquered countries for the benefit of their own land. It was their policy to exact the largest possible tribute from subject states, and this tribute was collected by corrupt officials, who presumably made the burden still heavier. Consequently we find these subject princes continually rising in revolt, deeming it better to take the risk of utter destruction than to continue to submit to such extortions.

The first rebellion of the West which we read of in Sargon's reign centered about Hamath, which was ruled at that time by a certain Ya'ubidi or Ilubidi, names interesting to us because they contain in composition what is apparently the same divine name as the Hebrew Yahu, which in Hebrew names also is often used interchangeably with the more general designation of divinity, El or Ilu. The king of Gaza, Hanno, and Seve or So of Egypt, whom we met with in the preceding reign, supported and assisted Hamath. Damascus and Samaria, which had been reduced to the condition of Assyrian provinces, were involved in this revolt. Later we read of another revolt which involved more particularly Judæa and the Phœnician cities. The twentieth chapter of Isaiah is dated in the year when Tartan — that is, the Assyrian general — came to Ashdod, at the beginning of the reign of Sargon, king of the Assyrians, and fought against Ashdod and took it. The Assyrian inscriptions give us further information with reference to this event; namely, that a certain Yamani, with the expectation of Egyptian assistance, had deposed the legitimate king of Ashdod and set himself upon the throne. All the Philistine cities, together with Judah, where Hezekiah was now king, Moab and Edom, were drawn into this revolt; which was suppressed, apparently, without great difficulty.

One of the most interesting events of Sargon's reign was the capture, in 717, of Carchemish, the last remnant of the once great and famous Hittite empire. It had rebelled in conjunction with the Mushke or Moschi, who had been adversaries of Assyria for the last 500 years or so, and who were now settled north and east of the Taurus Mountains. The Assyrian king captured and destroyed Carchemish, carried off the king and his family to Assyria, then rebuilt the city and made it an Assyrian colony. Carchemish is to-day the ruin mounds of Jerabis, where a few partially excavated slabs excite, by their rude carvings, curiosity as to the people who made them. It was these slabs, with their uncouth sculptures and clumsy hieroglyphs, and similar remains from Hamath, which were first

identified as Hittite. Since then similar monuments have been found at various points in Syria, while in Asia Minor, from the borders of Armenia on the east to Lydia on the west, have been found rock carvings with occasional inscriptions. These sculptures and bas-reliefs are uncouth and clumsy. The motives in many cases are clearly borrowed from Assyrian originals, as in the case of the winged disk ornaments, and the processions of gods and goddesses mounted on symbolic animals at Boghaz Keni in Cappadocia. Of inscriptions we have, in all, about 100, including a couple recently found at Babylon. Various attempts at decipherment have been made, founded largely on the bilingual boss of a certain Tarkondemos. This boss, of silver, of uncertain provenance, was originally offered for sale in Constantinople thirty years or so ago. The British Museum obtained an electrotype, after which the boss disappeared. It is supposed to have been destroyed in a fire in Pera. There is a medallion head surrounded by a bilingual inscription in Assyrian and in the rude hieroglyphs which we designate as Hittite. Up to the present time none of the attempted decipherments has won general acceptance. We know that the inscriptions are written *boustrophedon*, that is, alternately from left to right and from right to left. The general meaning of some of the signs is known, such as *king*, *son*, etc., but not their transliteration. No inscription has yet been read with any degree of certainty, and we do not know the racial or linguistic affinities of the people who wrote the inscriptions. Their costume, as represented on their monuments, suggests a mountain origin, which agrees with what little we know of their history from the inscriptions of other peoples.

Another interesting event of Sargon's reign was his expedition into Arabia for the collection of tribute. How far he penetrated we cannot say with certainty, but the tribes mentioned in his inscriptions seem to have been settled along the western coast from Medina to a point somewhere below Mecca. These were all conquered and reduced to subjection, in addition to which he received tribute from Shamshi, queen of Arabia, whose kingdom was in the north, and It'amer of Saba, king of the Sabæan kingdom in the south. Recent explorations have thrown considerable light on the civilization of this kingdom, and a still earlier Minæan kingdom in the same region. Ancient traditions of other peoples, like the Bible story of the Queen of Sheba, told of wealthy and important peoples in southern Arabia. Explorers have now proved the truth of these

traditions. It is clear that a wealthy and highly civilized people, having commercial relations with Egypt, Babylonia, and Syria, occupied this country from the middle of the second millennium on. Written monuments in Minæan and Sabæan script, a national Arabic development of the Phœnician alphabet, begin somewhere after 1000 B.C. These inscriptions, valuable as they are as proving the existence of Minæan and Sabæan culture and civilization, cannot be said to be interesting, and but few of them have yet been published. From the north of Arabia we have a few Aramaic inscriptions, like the stele of Tema, interesting chiefly because of the light which they throw on the religions of those regions, which show us that northern Arabia was — for the most part certainly — Aramæan until a much later period than this.

In the north, Sargon fought with the Armenians, or Chaldians as they called themselves, over whom a certain Rusas now ruled. All the subject states of this king he conquered, and devastated his country; but the Chaldians themselves remained unconquered, and Rusas, and his son Argistis II. after him, continued to rule over a kingdom about Lake Van and the head waters of the Euphrates. In the east we read of numerous Median states and tribes who rendered submission to Sargon, and of extensive deportations of population from those regions. In the south, Sargon seems finally to have entered Babylon as a deliverer of the Babylonians from the tyranny of Merodach-baladan the Chaldæan, and his Elamitic and Aramæan allies. He did not, however, "take the hands of Marduk," but simply styled himself *shakkanak*, governor or viceroy of Babylon. He invaded the territory of Merodach-baladan at the head of the Persian Gulf, and plundered and destroyed his capital city, Bit-Yakin. Dilmun, an island in the Persian Gulf, paid tribute, and the Elamite king sent presents. His campaigns added, in the end, very little to the kingdom ruled over by his predecessors, except that in the north and northwest he captured territories formerly held by the Armenians and the Moschi. The last year or two of his reign is a period of darkness, from which we have no inscriptions.

Then follows Sennacherib, the best known to the world at large of all Assyrian kings, on account of his famous campaign against Judah. His rule lasted from 704 to 682. No sooner was Sargon dead than a rebellion of subject states began. A suggestion of the cause of it we find in an innocent-looking reference in the Bible to a message from Merodach-baladan,

king of Babylon, to Hezekiah, king of Judah, congratulating him on his recovery from his sickness. The Babylonians appear to have welcomed back again Merodach-baladan with his Elamitic and Aramæan allies. At the same time, the Philistine and Phœnician states, with Hezekiah, king of Judah, at their head, and the Ethiopian Pharaoh of Egypt as their ally, threw off the Assyrian yoke. Sennacherib's first campaign was directed against Merodach-baladan, whom he defeated and expelled from Babylon, putting on the throne a tool of his own, a certain Bel-ibni. He treated the land with great severity, and carried back from this campaign to Assyria an immense booty, besides 208,000 captives. In the following year, 701, he marched against Hezekiah and his allies. The Assyrian inscriptions throw a most interesting light on the Bible records at this point, and the Bible equally explains and supplements the monuments. We find that Hezekiah held the king of Ekron, Padi, a prisoner in Jerusalem. This man had refused to join in the revolt against Assyria, whereupon he had been dethroned, another king put in his place, and he himself carried a prisoner to Jerusalem; precisely that which Rezin of Damascus and Pekah of Israel had intended to do with Ahaz, king of Judah, in 734 B.C. Sennacherib marched along the Phœnician coast, devastated the territory of Tyre, and captured Sidon, where he set up a new king, Ethobal, in place of Elulæus, who had fled to Cyprus. Most of the rebellious princes, on the approach of the Assyrians, paid tribute. Among these we find the names of Puduilu of Beth-Ammon, Kammusu-nadab of Moab, and Malik-rammu of Edom. On the other hand, Ashkelon, Beth-Dagon, and the Philistine cities in general, which were subject allies of Hezekiah, held out and were treated with great severity. At last a force from the south, from Egypt and the Arabian Melukhkha, met Sennacherib in battle at Eltekeh or Altaku, but was defeated. Sennacherib was thus free to punish the arch-conspirator, Hezekiah. Forty-five cities of Judah were captured, according to Sennacherib's inscription, and 200,150 captives were carried off. We have in Sennacherib's bas-reliefs a representation of the siege and capture of one of these cities, Lachish. Hezekiah was obliged to pay a great tribute of gold and silver, which necessitated, as we learn from the Bible, stripping the temple of its ornaments and furnishings. He was also obliged to surrender wives and daughters to Sennacherib for his harem. But with these gifts Hezekiah did not succeed in buying off the Assyrians. While

he lay before Lachish, Sennacherib sent a part of his army, under an officer whom the Bible designates as the Rabshakeh, to Jerusalem to demand its surrender; and, that failing, to blockade the town until he himself should come to lay siege to it and destroy it. The book of Isaiah gives us most picturesque descriptions of the terror which prevailed in the city and the preparations for defense. Sennacherib says of Hezekiah that he "shut him up like a caged bird in Jerusalem, his royal city," and tells us of the Arabian and other mercenary allies on whom he relied for his defense. In the meantime, the Ethiopian Pharaoh, Tirhaka, was advancing with an army against Sennacherib. Sennacherib claims to have met and defeated him with great slaughter. The Bible tells us of some sort of disaster which befell the Assyrians, whom the angel of the Lord slew by night. Egyptian tradition seems in a blind way to have preserved some notice of a pestilence. This meets us, however, some centuries after the event, in the tale which the priests in Egypt told Herodotus. According to this, a priest of Vulcan, called Sethos, won a victory over the army of Sennacherib, king of the Arabians and Assyrians, because of the field-mice that gnawed the thongs of the bows and devoured the quivers of the army of Sennacherib in the night. The final result of this campaign is not narrated by Sennacherib, and we find no notice later in his inscriptions with regard to Judah or neighboring regions, which, from the Bible records, would appear to have been left unmolested during the remainder of his reign. He did, however, conduct other campaigns in the West, in Cilicia and Cappadocia in Asia Minor, where he boasts of his wonderful achievements in mountain climbing, and in Arabia. The great struggle of his reign was with Merodach-baladan and the Elamites. He destroyed the city of Babylon, and invaded and plundered Elam. The record of his rule in Babylonia is a record of devastation. The city of Babylon itself he turned into a smoking ruin. All that had been achieved in former reigns toward the permanent union of Babylonia and Assyria was lost in his reign.

The only old Hebrew inscription yet found may, perhaps, belong to this period; namely, the Siloah inscription. This inscription was cut in the rock on the side of an aqueduct tunneled under the hill of Ophel, south of the temple, in Jerusalem, and celebrated the completion of that tunnel. It has no date, refers to no known event, and, strangely enough, has no religious reference of any sort. The tunnel is commonly sup-

posed to have been bored by Hezekiah, in which case the inscription would belong to his reign. It reads: "Tunnel. Now this is the manner of the tunnel. The workmen were still lifting up the pick, each toward his fellow, and there were yet three cubits. The voice of one calling to his fellow, that there was a break (?) in the rock on the right. . . . And on the day of the tunneling the workmen struck pick to pick one against another, and the water ran from the outlet to the pool, 1200 cubits; and . . . cubits was the height of the rock above the head of the workmen." We have quoted this at length because of the peculiar interest attaching to it as the only old Hebrew inscription yet found.

Sennacherib was assassinated by one of his sons and succeeded by another, Esarhaddon, who ruled from 680 to 668. He had himself at once proclaimed governor of Babylon, as well as king of Assyria, and set out to restore the ancient city which his father, Sennacherib, had destroyed. He boasts that he enlarged and beautified its famous walls, Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel, beyond that which they had been in former days; he also restored the famous temple, Esagila, of the god Marduk, with its great ziggurat. He rebuilt or repaired also many ancient temples in other cities of Babylonia, including the temple of En-lil at Nippur. The peaceful relations which he succeeded in establishing with the Elamites, after some invasions of Babylonia by the latter, were signalized by the return to Agade, in 673, of the gods which had been carried off by the Elamites at some previous time. In the west, Esarhaddon was concerned principally with the attempt to reduce to submission the wealthy coast cities of Phœnicia with their allies, as far northward as Cilicia, and with the conquest of Egypt. In 670, after a previous unsuccessful attempt, he invaded Egypt, captured the city of Memphis, and drove out the Ethiopians. Memphis was plundered and destroyed, and Esarhaddon says that he carried away from its temples fifty-five royal statues. He reorganized the government, gave Assyrian names to the cities, and set up new kings in the different nomes, with Necho of Saïs as chief among them.

A monolith of Esarhaddon, containing an account of the conquest of Egypt, and representing Tirhaka and his ally, Ba'al of Tyre, kneeling before him with rings through their lips, was found by the Germans in the only site yet explored in Syria, the ruin mound of Zinjirli, in the extreme northwest, not far from the Taurus Mountains. The oldest remains at this place

were uncouth Hittite sculptures and bas-reliefs. The great door of the castle alone contained forty rude reliefs in stone. It was in the outer small court of this castle that the monolith of Esarhaddon stood. In his time the kingdom of Sam'al was a province of Assyria, and this was a garrison town. In the same place and in some neighboring villages were found also Aramæan inscriptions of Bar-Rekub and Panammu, which carry us back to the latter half of the preceding century, to the time of Tiglathpileser, whose faithful subject and ally Panammu, king of Yadi, claims to have been. These latter inscriptions are peculiarly important linguistically, as they throw light on the origin of the Aramaic dialect and its relationship to the Canaanite-Hebrew dialect of the same great Semitic family of languages. We have only one other old Aramæan inscription from northern Syria, a votive stele found in the little cone village of Nirab near Aleppo, which may be somewhat earlier than the inscription of Panammu. The discoveries at Zinjirli belong, it will be seen, to three different peoples: Hittites, Aramæans, and Assyrians. This mound is only one of almost countless ruins which dot the face of northern Syria; and the results of the German excavations at Zinjirli, in 1888–1891, hold out a promise that some day we shall know the history of that country from the records of its own towns as well as we know the history of Assyria.

In Esarhaddon's time there fell upon the provinces of Media and Armenia an invading horde of Indo-Europeans, the Cimmerians, coming apparently from the south of Russia. One division of these people, after attacking the kingdom of Urartu or Armenia to the north of Assyria, moved westward into Asia Minor. Assyria itself was not invaded; but a number of small subject states were overrun and cut off from the Assyrian empire, from Lake Van westward to Cappadocia and Cilicia. Eastward the same Manda hordes, as they are called in the Assyrian inscriptions, poured into Media, and in spite of the best efforts which the Assyrians could make, succeeded in establishing themselves in that country. Esarhaddon reports himself as victorious over them, but it is clear that his victories were without permanent results, and that, however he may have succeeded in defeating some individual companies of the invaders, their fellows, pressing on behind, succeeded in occupying and possessing the territory. At the end of this reign we find the country east of Assyria — modern Persia, as well as Armenia and the regions westward into the very heart of Asia

Minor — occupied by Indo-European peoples, who, coming in as barbarians, like the Goths, the Lombards, and others who at later times invaded the Roman Empire, soon settled down as occupants of the cities and tillers of the fields of the conquered territories. Assyria, although unable to protect and retain its outlying provinces and subject kingdoms, was nevertheless strong enough to repel invasion for the present. The history of the encroachments of these sturdy Indo-European barbarians upon the ancient Assyrian great power, and their establishment of new kingdoms to the east and the north, is singularly like the record of the commencement of the conquest of the Roman Empire by the Germanic hordes in later days.

Still one more famous reign, that of Ashurbanipal, son and successor of Esarhaddon, was to intervene before the downfall of the Assyrian power; but with the entrance upon the scene of these Indo-European invaders, the doom of the great empire of the East was already sealed. By a curious textual error, Ashurbanipal is known in the Old Testament as Asnapper (Ezra iv. 10). He is the Sardanapalus of the Greeks and Latins. Greek tradition tells of his luxury and effeminacy; and his own inscriptions seem to show that, like the later Turkish sultans, he no longer went forth with his armies, but intrusted such functions to his grand vizier, himself spending his time in his harem or in the chase. He was the greatest patron of art and letters among the Assyrian kings. It was the library which he collected in his palace at Nineveh which has furnished most of the remains which we now possess of early Babylonian literature. The clay books of this library were copies of originals contained in the temple libraries of old Babylonia, more particularly of Erech, as we learn from the colophons found on them. These books were written on clay tablets in series, each series having its title. Each tablet bore the name of its series, and at the bottom the first line of the next tablet in the series. This library contained works of grammar, lexicography, poetry, history, science, and religion. Under the latter head we may include both liturgical tablets, penitential psalms, some of which remind us strangely of the Hebrew in form and thought, and mythological texts. The most famous of the latter is the great solar epic of Gilgamesh, which from the religious standpoint played the same part in Babylonia that Homer did in Greece; as we can gather, among other things, from the numerous scenes from it which are found engraved on Babylonian seal cylinders; and the poem of the Descent of Ishtar into Hell,

which appears to have been used in some way in connection with the Tammuz worship, to which we have several references in the Bible. These remains of Ashurbanipal's library were discovered in the excavation of his palace at Nineveh in the fifties by Layard; but their character and importance were not recognized until, in the early seventies, George Smith, of the British Museum, read on some of the fragments a flood story singularly like that of the Hebrew book of Genesis. These fragments proved later to be parts of the eleventh book of the great epic, the only book yet recovered with any degree of completeness. This famous discovery led the *Daily Telegraph* of London to send Smith to Nineveh for more remains of the great library in 1873. A little later, in 1875, he made a second expedition, in which he lost his life. This discovery attracted attention away from the colossi and monumental stone inscriptions of Khorsabad, Nineveh, and Calah, and even from the clay cylinders containing royal annals, to the more modest clay tablets; and pointed the attention of the explorers to Babylonia, from which, according to his colophons, Ashurbanipal's scribes had obtained the originals of which their writings were copies. We have also numerous bas-reliefs of Ashurbanipal's reign; and some of these, representing hunting scenes, where the king is shooting wild asses, or lions, are remarkable specimens of the sculptor's art. The most famous of all, perhaps, is "The Wounded Lioness." The Assyrian artists never attained to such excellence in depicting the human figure as they did in their animal scenes. Human beings are represented in a distinctly conventional way, but the lions and dogs and asses seem to have been studied from the life. Ashurbanipal's bas-reliefs and those of his predecessors, especially Sennacherib, give us also valuable representations of temples, ziggurats, cities, houses, siege implements, boats, and the like, which are instructive both from a practical and an artistic standpoint.

Ashurbanipal was a great builder, and has left us long lists of the buildings which he erected. The American excavations at Nippur showed that the last and most splendid restoration of the temple of Bel at that place was his work. Apparently, he found it desirable to strengthen the hands of En-lil, the ancient Bel of Nippur, as a counterpoise to the power of Babylon; but in Babylon also he restored with much pomp Esagila, the temple of Bel Marduk, and one of his inscriptions contains an invocation to this god, an inscription which is historically interesting by its reference to the Manda hordes, their chief

Tugdammi, and his son Sandakshatra. But by far the greatest and most important of his works was, as already said, his library, which was, by the way, the development on a large scale of a work begun by his predecessors. In Proverbs xxv. 1 we have a notice that Hezekiah of Jerusalem was collecting writings, and it may possibly be assumed that such a literary movement was taking place in several places at once. It is presumably Ashurbanipal's devotion to the literary records of the past which makes his own records such models of literary style. His great cylinder inscriptions are not annals, giving us a record of his campaigns or his buildings in chronological order. They present an account of his achievements quite different from anything we find in the royal annals before his time. We read what people said and thought. The divine assistance is sought and found in dreams, omens, and sacrifices. Vivid sketches, picturesque descriptions, striking figures of speech, abound in his inscriptions. One would suppose, on a cursory reading, that he was a great conqueror; but a more careful study of the records of his wars and boasted conquests shows that, with all the wealth and splendor, the art and the literary culture, which must have made this seem to the ignorant part of the population of Nineveh the most brilliant and prosperous period of their history, it was in reality a reign of catastrophe. To some extent one is reminded of the times of the Comneni in Constantinople, when the empire was threatened by Crusaders on the north and Turks on the south and east; but the court was cultivated, the city wealthy and prosperous, art and literature were fostered, and the historians painted the story of the state in glowing colors, boastfully turning disasters into victories and invasions into conquests.

Esarhaddon, before his death, had conquered Egypt and parceled it out into provinces, over which he had set subject kings, achievements which are recorded in part in Ashurbanipal's inscriptions; but no sooner was Esarhaddon dead than all Egypt rose in revolt, supported and assisted by Tyre, which Esarhaddon had besieged but not captured, and other Phœnician cities. Ashurbanipal's inscriptions record the submission of Tyre; and Bacal, the king of that city, sent one of his daughters and several of his nieces as contributions to Ashurbanipal's harem, and his son as a hostage to be educated in Assyria. Similarly, Yakinlu, king of Arvad, and the princes of Cilicia and of Tabal in Cappadocia, sent their daughters for the same purpose.

Ashurbanipal's inscriptions give us some information with regard to events in that almost unknown region, Asia Minor, supplementing the information which we obtain from Greek sources. Almost no excavations have been conducted in Asia Minor. Rock-cut inscriptions of the Hittites have been discovered, as already stated, at various points. In the last few years the surface of the country has been traversed by various scholars, and numerous sites and some inscriptions of later periods have been discovered there, as also some most interesting rock-cut cities, the so-called cone cities of Cappadocia. On the western coast, excavations have been conducted on Greek sites at Ephesus, Assos, and Pergamos, besides the famous excavations at Troy. With the single exception of the latter, these excavations have dealt with the later Greek and Roman periods. We have Hittite inscriptions, not yet deciphered, which belong to a period perhaps at and before 1200 B. C., when that people occupied the greater portion of the central and southwestern part of Asia Minor. Latterly some clay tablets have been procured from Cappadocia, especially by the museums of St. Petersburg and Philadelphia. These tablets are written in a peculiar form of Babylonian or Assyrian script, and not in the tongue of the people. They show Assyrian or Babylonian influence in that region, and a considerable development of the commercial spirit; for, like the common Babylonian tablets, these inscriptions are all of a commercial character, so-called contract tablets. To precisely what period these tablets belong, however, is not yet altogether clear. The other inscriptions and remains which have been discovered in Asia Minor belong to later periods, chiefly after the Roman conquest and the establishment of Christianity in the country. They have been valuable especially in enabling scholars to write the history of the spread and development of Christianity in these regions. For earlier periods we are still in the dark. Some day the excavations of the numerous ruin sites which abound everywhere may enable us to write the history of this country, as we have been enabled by similar excavations to write the histories of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia.

Greeks had long before this time settled on the coast lands of the West and of the South, forming numerous prosperous states similar to those in Greece proper, and having, on the West at least, much the same history as the latter. In the time of Ashurbanipal the kingdom of Lydia had come into being, occupying the central and western part of Asia Minor, with

Sardis as its capital. The king of this country was Gyges. According to the inscriptions of Ashurbanipal, Gyges, threatened by the Manda hordes, — the Cimmerians, those Indo-European invaders with whom Esarhaddon had contended, and who, passing the kingdoms of Armenia and Assyria, had roamed westward seeking habitations, — dreamed that Ashurbanipal could help him, and sent an embassy to ask his aid. When the ambassadors reached the borders of Assyria, their leader was asked the question, "Who then art thou, stranger, thou from whose land no courier has yet made his way?" an interesting evidence of the lack of relations with or knowledge of the interior of Asia Minor by the Assyrians. It was with the greatest difficulty, according to Ashurbanipal's account, that any one was found who could understand their speech and act as interpreter for them. Ashurbanipal tells us that he offered prayers to his gods on Gyges' behalf, and by their aid Gyges repelled the Manda.

Ashurbanipal's generals conducted two or three campaigns in Egypt, where Tirhaka, the king of Ethiopia, acted as the ally of the princes of Egypt in their rebellion against the Assyrian power. The Assyrians were victorious, captured Memphis, and carried off enormous plunder. In their treatment of the captured Egyptian cities they rivaled the atrocities recorded in the annals of Ashurnazirpal. Captured leaders were flayed alive and their skins spread on the city walls. Elders of cities were impaled upon stakes and placed around their cities. One of the Egyptian petty kings, Necho of Saïs, whom the Assyrians carried off as a captive, seems to have won Ashurbanipal's confidence, and was in consequence restored to his throne. Later, about 660, his son Psammetichus or Psametik rebelled successfully against the Assyrian power. Ashurbanipal says in his inscriptions that Gyges of Lydia supported him in this rebellion, in punishment for doing which Ashurbanipal prayed to his gods against him. Thereupon the gods deserted him, and Tugdammi and his Cimmerians overran the whole country of Lydia and killed Gyges, whose son, a refugee, became a suppliant of the Assyrians for aid.

The loss of Egypt by the Assyrians was connected with a great revolt of the southern provinces. Esarhaddon had made a younger son, Shamash-shum-ukin, king of Babylon, under Ashurbanipal as his suzerain. This king organized an insurrection against his brother, in which he was assisted by the Elamites, and by Aramæan and Arabian allies from the

Southwest. Ashurbanipal's generals deported him and laid siege to Babylon. Before that city was taken it was reduced to such extremities that human flesh was used for food. Shamash-shum-ukin, rather than surrender to his brother, caused himself to be burned as a sacrifice for the people. Then the gates of the city were opened. The Assyrians took a horrible revenge, murdering and torturing the population. It is characteristic of Ashurbanipal's records that we are told of the delay of his armies because he was waiting for favorable omens, of the dreams in which Ishtar of Arbela spoke to him and said, "I go before Ashurbanipal, the king, whom mine hands have created."

Ashurbanipal declared himself king of Babylon under the name of Kandalanu, and we have a number of Babylonian clay tablets dated in the years of his reign under that name. It would appear that he effectively destroyed the ancient kingdom of Elam. He took Susa, its capital, and pillaged it thoroughly, carrying off the gods and goddesses along with all the vast treasure of the city, destroying the graves of the kings and scattering their bones without, while their statues he carried captive with him. More than one campaign against Elam seems to be described. The country was already in a condition of disorganization and confusion. King overthrew king. There were always several rivals to the throne, one of whom would take refuge with Ashurbanipal, and, on being set upon the throne, shortly rebel against him. Ashurbanipal devasted all Elam ruthlessly; and his treatment of the country, and the utter ruin and destruction he left in his train, prepared the way for the incoming of the Persians, whom we find shortly after in occupation of this land whose civilization was almost as ancient as that of its hereditary rival and foe, Babylonia.

Interesting also is Ashurbanipal's account of his dealings with the Arabians. Yauta, son of Hazael, had sent an army of Kedarenes (Assyrians, Kadri or Kidri), a name with which we are familiar from the Hebrew Bible, to assist Shamash-shum-ukin in his war against his brother. This Yauta was king of Aribi; and with him, from what, according to the Assyrian inscriptions, would seem to be the custom of the country, was associated a queen, Adiya. He overran Edom, Ammon, Moab, and the Hauran (later he even stretched his conquests northward into Syria), on the west, at the same time that he rendered assistance to the Babylonians on the east. The account of the campaigns which the Assyrians conducted against him

introduces us to the king of the Nabathæans, at that time located southward of Aribi in Arabia; whom we meet again, somewhat before the commencement of the Christian era, moving northward and overrunning the whole of the region east of the Jordan. Two or three campaigns were conducted against these various Arabian countries, which seem also to have received assistance at one time or another from the Phœnician cities. Characteristic of Ashurbanipal's methods was his treatment of one Arabian king, Uaite, whom he captured, placed in a cage like a dog, and hung up at the gates of his capital, Nineveh. Elsewhere he tells how on one occasion he harnessed four kings to his chariot and drove them to the temple. Other captive princes he placed in cages with animals.

It is clear that, however successful these campaigns were in the winning of battles, they did not succeed in restoring the Assyrian kingdom. By the close of Ashurbanipal's reign Syria and Palestine were very nearly, if not altogether, lost to Assyria. Media had become a threatening power on the east, and Asia Minor with Armenia on the west. Ashurbanipal died in 626. Of his successors we know little, and it is only recently that we have obtained Babylonian inscriptions dated in the reigns of his son, Ashur-etil-ilani, and of another successor, Sin-shae-ishkun. We have also mention of another king, Sin-shum-lisir. There are no chronicles for this period, and such little information as we possess is derived largely from the Greek historians. A barbarian invasion of some description, known as the Scythian invasion, swept over a good part of the country in this period, very much as in later days the Huns overran Europe. Reference to this invasion is made in the Bible, in the books of the prophecies of Jeremiah and Zephaniah. A memorial of it was left in Palestine in the name Scythopolis, which belonged in the Greek period to Beisan, in the Jordan valley. We are told also that the Scythians reached Askalon on their road to Egypt. Nineveh finally fell somewhere about 610 or 609, apparently through a combined assault of the Babylonians under Nabonassar and the Medians; and for a brief period our world of Asia was parceled out between four great empires, — Lydia in Asia Minor; the kingdom of the Medes, which had sprung up to the east of Assyria during the reigns of Esarhaddon and Ashurbanipal; the kingdom of Babylon; and the kingdom of Egypt, which latter, under Pharaoh Necho, occupied and for a short time succeeded in holding the ancient Syrian and Palestinian possessions of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty.

With the reign of Nabopolassar we enter upon a new era of Babylonion power and prosperity, the neo-Babylonian. The Babylonian inscriptions of this period differ from the Assyrian, in that they record only works of peace, and have nothing or little to say with regard to wars and foreign campaigns. When the Assyrian kings wrote their cylinders, to be deposited in the corners of the temples which they built or restored, they devoted the greater part of their space to the account of their wars and victories, their treatment of the captives, and the like. The similar cylinders from Babylonian temples, outside of the ascriptions of praise and worship to the divinity at the commencement, and the curses at the close, according to universal Semitic custom, on any who should disturb the building or these records, are devoted to accounts of the restoration of cities, the construction of canals, and the building of temples. The differences in the cylinders are characteristic of the differences in the civilization of the two regions. We accordingly learn but little of the political history of this period from the Babylonian inscriptions. For this we are dependent chiefly on the Greek and Jewish historians. On the fall of Assyria, Egypt, as we have seen, seized Syria and Palestine. Babylon contested her claim to these territories, and in 606 the Egyptians and Babylonians encountered one another at Carchemish, the ancient Hittite city on the Euphrates. The leader of the Chaldæan army — for the ruling nationality in Babylonia now was the Chaldæans, that people from the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf with whom Sargon and his successors had contended so frequently for the possession of Babylon — was Nebuchadrezzar, son of Nabopolassar the king. The Babylonians won a complete victory, and drove the Egyptians out of Syria and Palestine; but later we find the Egyptians instigating revolt; and when Nebuchadrezzar's generals were besieging Jerusalem the second time, an Egyptian army entered Palestine and obliged the Babylonians to raise the siege for a while. Nebuchadrezzar is one of the greatest men whose names we meet in ancient history. He is probably best known to us of to-day as the conqueror of Jerusalem, who deported the Jews to Babylonia. His inscriptions and remains reveal him as a great ruler, and his reign was evidently a period of wonderful prosperity. As already stated, the neo-Babylonian period in Babylonia, like the contemporary period of the twenty-sixth dynasty in Egypt, was one of archaic revival. The number of inscriptions from this neo-Babylonian period, the time of Nebuchadrezzar and his successors, which we

now possess as a result of excavations in Babylonia, is enormous. These inscriptions reveal in most minute detail the life of the people. We have records and contracts of every description, relating to the mercantile and other transactions of the day, which argue a very highly organized society and great industrial activity. Business houses, lasting age after age, were in existence, undertaking business of every sort, loaning money, caring for estates, and acting for their clients in the sale and transfer of property of every description. They performed, in fact, the functions of the bankers, trust companies, and lawyers of to-day. We have a great mass of legal records, showing us especially a high development of commercial law. These legal records of the Babylonians, unlike those of the Egyptians, begin at an early period. The earliest legal records of Egypt which we possess date from the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty, which was contemporary with the neo-Babylonian empire. The earliest legal records of the Babylonians which have been handed down to us are from the period of the supremacy of Ur, in the latter half of the third millennium B. C. From that time onward we have legal documents and commercial and other records which enable us, or will ultimately enable us, to trace, almost without a break, the practical, every-day history of the people of Babylonia in their commercial and business life.

Nebuchadrezzar was a mighty builder, and a vast number of temples, palaces, canals, and cities were restored and rebuilt in his period. The great ziggurat of the temple of Nebo at Borsippa, as it has come down to us, is of his construction. It is the ziggurat of this temple which appears to be the tower of Babel of the Bible. The inscription on the cylinders found in the corners of this ziggurat is worth quoting, both on this account, and also because of the very interesting religious statements and ascriptions which it contains: —

"Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, the rightful ruler, the expression of the righteous heart of Marduk, the exalted high priest, the beloved of Nebo, the wise prince, who devotes his care to the affairs of the great gods, the unwearying ruler, the restorer of E-sagila and E-zida, the son and heir of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon, am I.

"Marduk the great god formed me aright and commissioned me to perform his restoration; Nebo, guider of the universe of heaven and earth, placed in my hand the right scepter; E-sagila, the house of heaven and earth, the abode of Marduk, lord of the gods, E-kua, the sanctuary of his lordship, I adorned gloriously with shining

gold. E-zida I built anew, and completed its construction with silver, gold, precious stones, bronze, *musukkani* wood, and cedar wood. *Timinanki,* the ziggurat of Babylon, I built and completed; of bricks glazed with lapis lazuli (blue) I erected its summit.

"At that time the house of the seven divisions of heaven and earth, the ziggurat of Borsippa, which a former king had built and carried up to the height of forty-two ells, but the summit of which he had not erected, was long since fallen into decay, and its water conduits had become useless; rain storms and tempests had penetrated its unbaked brickwork; the bricks which cased it were bulged out, the unbaked bricks of its terraces were converted into rubbish heaps. The great lord, Marduk, moved my heart to rebuild it. Its place I changed not and its foundation I altered not. In a lucky month, on an auspicious day, I rebuilt the unbaked bricks of its terraces and its encasing bricks, which were broken away, and I raised up that which was fallen down. My inscriptions I put upon the *kiliri* of its buildings. To build it and to erect its summit I set my hand. I built it anew as in former times; as in days of yore I erected its summit.

"Nebo, rightful son, lordly messenger, majestic friend of Marduk, look kindly on my pious works; long life, enjoyment of health, a firm throne, a long reign, the overthrow of foes, and conquest of the land of the enemy give me as a gift. On thy righteous tablet which determines the course of heaven and earth, record for me length of days, write for me wealth. Before Marduk, lord of heaven and earth, the father who bore thee, make pleasant my days, speak favorably for me. Let this be in thy mouth, 'Nebuchadrezzar, the restorer king.'"

Bricks with Nebuchadrezzar's inscriptions are found in great numbers in many parts of Babylon. At Baghdad, not many years since, a quay on the water front was found built of ancient bricks laid in bitumen, bearing the inscription of Nebuchadrezzar, who had restored the ancient city of Baghdadu and rebuilt this quay. The Babylon of Nebuchadrezzar's time has been a brick mine out of which neighboring cities have been built in all succeeding ages. The visitor to the modern city of Hillah will find in the walls of the houses numerous bricks bearing the inscriptions of this same king, taken from the ruins of Babylon. The great palace of the Persian Chosroes, at Ctesiphon, contains similar bricks; and the Greek capital, Seleucia, which lies opposite Ctesiphon on the west bank of the Tigris, was largely built out of the remains of the constructions of Nebuchadrezzar. Nevertheless, even to-day the ruins of Babylon, chiefly the Babylon of Nebuchadrezzar's time, are enormous. These ruins are now

for the first time undergoing systematic exploration at the hands of the Germans. So great an impression did this man make upon this country, that after the Persians had conquered the land, as we learn from the inscription of Darius, pretenders arose claiming to be Nebuchadrezzar; and apparently, largely by the magic of that name, made themselves for a time kings of Babylon. The external power of Nebuchadrezzar was much less than that of the Assyrian kings. To his share of the Assyrian empire belonged, besides Babylonia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. An inscription of his found in the Lebanon shows that a sort of forestry was practiced at this time in the famous cedar forests of that country, from which was obtained the timber for buildings in Babylonia.

But great as Nebuchadrezzar was, his kingdom endured but a brief period after his death. His son, Amil-Marduk (man of Marduk), Evil-Merodach of the Bible, was assassinated after a reign of one year. His murderer and successor, Nergal-shar-usur, reigned but three years; and his successor, Labash-Marduk, was assassinated at the end of nine months, to be succeeded by Nabonidus or Nabonaid, the last king of Babylonia. In the Bible, in the Book of Daniel, it is his son Bel-shar-usur, called Belshazzar, to whom is ascribed this position. The inscriptions show us that he was in reality crown prince, and commander of the armies in place of his father. Nabonidus reminds us somewhat of the reforming King Amenophis IV. of Egypt. Precisely in what his reforms consisted is not altogether clear, but it is evident that he offended the priests of the ancient religion in Babylon and throughout the country. We are told that in his reign the gods were not carried in procession; and Cyrus, in his inscriptions, records the restoration to their places of the gods which Nabonidus had carried away to Babylon. He seems to have resided, not at Babylon, but at an otherwise unknown place, Tema, very much as Amenophis deserted Thebes for Amarna. He was, for some reason, greatly interested in the past history of the country. One of his most famous inscriptions contains an account of the restoration of the temple of the sun god at Sippara. He tells us that he removed from the temple all the images of the gods and the like, and undertook a restoration, the principal object of which seems to have been to find the ancient original records. It was necessary to bring the army up from Gaza and set it to dig in the old temple, until at last he found what nobody before him had found for 3200 years — the original records of Naram-Sin, son of Sargon. We

have innumerable business documents from the reign of Nabonidus,—more even than from the time of the great Nebuchadrezzar. His own inscriptions, of which we have a few, differ from those of all preceding kings, in that we find in them most curious and interesting notices of the past history of the buildings which he restored. His reforming activity evidently did not involve the neglect or destruction of the temples of the gods, either in Babylon or other cities; and his bricks, declaring that he built — that is, rebuilt — the places, are found in numerous temples.

The inscriptions of his reign show us the encroachments and finally conquest of the new Persian power. Cyrus, king of Ansan, a part of the ancient kingdom of Elam, whose capital was Susa, had succeeded in overthrowing his suzerain, the king of Media, and making himself king of that country also. We have an interesting notice of this event in a cylinder inscription of Nabonidus: —

"At the beginning of my long reign (Sin and Merodach) showed me a vision. Merodach, the great lord, and Sin (Moon God), illuminator of heaven and earth, stood round about. Merodach spake with me: Nabonidus, king of Babylon, with thy chariot horses draw bricks and build the temple of Hulhul, and let Sin, the great lord, take up his dwelling therein. With fear I spake to Merodach, lord of gods: That house which thou biddest me build the Mede holdeth, whose might is great. Merodach spake with me: The Mede of whom thou spakest, he, his land, and the kings that walk beside him, shall be no more.

"In the third year (thereafter), as it was beginning, they led him (the Mede) against Cyrus king of Elam, his petty vassal. With his few troops he (Cyrus) overthrew the numerous Medes. Astyages king of the Medes he captured and brought bound to his land."

We have a similar notice in an account of Nabonidus' sixth year, contained in the official annals of Babylon: "(Astyages) gathered (his army) and marched against Cyrus king of Elam. His army revolted against him and seized him; they gave him up to Cyrus." This involved Cyrus in war with the allies of Media, the kingdoms of Lydia and Babylon. The latter seems to have taken no immediate aggressive action. Lydia would seem to have done so or prepared to do so. Cyrus marched first, therefore, against the Lydians, and in a single battle defeated and dethroned Crœsus, the king of that country, and conquered and annexed to Persia the whole of his kingdom.

It was in 546 that Crœsus was defeated, and by the end of 545 all Asia Minor had become part of the Persian empire; and the Greek cities on the mainland and the islands of the Ægean Sea had made submission to him. In the mean time, according to the annals of Nabonidus, which have been found in a clay cylinder, Nabonidus had made no preparations for a war between him and the new conqueror, which was inevitable. We are told of the mourning for the king's mother in 547, and learn that in the same year Cyrus crossed the Tigris below Arbela and took possession of the ancient land of Assyria. In 546 we are told that the king was in Tema, and his son Belshazzar was with the army in Akkad, and there was some sort of disturbance or riot in Babylon in that year. Then there is a break in the annals. In 539 we find the record that the army of Cyrus has entered northern Babylonia. It would appear that Nabonidus gathered into Babylon the gods and goddesses of all the land, from all the famous temples, whether for protection by them or of them is not stated. The chronicle, written somewhat after the fashion of those chronicles with which we are familiar in the Hebrew book of Kings, recording events of the various years as though by an official historiographer, tells us that Sippara, where Nabonidus appears to have prepared to make his first resistance, was taken without a blow on the 14th day of Tammuz, and Nabonidus fled. Two days later the army of Cyrus, under the command of Ugbaru (Gobryas), governor of Gutium, entered Babylon without fighting. Nabonidus was bound and taken to Babylon. On the 3d day of Marcheshwan Cyrus entered that city, greeted, according to the records which have come down to us, with applause as the deliverer of the people and the restorer of the ancient religion.

We have in the Hebrew scriptures a number of references to Cyrus as the deliverer of the Jews, who released them from captivity and restored them to their homes. An inscription of his own, contained in a cylinder from Babylon, seems to show us that this was part of a definite policy pursued by him: —

"Merodach sought out a righteous king after his own heart, his hand he held; Cyrus king of Elam. He named his name for dominion, all nations recorded his fame. Gutium, and all the host of the Medes, he subdued at his feet. The black-headed race, whom his hands had acquired, he cared for in justice and equity. Merodach the great lord . . . was pleased with the deeds of his second, righteous in hand and heart. He commanded him to go unto his city

Babylon; he caused him to take the road to Babylon. As friend and helper he went by his side. His many troops, whose number, like the waters of a river, could not be told, with brandished arms marched at his side. Without fight or battle he brought him into the midst of Babylon; his city of Babylon he spared. Nabonidus the king that worshiped him not he gave into his hand. All the men of Babylon, the whole of Sumir (Shinar) and Akkad, princes and governors, he subdued under him; they kissed his feet; they rejoiced in his reign; their faces shone. Bel, who by his might reviveth the dead, helpeth all that are in distress or trouble, bless him abundantly, make strong his name!

"I am Cyrus, king of multitudes, great king, mighty king, king of Babylon, king of Sumir and Akkad, king of the four quarters, son of Cambyses, the great king, king of Elam, grandson of Cyrus, the great king, king of Elam, great-grandson of Teispes, the great king, king of Elam, an ancient seed of royalty, whose rule Bel and Nebo loved, whose sovereignty is pleasing to the goodness of their hearts.

"So I entered into Babylon in joy and gladness, I took my royal dwelling in the king's palace. . . . Merodach the great lord . . . caused my many troops in peace to march into Babylon. . . . By his command on all the kings inhabiting all regions whatsoever, from the upper sea to the lower sea, inhabiting all lands, the kings of the West-land also, . . . they brought their heavy tribute to the midst of Babylon, they kissed my feet. . . . The gods (of all lands, which had been brought to Babylon) I restored to their places, and made them inhabit their ancient dwellings. All their peoples I gathered together, and restored to their homes."

This and other inscriptions show us that Cyrus was not the Zoroastrian worshiper which he was formerly supposed to have been. He and his immediate successors, the Achæmenid kings, were, as would appear from their inscriptions, somewhat eclectic in their religion. Recent excavations in Persia, conducted by the Frenchman Dieulafoy, and his wife, Mme. Dieulafoy, have laid bare the palace of the Persian kings at Susa, and revealed many curious details of Persian architecture, ornamentation, and art. We have also some inscriptions carved in the rocks in Persia, of which the most famous and important is the Behistun inscription of Darius. Besides their Persian inscriptions, we have, from the reign of Cyrus and the Persian kings who succeeded him, a great abundance of Babylonian clay tablets. This was evidently a prosperous period for Babylonia, and we are able to trace through these records the domestic and industrial life of the people as in the preceding neo-Babylonian period. The mass of clay tablets in the

museums of Europe and America, obtained from Babylon and other ruin mounds, is enormous. These cuneiform records continue, but in diminishing numbers, well into the Seleucidan period, after the conquest of the East by Alexander; but it is evident from dockets found on them that Aramæan was, even in the period of Nebuchadrezzar, beginning to supersede Babylonian for writing purposes, and that its more convenient Phœnician alphabet was taking the place of the cumbrous cuneiform script. As a spoken language, the *lingua franca* of Hither Asia, Aramæan, or Syrian as it was called by the Greeks and is called in the Bible by a geographical and linguistic blunder, had come into use earlier than this. In the Biblical account of Sennacherib's siege of Jerusalem, we find evidence that Aramæan was at that time the language in which foreigners held intercourse with one another. Dockets on the edges of Assyrian clay tablets show us that it was well known in Assyria even before that time. By the middle of the fifth century it had, as is shown by the Bible, supplanted Hebrew in Palestine as the spoken language of the people; and probably by the close of that century it had become the common language of Hither Asia, and for all practical purposes the Phœnician alphabet had supplanted cuneiform.

The Persians had already, before their conquest of Babylon, developed out of the cuneiform a script of their own, semi-alphabetic in character, having only some forty-two simple signs, in place of the hundreds of cumbrous compound signs of the Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiform. The official records of the Persian kings, so far as they have come down to us, are cut in this script on tombs and on the faces of cliffs in Persia and elsewhere. The earliest of these are found at the ruins of the ancient Pasargadæ, in Persia, which Cyrus made his royal residence after the conquest of Asia Minor and Babylonia. Here also was built his tomb, the Meshed-Murghab, on which, as former explorers report, stood in cuneiform characters the words, "I am Cyrus, the king, the Achæmenid." A stele found at that point contains a bas-relief of a winged figure, which shows us that the Persians had taken over in a somewhat barbarous fashion Babylonian art. Indeed, they were the inheritors, through their conquest of Elam, of the civilization of that region, which was Babylonian in origin, and also of its cuneiform script.

Reference has already been made to the excavations at Susa, and also to the inscription of Darius at Behistun. Some

Persian inscriptions have been found at the ruins of Persepolis; but the most famous of all the records of this period are the long inscriptions engraved on the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius, at Naksh-i-rustam, and that great trilingual inscription, or rather three inscriptions, on the face of the rocks at Behistun. To cut inscriptions on the face of cliffs was a favorite custom of ancient kings. At the mouth of the Dog River, near Beirut, in Phœnicia, where the road along the Mediterranean is cut in the rock of a projecting headland, a number of Egyptian, Assyrian, and even Roman conquerors cut their inscriptions in the rock. From Armenia we have similar inscriptions of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Persian kings. But none of these inscriptions can be compared for extent, importance, or care of execution with the great inscriptions of Darius on the cliffs at Behistun in Persia, which gave Major Rawlinson the clew to the decipherment of the cuneiform script. Other scholars, like Grotefend earlier in the century, had, on the basis of names inscribed on vases, deciphered a few Persian characters. Major Rawlinson, working independently, and apparently without knowledge of their beginnings, was the first to succeed in actually reading a cuneiform inscription. The great inscriptions of Darius on the rock at Behistun are some three hundred feet above the level of the plain. The mere physical difficulties to be encountered in obtaining a correct transcript of these inscriptions are very great, and Major Rawlinson visited them many times before he finally obtained a complete transcript. He ascertained in the course of this work that "the entire surface of the rock had been carefully smoothed, preparatory to the engraving of the inscriptions on it; and when any portion proved to be unsound, it had been cut away, and fragments of a better quality, imbedded in molten lead, had been inserted with a neatness and precision that rendered a very careful scrubbing necessary in order to detect the artifice. Again, holes and fissures which perforated the rock had been filled up with good material; and a polish had been given to the whole structure." After the engraving of the rock had been accomplished, a coating of silicious varnish had been laid on, which was of greater hardness than the limestone beneath it.

The three languages in which the inscription was written were Persian, Semitic-Babylonian, and Median. A clew to characters was given here, as in the decipherment of the Egyptian hierogylphs, by the identification first of certain proper

names, in this and various brief inscriptions, the place of finding of which or information obtainable regarding which showed what names should be sought for. The characters thus ascertained were applied in other cases until a sufficient number of characters had been determined to render feasible the attempt to form words. It was Major Rawlinson's acquaintance with Persian, and the publication by Burnouf, shortly before he commenced his decipherment, of the old Persian writings, which gave him the linguistic material to interpret the word thus formed, precisely as Coptic furnished to Egyptian explorers similar linguistic assistance. It was in 1844 that Rawlinson finally succeeded in transcribing the Persian column of the Behistun inscriptions, which he had first copied in 1836. His translation of this inscription was published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1846, 1847, and 1849.

Having deciphered this simple script, he now set himself to the transcription and decipherment of the Babylonian cuneiform. This inscription was much more difficult to reach than the others, and was in a worse state of preservation, more than a third of the original inscription having been destroyed by the weather. Moreover, the characters were vastly more difficult and more complicated than the Persian. By means of the geographical and personal names in the Persian column, Rawlinson obtained his necessary clew to the characters; and then, using the same method as before, and finding his linguistic support in Hebrew and Arabic, he succeeded in interpreting the first Babylonian inscription ever read. His translation of this inscription was published in 1850. It is on Rawlinson's work that the whole so-called science of Assyriology is based.

Through the work of numerous explorers we have now gathered an immense mass of Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions. Counting all these remains contained in the museums of Europe and America, we have, presumably, a couple of hundred thousand inscribed tablets or fragments of tablets; and the number is constantly being augmented, both through the scientific expeditions conducted in those regions, and through the material, obtained by native diggers, which is sent out of the country and sold to foreign collectors. The greater part of the literary remains comes, as already stated, from the discovery in Nineveh of the library of Ashurbanipal. The great Assyrian explorer was the Englishman, Sir Austen Henry Layard, who excavated at Nineveh, Calah, and Ashur; although more scientific work was done by the French, under Botta and Place, at

Khorsabad. This work was all done in the forties and fifties. Hormuzd Rassam succeeded Layard in Assyria, and in 1876 undertook his second mission, in which he discovered the gates of Balawat. Since the close of his work, in 1879, the ruins of Assyria have remained practically untouched.

In 1851 the French sent an expedition to Babylonia under Oppert; but the material results of this expedition were lost in the Tigris. At about the same time Sir Henry Rawlinson did some successful digging in Babylonia, especially at Birs Nimroud, the ziggurat of the ancient temple of Nabu at Borsippa, E-zida, where he found the cylinders of Nebuchadrezzar in 1854. But the most successful of the earlier explorers in Babylonia was Loftus, who conducted a number of unsystematic excavations in the south, especially at Erech, Larsa, and Ur. For more than twenty years the tablets which Loftus secured in these excavations lay unread in the British Museum, and no further excavations were conducted in Babylonia. Attention was again attracted to that region, as already stated, by George Smith's discoveries; and about 1878 the English recommenced work in Babylonia under Hormuzd Rassam, who excavated in the following years at a number of sites in northern Babylonia, notably at Abu Habba, the ancient Sippara. At about the same time, in 1877, the Frenchman, de Sarzec, commenced the eminently successful excavations in Tello, the ancient Sirpurla or Lagash, which have continued ever since. The very successful and extensive excavations at Nippur, by the Americans of the University of Pennsylvania expedition, under myself, Haynes, and Hilprecht, were begun in 1889, and like the French excavations at Lagash, are still in progress. In 1899 the Germans commenced the systematic excavation of Babylon, which also is still in progress. The inscriptions found in Babylonia are, for the most part, non-literary documents. We have a very few fragments of a mythological character, and some of a liturgical character; but the great bulk are temple records, either of a business character, receipts of income, reports of various descriptions, and the like, or of a more religious nature, votive tablets, liturgical formulæ, etc., or business and legal documents of a secular nature.

A specimen of the liturgical literature found in Babylonia, which shows us also the character of the tablets which were dedicated as votives in the temples, is the followng "Hymn to the Setting Sun," written in the old liturgical pre-Semitic Sumerian tongue, with an interlinear translation in Babylonian.

As already stated, the Sumerian language continued to be used for liturgical purposes in Babylonia in very much the same way that Latin is now used in the Roman Church. We have two copies of this hymn, the first of which has this colophon: "This is the hymn to the setting sun; the incantator says it after the beginning of the night." The second was a votive tablet, and has the following colophon: "Nabu-balatsu-ikbi, son of E-sagilian, for the preservation of his life has had this tablet written for Nebo, his lord, by Nabu-epis-akli, son of E-sagilian, and placed in the temple E-zida." The temple copy evidently belonged to a series intended for liturgical use; and after the library custom with which we are familiar from the tablets of Ashurbanipal, this tablet had on it also the first line of the tablet which followed in the series, "O Sun, rising in the shining sky." It has been noted that here, as in the ordinary Hebrew use, the evening is put before the morning, so that, contrary to our ideas, the "Hymn to the Setting Sun" was placed before the "Hymn to the Rising Sun" on the shelves of the temple library at Borsippa. The tablet was marked as follows, "Tablets which Nabu-damik, son of . . . has copied and translated from the old copy," which gives us some idea of the method and system pursued by the Babylonians in these collections. The hymn itself, as translated by Bertin in "Records of the Past," reads: —

"O Sun, in the middle of the sky, at thy setting,
May the bright gates welcome thee favorably,
May the door of heaven be docile to thee.
May the god director, thy faithful messenger, mark the way!
In E-bara, seat of thy royalty, he makes thy greatness shine forth.
May the Moon, thy beloved spouse, come to meet thee with joy.
May thy heart rest in peace.
May the glory of thy godhead remain with thee.
Powerful hero, O Sun! shine gloriously.
Lord of E-bara, direct in thy road thy foot rightly.
O Sun, in making thy way, take the path marked for thy rays!
Thou art the lord of judgments over all nations."

Here is a prayer of an earlier period from a lapis lazuli votive tablet dedicated to Bel of Nippur by King Mazi-Marruttash "for his life": —

"That he may hear his prayer;
Hearken unto his desire;
Accept his prayer;

Preserve his life;
Make long his days."

It is impossible, in this space, to give an idea of the range of the affairs of private life covered by the tablets found in the Babylonian ruin mounds. Here is a very well preserved tablet, given by a jeweler to his customer, the guarantee that an emerald set in a gold ring will not fall out for twenty years; here is a mortgage of an orchard, as security for the payment of a debt; here, from a tablet of the Persian period, is a sixty-year lease of lots and buildings; here is a statement of certain taxes received by a slave for his Persian master; here is a lease of fields and other property by a slave; and here is a receipt by an official for taxes. Many of these tablets show us the development of commercial law, in which Babylonia was far in advance of Egypt. Tablets of this character commence, as stated, in the latter part of the third millennium, but are especially numerous from the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward. In one case we are able to follow a family for two or three generations, by the suits with regard to inheritance: a childless couple had adopted a child to whom and her husband they willed their property. This will was contested by relatives.

In art and sculpture, and perhaps also in pure literature, the Babylonian and Assyrian civilization was inferior to the Egyptian. In the economic and commercial sphere, in matters scientific, in its effect upon the world and succeeding generations, the civilization of Babylonia was in advance of that of Egypt. It is to the Babylonians, not to the Egyptians, that we owe the scientific knowledge and the mythical conceptions which were borrowed and developed by the Greeks, and passed on from them to our modern civilization. It is this which lends a peculiar interest to the study of the old Babylonian remains.

With the Persian period we come to the end of our theme, as laid out. A vast amount of information bearing on the political history, and on the social and economical development, of Asia after this time has been derived from archæological discoveries, and we have reason to expect still greater results in the future; but for the most part this material comes to supplement and enlarge our knowledge as derived from Greek and Roman historians, and not as the primary or only source of information. We shall therefore not endeavor, in this sketch, to treat of the archæological discoveries belonging to later periods and the light which they have thrown upon history.

Two points only we desire to note, bearing upon the history of Babylonia and its relation to the outside world: from the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward, and more especially in the Persian period, after Nebuchadrezzar, we find, in the tablets which have been dug up at Babylon, Nippur, and elsewhere, a constantly increasing number of names of Jewish form, giving us most interesting evidence of the growth in wealth and commercial importance of the Jewish population settled in Babylonia. Among the finds of the latest period at Nippur, the times immediately succeeding the Arabic conquest, in the eighth century, we have a large number of bowls with Hebrew inscriptions. These were designed for medical use, the incantations upon them being intended to drive out the demons of disease. Water or some other liquid was placed in these bowls, and drunk by the sufferer with the recitation of certain formulæ. These incantations then entered into him and drove out the evil spirits which caused the disease. The bowls are interesting because of the light which they throw on the medical and magical ideas of this and earlier periods, and also as showing us something of the life of the large Jewish population which always resided in Babylonia.

From the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward, also, we find an increasing number of Aramæan dockets on the commercial tablets, which shows us that Aramæan was taking the place of Babylonian as the language of commerce, and that the convenient Phœnician alphabet was displacing the cumbrous Babylonian cuneiform. In the preceding pages we have heard much of the Aramæans in Babylonia. These people played precisely the same part in that country in antiquity which the invading Arabs do at the present time. In the Assyrian and Babylonian records we see the Aramæans steadily moving upward from Arabia. The rear guard of this long-continued invasion was the Nabathæans, who, as we know from notices in the New Testament and inscriptions found east of the Jordan, occupied that country northward to Damascus at about the beginning of the Christian era. After this it is an Arabic-speaking population which is constantly moving out of Arabia and pressing into more northern regions, until, in the seventh century A. D., the great Mohammedan invasion overthrew the Aramæan civilization and culture. Arabia seems to have overflowed with great eruptions at certain intervals; but in the intervening periods it was constantly sending out smaller floods of population into the lands northeastward and northwestward, and it is still

doing so to-day. Whenever a strong power controls the country, these people are either driven off or at once amalgamated. Where the opposite is the case, they roam among the settled populations, levying tribute and harassing the inhabitants of the land, precisely as we find to have been the case in the past.

We have noted in considerable detail the history of the conquests and invasions of Western Asia, because of the great interest which they seem to us to possess in showing the method of the development of civilization. We find a small region of high civilization, surrounded by semi-barbarous and barbarous tribes. At times the masters of the small central sphere of civilization stretch out into the surrounding regions and strive to subdue and annex the inhabitants, at times the civilization of the central region seems to be overthrown by the invasion of the barbarians; but we find that in the end the result of both movements is to civilize the barbarians and increase the sphere of civilization. It is precisely like the action of leaven in dough, to use a very homely simile. At the close of the period to which we have brought down our study, we find the Persians extending their empire over a larger region than had ever before been brought under one power. The Persian empire extended from the center of Asia in Egypt, including in its limits a number of Greek cities on the Asia Minor coast. The new Greek civilization which had taken the place of the older Ægæan civilization was once more brought into contact with the civilization of the Orient, revived in a new form by the Indo-European Persians. Then came the conquests of Alexander, extending as far as India, which brought a still greater number of states and peoples into connection with one another, under a civilization different from any which had preceded. This prepared the way in its turn for the Roman epoch.

But we may not pursue this theme further. Our object in thus treating our subject has been to suggest how the relatively modern history which commences with the Greek and Roman times is connected with the history of the past; how the same motives, as it were, repeat themselves constantly, so that we have from the earliest times a consecutive and intelligible history of civilization, advancing always in the same way, with periods of apparent collapse through barbarian invasion, which in the end turn out to be the means of civilizing larger regions and infusing new life into the old civilization, until at last we reach the widely extended civilization of our own time, which yet comprehends but a relatively small part of the earth's surface.

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